

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1985

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**INTERVIEW:
FRANK HARDY
ON MONEY,
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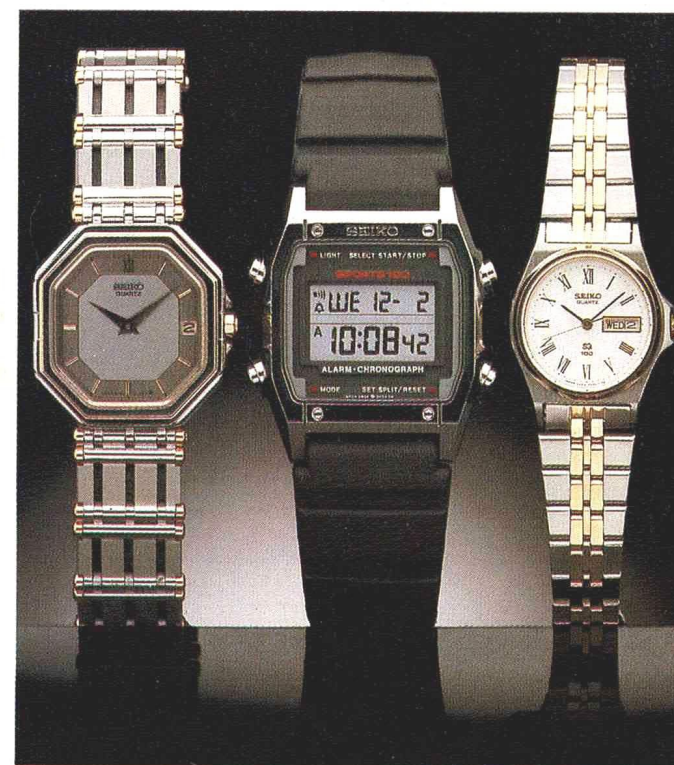
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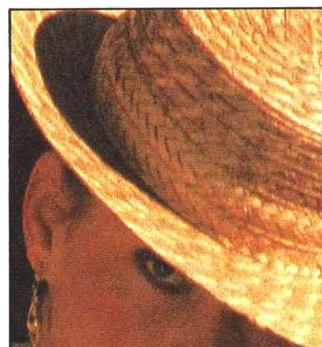
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Australian PENTHOUSE

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Pet Of The Month



Rogues' Gallery



Snow Jobs



Battle Stations

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THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

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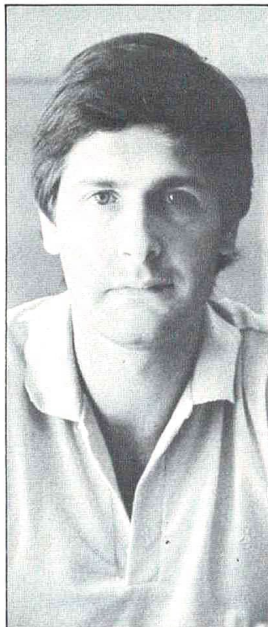
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OCTOBER



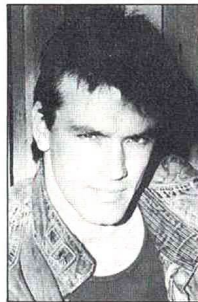
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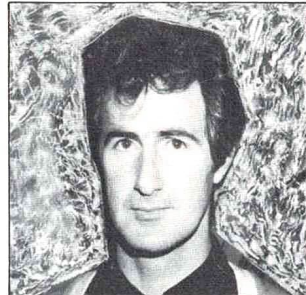
GRAEME SIMS



GRAHAM MONRO



CHRIS PAYNE



RAY CONDON

HOUSECALL

THE TERMINATOR

Last May, following the raid on the Greenslopes Fertility Control Clinic in Brisbane, "outrage" became the most abused word in the history of Queensland news reportage. Frank Robson takes a penetrating look at the man in the eye of the Greenslopes storm, the quirky but courageous Dr Peter Bayliss. Robson's profile sheds some much-needed light on the vexed issue of abortion in the State of Darkness. Chris Payne supplied the illustration on page 34.

THE CHURCH OF OZ

Every Sunday, Australians in London go to Church. The service they attend, however, tends to deviate from conventional dogma. In fact, deviation is the operative word amongst the most immoral congregation ever assembled on either side of the Equator. Turn to page 50 for Jim Pollard's faithful account of the ocker fundamentalist revival. The outrageous photos were shot by Tim Bauer.

SNOW JOBS

The secret cocaine "kitchens" of Bolivia are the starting point for the drug's long journey to the nasal passages of wealthy Australians. Geoffrey Rotman set out to photograph and document the activities of the Bolivian campesinos or cocaine makers — a potentially life-threatening assignment. Rotman's exclusive report starts on page 84.

ROGUES' GALLERY

Investigative journalists invariably become involved with a colorful cast of characters in their attempts to untangle the web of organised crime. David Hickie re-

counts some of the bizarre assignments that took place while he was researching his best-seller on the origins of organised crime in NSW, *The Prince And The Premier*. The illustration on page 78 was crafted by Ray Condon.

BATTLE STATIONS

If the battle for TV news ratings is war, then the helicopter pilots — newshounds of the sky — are the frontline troops. Writer Graeme Sims and photographer Graham Monro present on page 128 an insight into the men whose unique combination of news sense and flying skill has taken TV reportage into a new dimension in the last decade.

THE SECRET LIFE OF FABIAN SPARKLE

Michael Hutchence, lead singer for the current darlings of the Australian rock scene INXS, is harder to pin down than a Mexican jumping bean. Anthony O'Grady profiles a self-confessed schizoid whose defence mechanisms have shifted into overdrive to meet the demands of stardom. The profile starts on page 60.

FRANK HARDY INTERVIEW

"There was no reason to have suspected," reports Adrian Tame, "that dinner with Frank Hardy would be such a disaster." It may have been a disaster for Tame's sensibilities, but on the other hand it produced one of the most extraordinary interviews *Australian Penthouse* has ever published. Hardy holds forth on a diverse array of subjects including Bob Hawke, Henry Lawson, America, patriotism, and Frank Hardy's search for the truth. Turn to page 112. O+M

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Now that's humerus

Congratulations on your July issue — it was a beauty. I've never written to a magazine before but on the strength of that issue I reckon *Penthouse* is offering far and away the best value of all the magazines on the stands these days. Wendy Lee, the centrefold, was simply superb, as was the interview with Mike Carlton. I cracked up over Colin Bowles' story on sports commentators, *Dancing Down The Piss*. I would add, however, that Mr Bowles' selection of "I don't want to sound incredulous but I can't believe it" as Rex Mossop's crowning contribution to commentary was something of an oversight. Surely Rex's unprecedented double tautology "Let me just recapitulate back to what happened previously" deserves pride of place in any commentating anthology. Keep up the great work, *Penthouse* — especially the humor. The bone below isn't the only one that needs tickling from time to time. — *John Ashton, Canberra, ACT*



Wendy Lee... that winning smile

Get the lead out

Peter McKay's indictment of unleaded petrol in July *Penthouse*, ULP: Like It Or Lump It, was notable for its macho distortions. One phrase only was devoted to the reasons for its introduction: "... predictable stuff about looking after the health of our children." He says doubts about Australia's rush to ULP have been "certainly raised", but fails to document them in any way.

If he's got an argument (besides the hip-pocket nerve), let's hear it, but his stance is reminiscent of the tone adopted by the authorities in dealing with war veterans' claims. Like them, he demands "conclusive evidence" when that may just not be possible. (Cancer isn't conclusive.) Give me "wimpier" fuel any day if the threat to children's health is in any way reduced. — *R. Kendall, Canterbury, NSW*

Awestruck by Angela

Penthouse, you never fail to send a shiver down my spine and put a smile on my face, and you've done it again in your June issue with Angela. I don't understand why this outrageously, gorgeous girl was not Pet Of The Month.

Okay, don't get me wrong, the Pet Of The Month Katie is lovely, but Angela turns me into an awestruck, open-mouthed individual. Her photographer Leslie Turtle is a lucky man. *Penthouse* photography is al-

ways superb, and you continue to hold your opposition at bay. Well done. I'm looking forward to seeing more of Angela. — *Douglas C. Johnson, Townsville*

Sondra no sylph

We're just writing to let you know that June *Australian Penthouse* was, as usual, excellent. As the men in our lives buy your magazine every month, we tend to have a leisurely flick through it ourselves.

The ladies in the June edition were as usual above average and were beautifully photographed. However, we were disappointed with the pictorial of Sondra Dickson. After much discussion we decided that you must have been all out of articles to fill the space, or suffered a lack of the normally classy ladies who could have replaced this floozy.

We were enlightened by the Enforcers article which brought to everyone's attention the fact that there are two sides to every story involving doormen. Congratulations on another outstanding issue, bar Sondra, and keep up the good work. — *Deb and Fee, Mandurah, WA*

Ravings of a delinquent mind

I am writing not to congratulate you but to complain about the rubbishy article in your June issue, *Keeping A Mistress (And Your Wife)*, by Michael MacArthur.

The story was bullshit and this man is obviously a psychopath. What makes him think that women would want to marry an

idiot like him? He seems to consider women silly, helpless suckers for anyone wearing a pair of Jockey shorts.

If faced with a man with an attitude like that portrayed in the story, any woman worth her salt should chop off his genitals and feed them to the dog. I really think a better title for the article would have been "Ravings of a delinquent mind." — *Name and address withheld*

Michael MacArthur is a pseudonym. In fact the story was written by a woman who prefers to write anonymously and with her tongue firmly implanted in her cheek. — Ed

On the beach

Three cheers for Aussie beach girls — who can better them? And who could better personify the breed than your gorgeous July Pet Of The Month Wendy Lee. I could almost smell the ozone, taste the salt as I drank in all 13 pages of her pictorial. But I shouldn't let myself get too carried away with wanky rhetoric — I just want to congratulate you on your fine choice. Also, Wendy Lee simply beamed from the pages with the kind of smile so rarely seen on your other models, who sometimes look like they're scared out of their wits in front of a camera. That smile wins her my vote as your next Pet Of The Year. — *Alex Flack, address withheld*

Salute to Jack

I was interested to read the profile of Jack Newton in July *Australian Penthouse*. Good on you for saluting an Australian with guts, character and an inimitable sense of humor — all of which shone through in the story. Articles such as this one keep me coming back to your magazine. — *Andrew Kirby, North Perth*

In it for the laughs

One of the main reasons I buy your magazine is for the jokes. I'll cop a look at the stories featured on the cover, check out the centrefold, then decide whether to buy. But as soon as I lay down my money, I'm flicking through the pages for cartoons, which usually come thick, fast and funny.

However, your June issue was very light in the cartoon department and I felt a bit miffed. I reckon there are a lot of readers who share my opinion — so why not keep us on side by making sure your cartoon quota never again slips to the June '85 low? — *John B., Tenterfield, NSW*

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Secret secret

I recently had an experience which I'll never talk about with anyone — so this is my chance to share it.

I am a student hoping to continue on to medical studies next year. Recently I decided to seek a summer job in a hospital, hoping to gain some premedical experience. My girlfriend, Sharon, talked with her uncle, who somehow was able to arrange it for me. Since the hospital is near Sharon's house but miles from mine, Sharon's parents agreed to let me occupy their guest house for the summer.

I started working and the first month went smoothly. My hours at the hospital allowed me to be home while everyone else in the family worked. Sometimes Sharon would take the day off, and we would spend the afternoon in her bedroom or in the backyard pool cabana, slowly caressing each other to the point of ecstasy. Sometimes her younger sister, Liz, would come home early, and Sharon and I suspected that she would watch us by the pool from the kitchen window. At first the idea made us nervous, but we'd get so hot for each other that gradually we didn't give it another thought. Besides, we never made love out in the open — just indulged in a little mutual masturbation with our suits on.

Liz is pretty mature for her age, which is 16. She has long curly blonde hair, a thin but well-proportioned body, and a sexy young chest, which is usually braless. We swam together on occasions and went for short walks. She always acted very friendly, always touching me and pressing her body close to mine.

One day I came home from work at noon, exhausted, and Liz was home alone. She poured me a cold drink, as it was a sweltering day, and I slipped into my shorts. I noticed that she was wearing a tank top and a pair of yellow bikini bottoms.

Liz appeared as friendly as ever and asked if I would give her a back massage. After all, she mused, hadn't I learned how to give them at the hospital? I waited for her to lie down on one of the lounge chairs, but instead she headed for the house. When she saw I was still just standing there — dumbfounded, I might add — she told

me to come on into the house. She ran upstairs to her room, and I followed slowly, wondering.

When I got there, I found her lying on her bed on her stomach. I got on the bed with one knee on either side of her body and began massaging and kneading her back, going only as low as the top of her crack, which stuck out just above the lacy edge of her panties. Soon she began to moan softly. One minute later, without even asking me to move, she turned over on her back and looked at my bulge.

I was as hard as a rock but still puzzled. A beautiful teenager, my girlfriend's younger sister — could this be? Then she whispered, "Please take off my panties and love me!"

I was stunned but too excited to do anything but put my hand under her T-shirt and move slowly into her panties, feeling first her silky-soft hair and then the wetness that had been waiting for me. She let out a small gasp as my middle finger penetrated deep into her. With my other hand, I pulled at her panties as she struggled with my shorts. Immediately, I knew she was ready, and entered her ever so slowly, surprised at the ease. I had always assumed that Liz was a virgin, but she seemed relaxed and at home in this situation. After two minutes of slow movement her eyes closed and she breathed hard, trying to speak. "You're making me come," she

gasped. "I'm coming, oh, oh, I'm coming, coming. I can't stop!" I couldn't hold out any longer myself, and I came in a massive flood within her, but she didn't stop coming for another minute or so. Finally we both fell apart, exhausted.

We've never repeated that afternoon or discussed it. But now Liz is even friendlier, and Sharon has no idea where I've been. — Name and address withheld

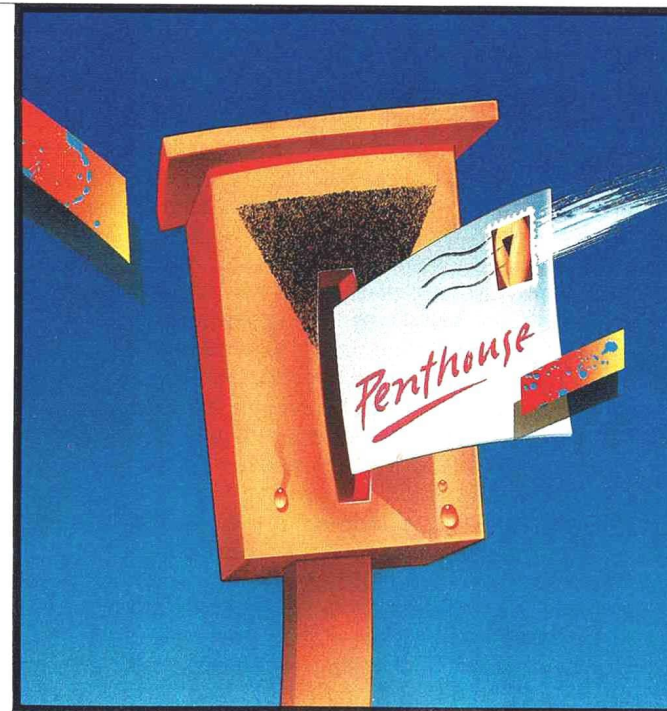
Sandy bottoms

I have always had this fantasy of making love on the beach, and I finally lived out the fantasy while I was on holiday recently.

I had a friend there, named John, a boy I'd gone to high school with, and the first morning I was there he picked me up

to show me a few of the sights on his way to work. He pointed out good places to lie out and get a tan, telling me where I could catch some rays topless without being bothered. Finally he dropped me off at one of the topless beaches. When I found a spot that was completely deserted, I placed my towel, bag and sandals on the sand and settled down for a day in the sun. I took off my jeans and T-shirt. Then I took off my bikini top and let my breasts enjoy the sunshine that the rest of my body was already basking in.

I was lying on my back with my eyes closed and before I was really aware of it I found myself thinking about John and the way he looks in a tight pair of jeans — the way he smiles, his laugh. Suddenly, I found myself getting horny, and my bikini bottoms were getting very damp. I looked up and down the beach and found that no-one else was there so I decided to take the rest of my bikini off. Undoing the strings on both sides, I was thinking how much nicer it would be if John were there with me instead of at work. As I raised my bottom off my towel and pulled my bikini off, I noticed the sun's rays shining off my skin and glistening on my moist cunt hair and wished that John would come by and give my body some sexual relief. The more I thought about John, the hotter and more frustrated I became. I glanced up and down the beach and still saw no-one.



Keep them in their place!



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FORUM

Gradually I found my hands travelling down my body, stopping briefly to play with my now stiffened nipples on their way to my wet and quivering cunt. As my fingers found my swollen clit and began to massage it, I was still thinking about John. My hand began to move faster and faster on my now-pulsating clit as I fantasised that it was John's tongue stroking me instead of my fingers.

Then as I put one of my fingers into my mouth to taste my juices, I was startled to feel another touch on my cunt. I opened my eyes and to my delight I found John licking my cunt lips. Neither one of us said a word. I just lay back and enjoyed it for a while.

When I reached for John, encouraging him to take his clothes off and enjoy the sun the same way I was, he just smiled and started unbuttoning his shirt, with me relishing looking at his beautiful chest. He looked down at me lovingly, holding out his hand to help me to a kneeling position. As I reached for his belt and zipper to help him off with his jeans, I realised my lips were slightly parted and my tongue was licking my lips. As I undid his zipper and released his throbbing cock, I let out a slight gasp. John had the most gorgeous cock I had ever seen. I stuck out my tongue to taste his beautiful tool as he finished taking off his jeans. He reached for my face and, holding it in his hands, he kissed me as he lowered both of our bodies on to my towel.

He continued to kiss me all over my neck and breasts, slowly moving down to my throbbing pussy. John licked and sucked my pussy so expertly that I reached orgasm faster than I ever had before, but he didn't stop when I climaxed, and I came again. John then put his arms around me and kissed me again. I raised my hips to meet his; I wanted to feel all of his beautiful cock inside my juicy cunt. I reached down to guide him into me, but at first he allowed only the head of his cock to penetrate. I was quivering with anticipation as he slowly pushed all the way in. When he was deep inside me, I felt like I was in heaven. We both reached orgasm together and I thought my head would explode with all the fabulous sensations I was feeling. We made love for what seemed like hours, then ran into the water for a quick swim before getting dressed and heading back.

As we headed home we saw a beautiful sunset, and all I could think about was that I still had 10 glorious days and nights to get to know John's body better. I can't remember when I've had a more perfect day. — *Name and address withheld*

Off to a good start

I have enjoyed reading your magazine for a number of years and would like to submit this experience for the entertainment of your readers. For reasons that will

become obvious, the circumstances of this particular evening are still clear to me. I hope I may have the pleasure of reading it.

I was 19 at the time of this episode and was going out with guys quite a bit. One of the men I was seeing was a student at a nearby university. We saw one another several times, with each encounter growing more physical and intimate although we had not yet made love.

One evening I was to meet him at his place after work. I think I was anticipating something special that night because I can recall a certain excitement between my thighs as I negotiated the evening traffic. I arrived a little after seven and Gary was there waiting for me. He took my coat from me when I entered and offered me some wine. I accepted the invitation, and after he had poured two glasses, he joined me on the couch. At first we talked about his classes and mine but I had no doubt that something more was in the offing.

After about half an hour we had finished the first bottle of wine, and I was feeling pretty good and, I admit, horny. I excused myself to go to the bathroom while Gary opened another bottle. When I returned, Gary had dimmed the lights and put some soft jazz on the stereo. I rejoined him on the couch, and we fell into an embrace.

I offered no resistance as he began to unbutton my blouse and expose my flesh to the soft caress of his lips. I helped him to remove the blouse and my bra as well. I could feel the wetness between my thighs increasing as his educated tongue teased my nipples to erection. While he sucked on one breast his hand toyed with my other nipple, enticing it, too. He looked up at me, smiled mischievously, and moved to kiss me, accepting my tongue as I accepted his. I moaned from deep in my throat and begged him to take me into his bedroom and fuck me. He lifted me from the couch and carried me, all the while continuing my pleasure/torture by working on my breasts. When we entered the bedroom he put me down, and I nearly tore his clothes off, as well as my own, in my frantic effort to expose his cock. As he stepped from his pants, I dived for him and slid his cock deeply in my mouth, then back out, and began licking it up and down until it glistened and trembled.

He raised me from this position and lowered me on to my back on his bed. He knelt beside me on the bed, spread my legs and began to kiss and lick my pussy. Within moments I began to tense and tremble with the first pre-orgasmic waves. Soon I was sitting almost upright as my body continued to tense, then I was flung back and my hips began to thrust upward to meet his tongue as my orgasm crashed through me.

I continued to writhe as I moaned for Gary to climb between my legs and fuck me. As he slid his cock into my drenched and hungry cunt, I panted with pure animal pleasure and begged him to fuck me hard.

His first few strokes were short and easy, but as he gathered momentum and as we fell into rhythm, his thrusts became longer and more forceful. Soon he was plunging into me with tremendous force as I welcomed his every assault. Too soon I could see him begin to grimace as he fought to restrain his ejaculation. I was sucking on his nipples, teasing him as he had teased me, and gasping for him to give me more cock and to come deep inside me. At last he tensed for the final time as his upper torso pulled away from me and our hips thrust toward one another in a violent climax.

After some moments, he withdrew and collapsed beside me. I was crying softly as I cuddled next to him. When he asked whether anything was wrong, I confessed to him that I had never before experienced an orgasm. I could not then adequately convey to him my appreciation or my joy, but if he should be among your readers, I hope that he will recognise himself and remember me, and know how much that first experience meant to me. — *Name and address withheld*

Schooldays

When I was 16 I was sent to a girls' boarding school. My strict Anglican upbringing and the quiet atmosphere of the suburb I grew up in had ensured that I knew little about sex and had experienced nothing. On the other hand, this lack of experience hadn't kept me unaware of the urgent stirrings of my body and a growing feeling of need.

I was moved into a small dormitory like several others at the school, known collectively as the "Houses." My roommate was a popular and energetic older girl named Gretchen. In my first term at school I developed an overwhelming crush on Gretchen, sparked first by her lively sense of humor and genuine concern for me. At times I followed her around like a puppy, delighted just to be seen with a girl everyone seemed to know and say hello to. Realising I was making a difficult adjustment from an overprotective family life to boarding school, Gretchen took my frequent presence in her stride.

Sometime during that first term I also began sneaking looks at Gretchen's body. Tall and athletic, with naturally curly hair, she seemed perfect to me. I would sometimes pretend to be asleep while she got dressed for class so I could watch her from under the covers.

At 17, her breasts were D-cup and they were firm and perfectly shaped with areolae double the size of mine and nipples that always seemed erect. Her waist, hips and thighs blended together like a work of art and her muscular legs tapered to beautiful calves and ankles. Unlike me, she made no effort to keep her pussy covered while she dressed, giving me frequent glimpses of her small patch of curly, dark brown fluff. One memorable morning she sat naked on the edge of her chair to brush her hair. Her

legs were parted, giving me a partial view of her slit from only four feet away. After that I lay in bed for a long time while hot tides of passion seemed to flow from my head to my hips and back.

I thought at the time that I was ugly, especially when compared with Gretchen. I was only short with hair so frizzy it was unmanageable. My breasts were C-cup and reasonably firm, but in constant need of support from a bra. I despaired because hair seemed always to be appearing on my body in inappropriate places. Occasional thick black hairs would appear at the edges of my too-small areolae, to be plucked out immediately. More plucking was required of the fine dark hairs that wanted to form a line from my navel to my pussy. My pubic hair was coarse and thick and always threatening to spread down my legs if not shaved carefully. Finally, the skin around my slit was noticeably darker than elsewhere, leading me to wonder if something was wrong with me. It didn't matter at the time that most people considered me pretty. I didn't believe them. Gretchen was generally considered to be more cute than pretty, but she was beautiful to me.

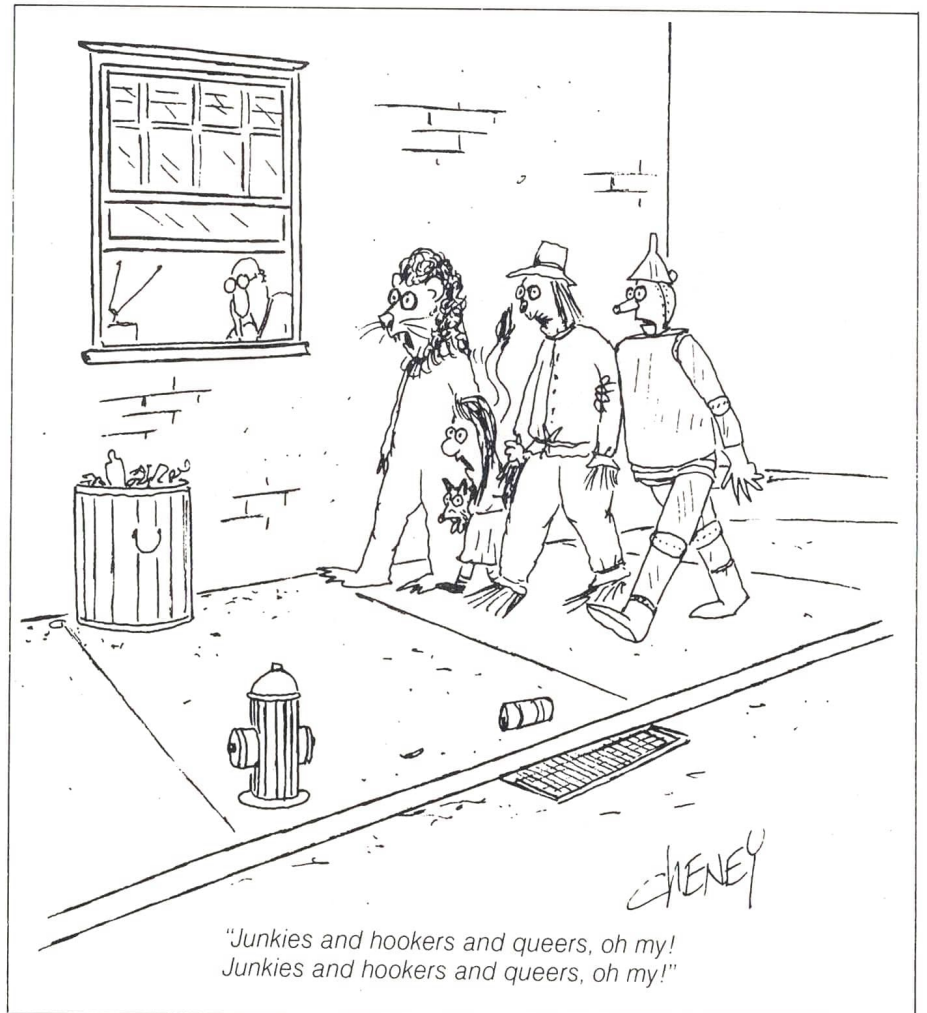
When I returned early from holidays, Gretchen was one of the first people I saw. I hugged her eagerly and my body tingled for a long time afterward from the feeling of her breasts pushed hard against mine. I had heard some girls in other houses referred to scornfully as "queers" or

"dykes" but I never associated my feelings for Gretchen with their mysterious activities. After all, at a girls' school everyone spent their time with other girls. We had no boys, except on occasional weekends.

Gretchen, in fact, had a boyfriend and she spoke glowingly, if vaguely, of their too-infrequent sexual encounters. I had dates too, but usually with boys as naive about sex as I was.

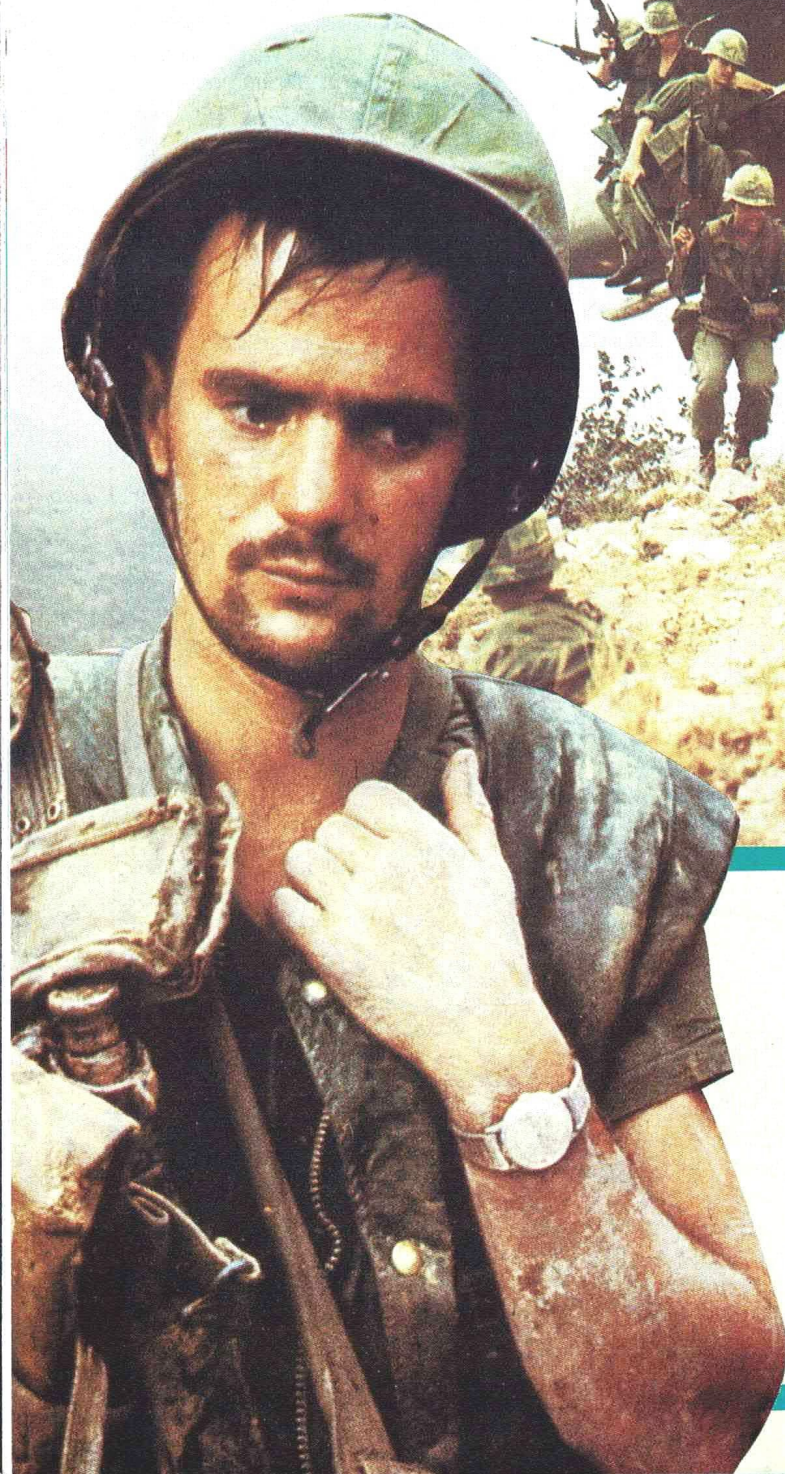
That first night back at school was marked by one of those late-night talk sessions boarding schools are known for. Since the holidays had just ended, there were new experiences with boys to be related, including sexual encounters that I listened to with great interest. One girl was particularly graphic, telling about being penetrated by a boy's penis in a darkened room at a Christmas party. Apparently he came too soon, because she complained about not being satisfied and made a joking reference about returning to her candle. Candles played a big part in the rituals of our House and were often exchanged as gifts, but that was the first time I understood the sexual reference.

That night, forgetting my usual flannel nightgown, I climbed into bed nude with a candle Gretchen had given me. Lying on my back, I tried to penetrate my pussy with the narrow end of the candle. Since I tried to push it in all at once and was still dry, I failed. It took me ten minutes to work six inches of candle inside me and it was



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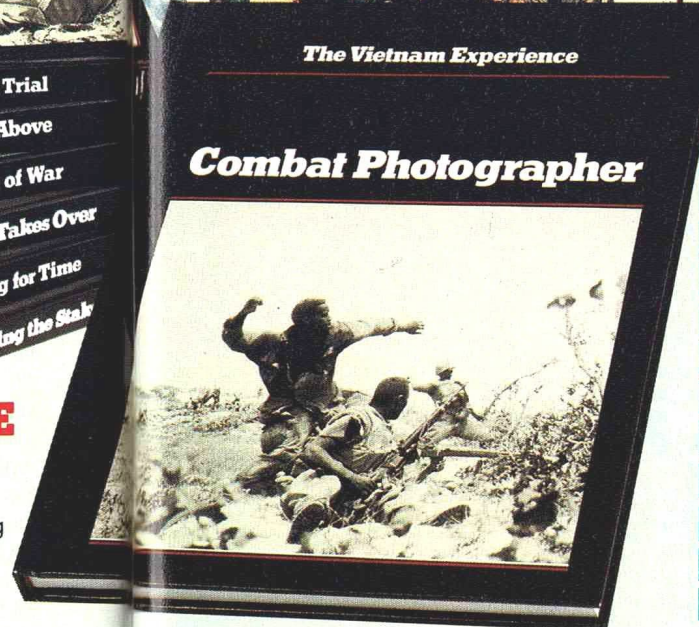
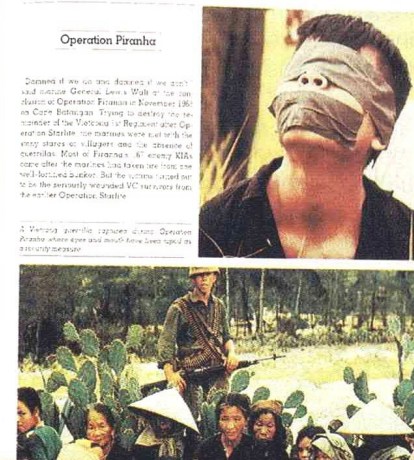
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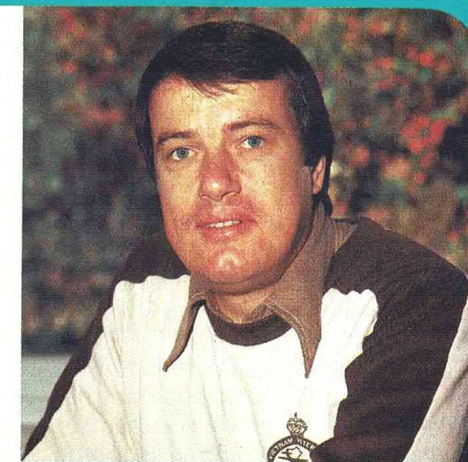
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another 15 minutes before my efforts succeeded in moistening my vagina and stirring increasingly pleasurable sensations. Only then did it occur to me to try stimulating my clitoris at the same time, a part of my body I knew only as my "hot spot." Soon I was feverishly pumping the candle into my dripping slit with my left hand while rubbing my clit with my right. I didn't know it but I was approaching the first orgasm of my life. In the process, I had kicked off my sheet and blankets.

Suddenly there was the sound of the door opening and closing and I was half blinded as the light went on. Gretchen was standing beside my bed with an astonished look on her face. Humiliated, I covered my face with my hands and burst into tears. I tried to turn over and hide my shame but was hampered by the twelve-inch candle protruding from my gaping pussy lips.

I heard Gretchen say my name gently and then the sound of our door being locked. The overhead light went out, leaving only a dim glow from a desk lamp. I was still sobbing, imagining I'd be kicked out of school for my perversion. Then Gretchen's arms were around me and in my ear I heard her voice, soothing and comforting.

I clung to her like someone drowning and gradually began to calm down. She

laid me back down on the bed and lay down beside me, still calming me with her voice. I began to think everything would be all right.

Then I felt the candle move slightly in my pussy as though Gretchen was trying to remove it, so I opened my legs. Instead of removing it, though, she pushed the slick candle gently into my pussy until it touched my cervix. Surprised, I opened my eyes and looked at her questioningly.

"Relax, baby," she said gently. "I know what you need."

I closed my eyes and felt her begin to manipulate the candle in my pussy. She twirled it and pushed it from side to side and expertly pumped it in and out until I was sighing with pleasure. I was surprised again when I felt her mouth close over my nipple but the sensation was intensely pleasurable and sent a bolt of sexual energy directly to my hips, causing my pussy to spasm hard around the slowly moving candle. I found my hands on Gretchen's head, pulling her tender mouth hard against my breast while my hips bucked repeatedly upward, trying to force the candle deeper into me.

Wisely, she concentrated on my right nipple, leaving the left one to be satisfied by the rough texture of her wool jumper. Gretchen sped up the pumping of the candle until I could hear the loud sucking sound as she pulled it roughly out of my eager pussy and the wet slippery sound

as she slammed it back in. Her tongue began whipping hard and fast across my rock-hard nipple and I had just enough time to become aware of that sensation before my orgasm began to rocket through me.

It started with a spasming sensation in my vagina that soon had me bucking my hips upward as fast and hard as I could. I vaguely felt my body writhing and contorting, eager for more of the earthquake-like sensations that were ripping through it. My hands were grasping at Gretchen, alternately trying to pull her mouth harder on to my nipple and hanging on to her for fear of being swept away. I cried out, beginning with a low moan from deep in me that ended in a hoarse, breathless scream.

Gretchen was relentless. She continued to force the candle into my spasming hole and her fist pounded against my hot spot at the end of each stroke. At the height of my convulsions she kept me from throwing both of us off the bed by throwing her weight against me. Finally as my climax began to taper off, she triggered a new series of shockingly intense spasms by biting my nipple hard.

I gradually began to regain awareness, to feel the soreness of my nipple and pussy and realise I was flushed and dripping with sweat. Gretchen had her arms around me again and soothed and reassured me in a low, gentle voice.

"You have so much to learn, Amy, but

I know you're going to love it," she said. "Just relax and let me show you."

She did show me, over the next several months. I was sexually starved and eager. Her mouth got to know every part of me. My first orgasm from oral sex was as explosive as our first time. Gradually she taught me to do things to her and I remember how proud I was the first time I buried my face in her pussy and gave her an orgasm. Eventually, she introduced me to "candles" in our House and my initiation into that circle of beautiful pussies was the ultimate in sensual overload. But those are other stories for another letter.

Gretchen and I are both married now, with children and loving husbands, but we still get together occasionally to enjoy each other in our special way. We're looking for a chance to arrange a foursome with our husbands (but we want them to think it's their idea). — *Name and address withheld*

New frontiers

I'm married to a very attractive woman with a fantastic body. The problem is Ann was brought up as a "lady" and sex has been completely straight with her. When I've tried to go down on her or get her to suck my cock she wouldn't have any part of it. We've now been married five years.

A few weeks ago I went to Melbourne with a couple of guys on business for three days. On the second night I picked up a whore. Among other things, I got my first

blowjob in years. I then returned to the "straight" life.

Two weeks ago when I got home my wife was dressed to go out. She was acting very strange, and very distant. Not long after I got home she led me into the bedroom and slipped out of her dress. I couldn't believe my eyes. Ann was wearing a black garter belt, stockings, black brassiere and panties. She stood away from me and asked if she was as pretty as my whore.

I knew there was no point in denying it, and I wondered how she had found out. I tried to tell Ann I was sorry and that it wouldn't happen again. Ann put her dress on again. She told me she was going into the city to let a man pick her up, and then she was going to bring him home. She wanted me to watch him fucking her just as I had screwed the whore. She was going to suck his cock and let him do anything to her he wanted, and let me see how she had felt when she found out about me.

I tried to stop her. I knew there was no way she would ever go through with it. Ann walked out of the house and drove away. About three hours later I heard the car pull up. Minutes later my wife walked in with another man. She introduced me to Steve, then unzipped her dress and took it off. I don't know who was more nervous, Steve or me. Ann turned away from me and told me to unfasten her brassiere. I didn't know what else to do, so I did as she asked. She

then moved to Steve and told him to take her panties off.

My wife led us into the bedroom and fell into Steve's arms. While they kissed she was helping him out of his clothes. He had a full hard on, and he was a couple of inches bigger than me. Once he was naked Ann knelt in front of him and took his cock in her mouth. Ann sucked him for a few minutes, then pulled him back on to the bed with her.

I sat back on a chair and watched him feel my wife up and suck her tits. When they had walked into the house Ann was still acting mad, but now she was getting hot. He moved down and put his face between her pretty legs and started lapping her pussy. All of a sudden Ann was writhing all over the bed, begging him to fuck her. I watched his cock slide all the way up her pussy.

Until that time I can't describe what had been going on in my mind. All I could think about was losing Ann. When I saw him actually fucking her I realised nothing had ever turned me on like that. For the first time since I met her there was nothing passive about sex. My wife put her lovely legs around him and was squealing with delight. Her pussy was coming up to meet every thrust, her naked body twisting and writhing beneath him. Ann kept begging him, "fuck me harder", and then she started coming.

He screwed Ann for almost half an hour,

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and she made it three times. As soon as he took it out of her pussy my wife moved down and lapped the cream from his cock, then sucked him off again. When he was ready to go again my wife top-rode him. He just lay back letting her fuck herself on his cock. If anything, she was even hotter than before. She told him not to come in her pussy, that she wanted him to come in her mouth this time.

When he was ready Steve lifted Ann off him, then lay her back and straddled her face. He fucked Ann in her mouth. It didn't take long. He jerked back and I watched him come all over her pretty face. She took his cock back in her mouth and drank the rest of his cream.

Even then Ann was still hot. She lay back feeling herself up and playing with her tits until he was ready to go again. Ann started coming as soon as he put it in her. Even though Steve was on top of her, my wife did most of the fucking. I had never dreamed of any woman getting so hot. When it was over at last Ann lapped the cream from his cock again.

He left minutes later. Ann didn't even get up to see him out. She lay there for a few minutes, then asked me to come to bed. When I stuck it in her it was like fucking a wildcat. Her pussy was so wet, and when we kissed I could taste his sperm on her

lips. When I finished Ann sucked me off. Later Ann lay back in my arms crying. She told me she had never dreamed it could be anything like that. Ann suggested that I bring another woman home and put her through what she had done to me. I laughed and told her I was willing, if she would take on the other woman too. Much to my surprise, Ann agreed. She told me she would try anything I wanted.

The very next evening we picked up a whore who agreed to take us both on. The woman was young and very attractive. I had a ringside seat to the wildest lesbian action one could imagine, watching two naked women kissing and caressing each other. Ann sucked the woman's tits and felt her up for some time before going down on her, and she enjoyed lapping that pussy as much as sucking a cock.

As it has turned out, my "mistake" has opened a whole new world of pleasure and excitement to us both.—*Name and address withheld*

A growing experience

Pam wasn't exactly a virgin when we got married. We'd made it a couple of times before we tied the knot, but you hardly get to know another person by making it with her twice. Once we did it standing up at the dark end of the hallway of the building where she lived with her parents, and we made so much noise that a woman who lived down the other end opened her door

to find out what was going on. I shot my load high up inside Pam's quivering pussy the moment I heard the door open. But I doubt that Pam came. The second time we fucked it was better; we were at the beach, and we'd brought a tent. We just zipped up when most of the people were gone, and I took down the bottom of the miniscule fabric she called a bikini and spread her thighs so that I could see deep into the folds of her pussy.

Pam moaned and turned her head from side to side as if she were embarrassed that I was looking at her sweet, hair-trimmed opening, and I wanted to look some more, but she kind of begged me to enter her — and that I did, most definitely.

I should explain that our honeymoon took place right in our unit, since we'd both decided to spend whatever money we had and whatever was given to us on making a nice place. So we just went home after we got married. Well, we ran into trouble almost immediately. I couldn't get over how modest she was, and that almost drove me up the wall. Something that excites me more than anything else is having a beautiful woman undress in front of me, and watching all that secret flesh being exposed to me bit by bit, knowing that I am going to possess it in a few moments. This request seemed simple enough to me, but Pam categorically refused to do it. She disappeared into the bathroom and returned, wearing a sexy, see-through negligee that did, I'll admit, get my prick throbbing and ready to do somersaults. But still I was miffed that she couldn't see her way clear to honor a simple request that would give me pleasure.

As it was, I had to keep my cock rising high up inside her, making her really wild with pleasure, so that she wouldn't get up to turn out the light switch. The switch was right by the bed, and I ignored her first request to flick it off; I wriggled to the side of the bed, got my head down between those fabulous legs of hers, and began to stroke the inside of her pussy with long, flat, broad licks as though I were an animal enjoying her. My hands reached up to her breasts, and I manipulated her large, round nipples with the tips of my fingers until they were hard like the little pearl of her slippery clitoris. I could see every reaction of her cunt on the downstroke, and I watched Pam's facial expressions on the upstroke. It was as I was about to enter her that I noticed the closet door was standing open, and the mirrored back of it displayed, to my utter delight, a complete reflection of my ravishing bride.

We melted into each other as I slid the length of my cock slowly upward into her moist slit. I could feel every inch of her inside reacting with complete abandon to my hard in-thrust. And better, I could watch us doing it, watch us feeling it at the same time. I held back from coming so long that I think Pam thought that I was some kind of a superstud. I held back just to prolong

the pleasure; I was so turned on by this really lewd sight in the mirror, this perfect image of two people fucking each other. I say fucking each other because Pam showed her erotic talents to me for the first time that night. What had happened in the tent was nothing compared with this. She didn't make a lot of noise like some women I know, but the sounds she did make, kind of low and deep down in her throat, were so sensual that they made my hair stand on end. She would gnash her teeth and make strange grunts, and the magical mirror revealed to me that her lithe body could move into any and every position with the ease of a circus contortionist.

It was a sight to behold, and my aching prick enjoyed every minute of it.

Then Pam told me that she couldn't really enjoy herself the way she wanted with the lights on, and she asked me to turn them out. She was stroking my half-hard cock lazily at the time, and her voice was so sweet and compliant and my body felt so in tune with hers that I made the mistake of telling her that I would miss watching us in the closet mirror if the lights were off. Well, I could feel her hand tightening on my cock, and I gently removed it as I felt her hysteria rising. She had what could mildly be called a tantrum, and she called me a pervert. She was screaming like a lunatic.

I could hardly believe that this was the same woman I'd just been royally screwing. Needless to say, I got up and turned out the lights and went into the bathroom, where there was also a full-length mirror on the inside of the door. I am not ashamed to admit that I relieved my still lusty prick in full sight of myself.

I took a long shower, trying hard not to think; when I went back out, Pam was sound asleep in the dark. The beginning was about par for the course for the next few months of our being together. I didn't like her making me feel guilty for something I thought of as okay. I really resented her prissy attitude.

After a while I did manage to get my kicks, that special kind, with a couple of women who were into it. One of them, Marcy, had married a guy who was into it, too. She told me so one afternoon, while I was fucking her in their mirrored bedroom. Marcy had been an old girlfriend I'd had in high school, and we could really get it on together; at the same time we were like mates. We'd met on the street, and over drinks she told me that she was married now, and I told her I was, too, and then she invited me up to her new apartment.

"I can see he's into watching," I told her as I looked up into her mirror image. Her bum was big and white and round, really something. And I watched as my fingers slid between the crack of the two loaves of her flesh, and I saw my cock grow rigid again at the feel of her behind. We'd been meeting almost every week, when Marcy told me that she and her husband were go-

ing away to their summer place, a cottage up the coast. She asked Pam and me to come up for a weekend.

I thought sure — why not? — and that's how we wound up playing strip dominoes, the three of us, horny as hares, after Pam had said her good nights and gone off to bed. I couldn't help it. Marcy just always turned me on, and her husband Grant was an easygoing kind of guy, who seemed to get off on what was going on. So we both petted Marcy under the table, and I sucked on those fat nipples of hers, me on one tit and Grant on the other, while we continued this dumb but sexy domino game. Of course, Marcy lost a lot, and the gin and tonics were flowing. It was pretty soon after that the three of us retired to their bedroom.

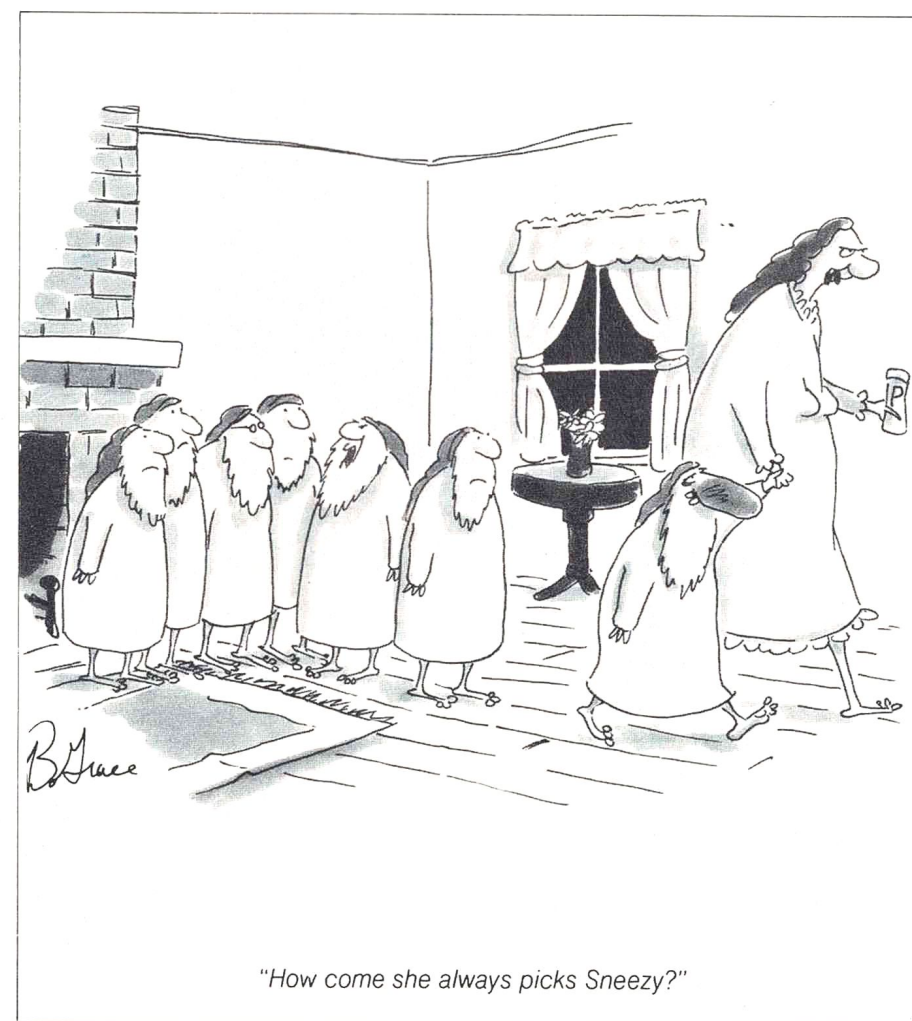
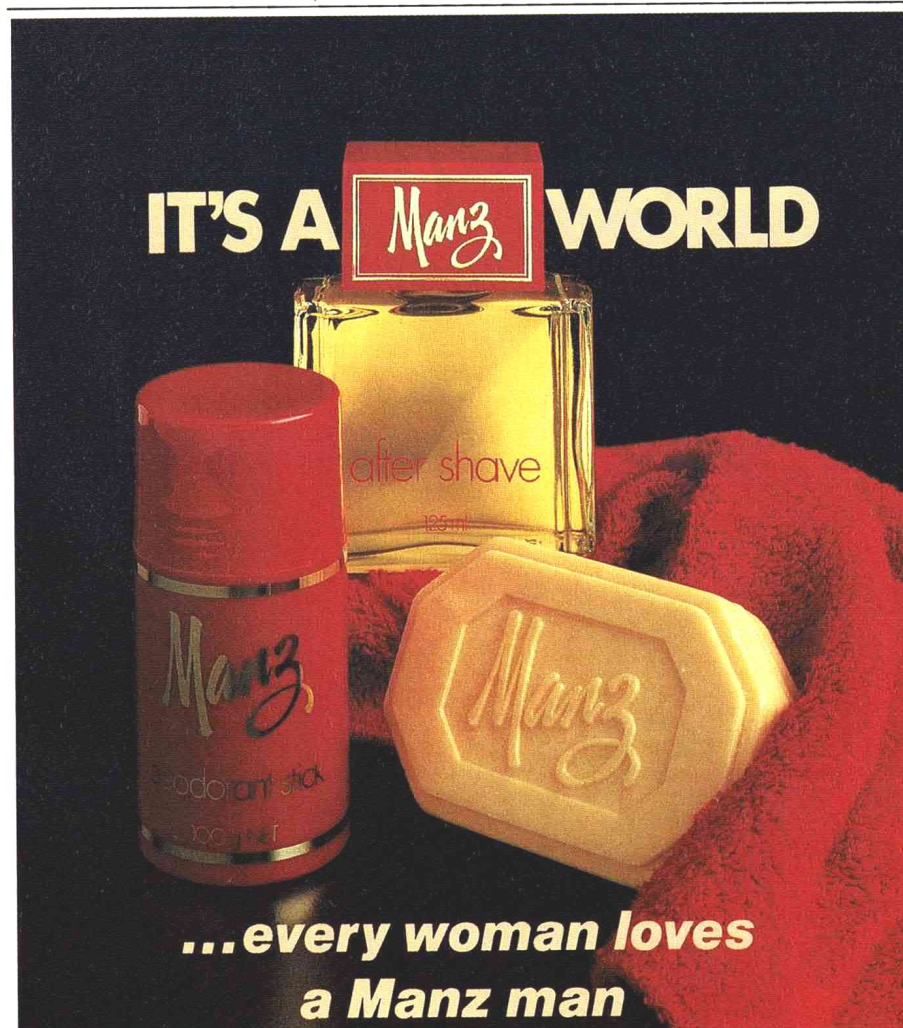
If I thought that their in-town bedroom was jazzed up, it was nothing compared with the set-up out here. Not only were there mirrors, mind you, but Grant even had a video set that was on, and as we tumbled drunkenly into bed, each of us kind of taking a handful of Marcy's ample, naked body, our own images were being constantly replayed on the screen of the home video tube.

Drunk as I was, this night was probably the luckiest of my life. God only knows that if I'd known that the windows were wide open, I might have shut them, but my mind and cock were elsewhere.

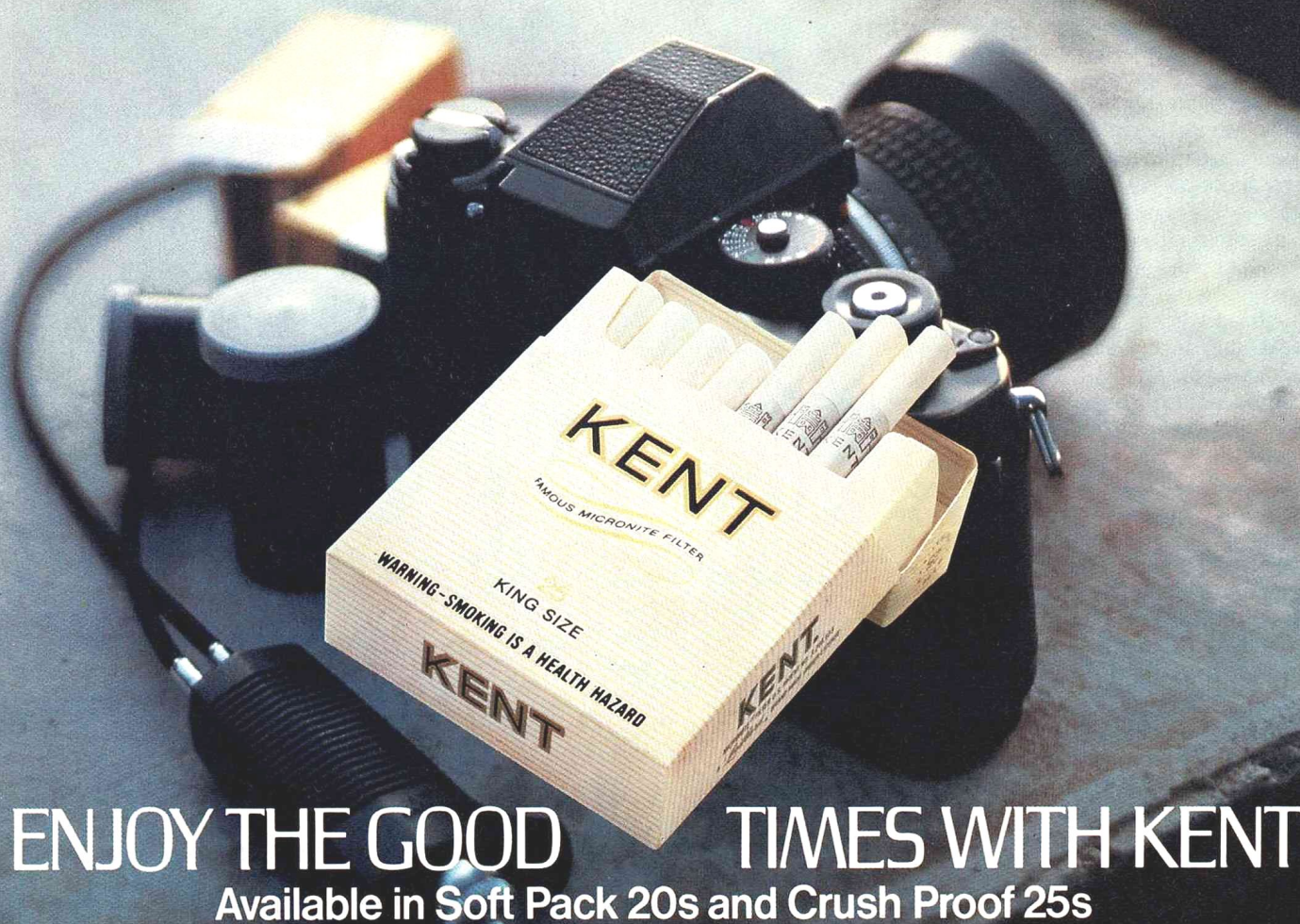
Pam must have seen it all; that's the way

I piece it together anyway, and she never told me a word about it. She seemed a little odd the next day, but she was frequently like that. So I didn't think anything about it. But on Sunday night, our last at the cabin, I saw Marcy and Pam kissing out by the back door in the garden, and I thought that I would pass out. There was prim little Pam and big Marcy, and Marcy's tongue seemed to be halfway down my wife's throat. Her hands were feeling Pam's breasts, and Pam was digging it, taking it hungrily. When they came back in, Marcy caught my eye and I knew then that something was going to happen between all of us that night. Pam stayed up for the late drinks, and to my amazement, Grant replayed the tape of him and Marcy and me. I watched, amazed, as he made a pass at Pam during the viewing, and Pam kind of closed her eyes and let his fingers rise beneath her skirt until I knew he was touching cunt. I was so horny that I was the one who led the parade into the special bedroom, where Pam was the guest of honor, getting it from the three of us in every way we could think of.

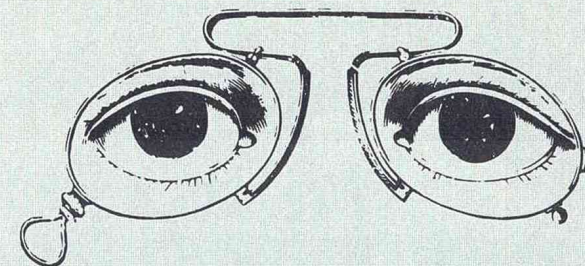
Now, when I watch Pam, she can start climaxing just from the idea of it. Every mirror in the house has seen some pretty wild action from my formerly shy wife. If only mirrors could talk, they would tell anyone coming into the place what an incredible sex life we have.—*Name and address withheld* 



"How come she always picks Sneezy?"



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VIEW FROM THE TOP

REPRESSION DRESSING

BY BILL TURNER

If gallant Captain Cook sails once more into Botany Bay for the Bicentennial celebrations he'll have to time his arrival very carefully. After 6 pm, the loose cravat of his immaculate Royal Navy uniform wouldn't pass muster at the Botany Bay Leagues Club. Would he be pleased to rediscover this paradise if he still couldn't remove his jacket for mess? His scruffy crew, some in (shock, horror) bare feet, wouldn't come within cooee of a cold beer at the Botany Bay Workers' Club.

Two hundred years on and Australians are still not to be trusted without trivial dress regulations that betray their colonial mentality. Some are posted in foyers like mementos to penal authorities' edicts; others are "understood."

Am I being too severe? Then consider this scenario.

An old family friend, still a beautiful and elegant woman in her seventies, invites me to dine at the Royal Automobile Club in Sydney. "Do wear a suit, dear," she says, aware of my Bolshie tendencies.

I've chosen my coolest green number, but I'm wearing a Swedish darker green vest underneath to feed my Fred Astaire fantasies. It's designed to be worn bolero style, without a coat. I'm sweating by the end of the entree.

The women in the dining room sit back in air-flapping turquoise culottes. On their feet are sandals; their legs are exposed to the air. Meantime, the men sit like striped grey capsicums, fastened top and bottom by ties and patent leather.

My friend says the club hasn't changed since she was 21. This may or may not be a good thing. The decor is impressive — plush. The girls have that stunning, wide-eyed English beauty in very sheer, plain white RAC uniforms. They are presided over by a Teutonic *maitre d'* hotel of truly frightening proportions. Her chunky crucifix on black suggests links with the Inquisition. There is, of course, a piano player, a Noel Coward look-alike, with magic in his finger tips.

"It's sad," says my friend, "that nobody dances much any more. Shall we?" She waves to the piano player, who winks back. We foxtrot and tango.

In a far corner I watch a family group — a young man and fiancée, with proud mum and dad. The young man removes his jacket.

The formidable *maitre d'* ploughs through waitresses like the Titanic on its way to an iceberg. The young man turns grey as he struggles back into

his Bermuda jacket. His fiancée is scarlet. Mum looks elsewhere. Father huffs and puffs, walrus-like in disbelief that his son/prospective son-in-law could commit such an indiscretion.

It's all so unnecessary and rather sad. The opportunity to go out in sympathy is too good to miss. Fred Astaire in slim-fitting green bolero sweeps Ginger Rogers into *Chariots Of Fire* to the glee of the piano man.

A lone couple on the dance floor are a little more difficult to deal with than the young man in the corner. But the *maitre d'* makes very clear that it is jackets on or abandon ship. I'm a guest... I'm a swine. The remainder of the meal is a disaster.

Well, you might say, going to a stuffy place like the Royal Automobile Club, you get what you deserve. Laidback, casual dress is the go where real people eat, drink and be merry. In that case, consider the next scenario.

The party meets at a French restaurant in Randwick — a birthday celebration for a vivacious blonde acquaintance. Yet another *maitre d'* winces as I dump two bottles of Jacob's Creek into her arms. Even at this early stage of the night I know I am in trouble. You *know* the way *maitre d's* vet every new patron. This one allows at least one canny eye to drift down over my black silk shirt, linen trousers *au naturel*, then bangs into my sandals like a titanium paper weight.

My sandals, like the green vest, are *haute couture*. My feet are immaculately clean and tastefully tanned. It couldn't be aesthetics that offends the *maitre d'*, only the bumptious shattering of a time-honored dress taboo. It was not done by gentlemen of the Raj in Jaipur, and woe

betide the Anglo-Saxon abroad who covers his feet with less than Julius Marlow's. Ladies wear sandals, but not men, and certainly not gentlemen. Fortunately, the dinner party is well established, and I am a welcome addition.

An apocryphal story, that one, I hear you say. Well, possibly, but you must admit it does illustrate the horrendous consequences of dress repression.

Australia certainly hasn't realised it's situated not far from the equator, and far away from the British Empire.

I hope to return to an urbane and civilised Australia for the Bicentennial. I do hope that dress censorship by then will have gone the way of literary and film censorship, to be replaced with a sense of style and the appropriate. I've got a feeling it's a forlorn hope.

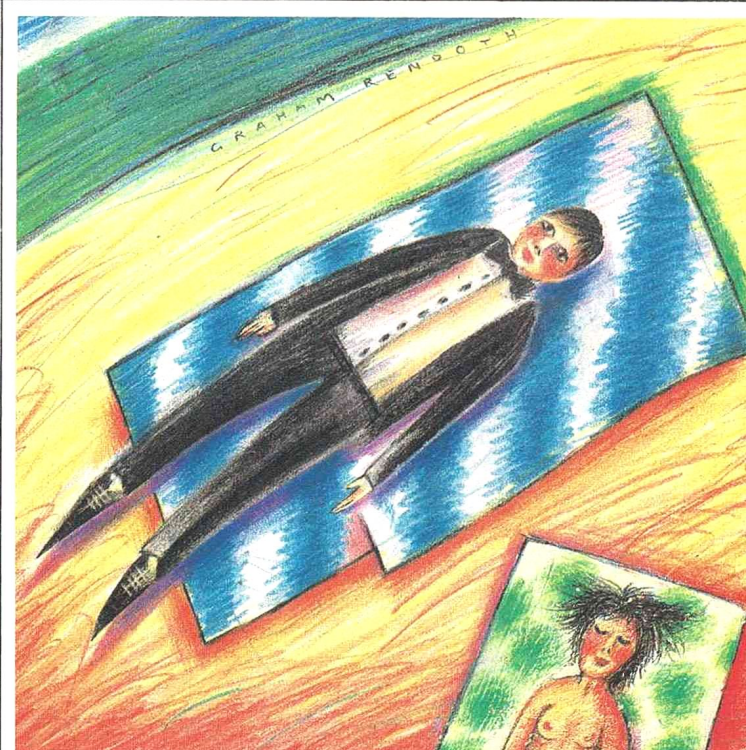
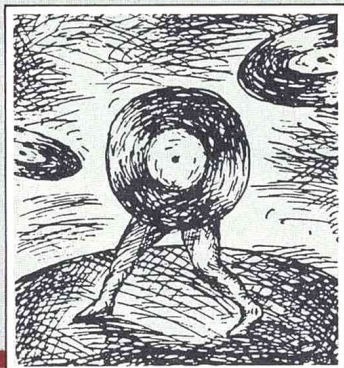


Illustration by Graham Rendoth

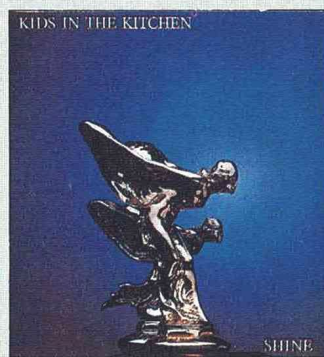


SOUNDS

THE FAMILY OF MEN

Ballet already having claimed the "Gold") in the international standard-album stakes. They've got choirs, orchestras, extra vocalists, percussionists and brass section and cover a lot of bases. This album references contemporary sounds but the plot gets lost a bit in the overdubbing.

And then there are the brats... If you like tedious pop-rock and find the Radiators have become too sophisticated then try the **Uncanny X-Men's** debut album *'Cos Life Hurts* (Mushroom). The



Clockwise from left: Men At Work, Kids In The Kitchen, Boy Rocking



band has obviously come of age and found a hairdresser that bulk bills. They aspire to the great tradition of stardom, especially sporting a lead singer who is so convinced he's the ants pants that some people are bound to believe him. One of the more intelligent live billings this year was the X-Men with "I'm An Individual" Jacko — the two deserve each other.

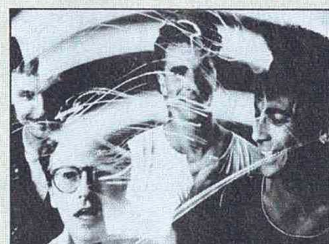
Australia has Midnight Oil, England the **Style Council**. In *Our Favorite Shop* (Polydor) the Council make music in a manner that would have been deemed far too cosy a couple of years ago — es-

pecially for the sentiments. These three still maintain the political realism of Paul Weller's lyrics but couch it in a more subversive musical setting. String arrangements, pretty melodies, a drummer who plays brushes, occasional subtle use of drum machines, wistful flute — are these the rallying battle hymns of an enraged and socially aware youth? The Style Council have grown out of a possible punk heritage; they are "in love with life" and can find contentment in such pure experiences as *cappuccinos*, designer raincoats and French cigarettes. Still, they continue to steer their unique course through the mire of modern pop.

In an interview last Christmas, Dave Stewart cited the guitar as his favorite new instrument, while others cited more obvious technological breakthroughs. *Be Yourself Tonight* (RCA), the latest from the **Eurythmics**, sees him justifying

that choice. It's also an album for Annie Lennox to place her vocals in as close to a Stax Motown setting as she and Stewart could manage. Two hugely successful albums (*Sweet Dreams*, *Touch*) later and they now can get guest appearances from Aretha Franklin, Elvis Costello and a harmonica solo from Stevie Wonder. The introductory single "Would I Lie To You", with its pounding beat, fat brass, pushy guitar and sassy vocals, augurs well but the rest of the songs fall down a bit in the writing and production. The guest singers add some nice contrasts to Annie Lennox; Franklin proves Lennox to be a certified soul sister.

Yukihiro Takahashi performed



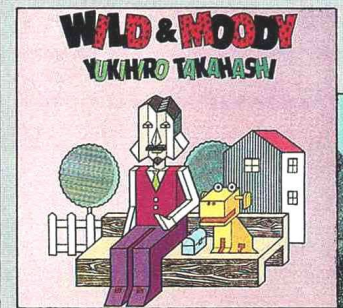
a multi-faceted function in the now legendary Japanese band Yellow Magic Orchestra. He was the drummer, clothes designer, and lead vocalist. With *Wild and Moody* (Interfusion) he is into his fifth solo album in the company of some sympathetic colleagues who include Bill Nelson and our own Iva Davies, who contributes guitar, words and voice. The album is often dreamy electro-beat with strong pop sensibilities but it maintains enough sonic idiosyncracies to keep the ears mesmerised.

British duo **Go West**, however, strut centre stage with a lunge for the white trash/blue-eyed soul jugular. *Go West* (Chrysalis) has enough gravel in their throats to remind of Robert Palmer and a radio sensibility that acknowledges duos like the Quick (who rate a special thank you). They are off and running in the pop stakes. The squelchy synth strings make a lot of the arrangements sound overly similar but there is some fine playing here. — **Jeremy Cook**

Recent Australian albums cover a broad age spectrum from conquering Men, maturing Boys, ambitious Kids and precocious brats. **Men At Work** have decided that *Two Hearts* (CBS) are better than five with the nucleus of Colin Hay and Greg Ham manning the barricades. They have also taken over the production helm with mixing assistance from rock heavy Bob Clearmountain. The songs maintain their uncomplicated approach to arrangements — often simple chugging guitar without the frills. The main shift in sound is hearing more of Greg Ham's vocals (especially effective on "Giving Up"). The Men prove they were fully grown first time around.

Boy Rocking are really youthful only in terms of their recorded output under that moniker. The Boy's musical parents, Mark Punch (guitar) and Mark Williams (vocals, keyboards, percussion), have extensive credentials in the Australian and New Zealand rock workforce respectively. The material on *House Is Shaking* (CBS) walks the not so fine line between Toto and Grandmaster Flash — from the title track to the percussion-based funk-with-yodels "Animals." Session musicians help flesh out the tracks that feature soaring guitar, percussion and strongly delivered lyrics — that sound good but don't often say much.

Kids In The Kitchen have waited two years to *Shine* (White) since their debut single "Change In Mood" — included here for historical accuracy. *Shine* sees them going for the silver medal (Spandau



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Rocky Turbo comes in two body types; the short wheelbase Hard Top and the long wheelbase Resin Top wagons. Both wagons have sunroofs as standard, while power steering and three-way adjustable fingertip suspension control are standard features on the EX luxury model wagon.

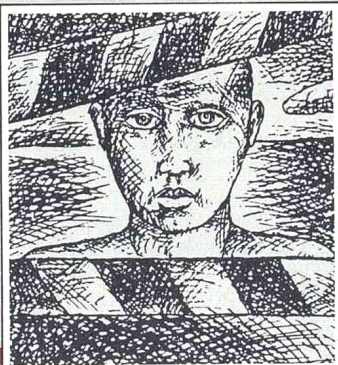
Now there are three new turbocharged ways to Go Rocky. And who builds Rocky anyway?

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FILM

ANOTHER WORLD

The Emerald Forest launches into a refreshing new film frontier. In it we travel to a region of staggering beauty, brimming with otherworldliness. It's the Amazon, and it may as well be another planet to most of us.

For the people who live there, it is the centre of the universe. "Each year the edge of the world comes closer," says the tribal chief of the advance of the dam-



Scenes from John Boorman's Amazon odyssey *The Emerald Forest*.

building bulldozers. In a familiar parastoryline, an infant boy is kidnapped by members of an Indian tribe, known as *The Invisible People*, and raised as the chief's son. He adopts the lifestyle and culture so completely that when his father, an American engineer, finally locates him after ten years' searching, he cannot leave.

But the film is more than simply an action-thriller. Producer-director John Boorman injects his almost documentary flavor, as expressed in such previous films as *Deliverance* and *Excalibur*. The viewer's nerves are not only tested by battles of blowpipes, and emotions taxed by jungle life (midst multitudinous brown beauties), but an awe of Nature itself is inspired.

In a profoundly bloodthirsty story, the *Invisible People's* battle for survival maintains strong themes, not least of which is the improbability of the Earth continuing to support life if the Amazon rainforests are devoured at their present rate. An intimacy is achieved, possibly through Boorman's decision to live among the Brazilian Indians as he researched the film, and by the inclusion of his son Charlie as the central character.

Gotcha may just be one more of the never-ending crop of thrillers, but its undergraduate quirkiness makes for a predictably entertaining romp. The thesis is based on a game of the same name which is enjoying something of a cult

Dance With A Stranger is the cheerless reconstruction of the events leading up to the execution of nightclub hostess Ruth Ellis, the last woman to be hanged in Britain. The details of her case — glamorous peroxide tart shoots and kills her upper class racing driver boyfriend — caused a media furore in Britain when it was heard in 1955. Many of the circumstances surrounding Ellis's emotional state were not heard in court, where crimes of passion were not at that time differentiated from other homicidal acts.

Recreated vividly is a passionate and doomed love triangle set against strong class barriers and the repressed atmosphere of Fifties Britain. The three central characters are faultlessly played by Miranda Richardson, Rupert Everett and Ian Holm and the aura of the time is captured brilliantly.



This is a film that swirls you into its passion and tragedy in ever tightening circles, in such a way that the inevitability of its climax brings relief. If that's your idea of a good night at the flicks, this is highly recommended.

A horse of a different color is **Choose Me**, a dreamlike crusade for the holy grail of ideal romantic

love set in the world of smoke-filled bars, radio sex therapy programs and universal emotional insecurity.

Mickey (Keith Carradine) is a mystery man — a gambler, a pilot, a mechanic, an ace photographer, a spy. He has a habit of proposing marriage before the spittle of the first kiss has dried. Eve (Lesley Ann Warren) is a former hooker who runs a bar. She's beautiful and brittle, fearful of permanence and addicted to sex and the first flush of romance. Dr Nancy Love (Genevieve Bujold) is a radio sex therapist whose mellow soothing words are clung to by thousands of lovelorn each day. While she can dish out the advice, her own emotional house is in disorder and she runs from her sexual identity.

These veritable Three Stooges of love are passengers on a merry-go-round, chasing and never

Scenes from *Dance With A Stranger* and *Gotcha*



achieving the fulfillment they want. The chase is comic, violent, farcical and unreal. Writer/director Alan Rudolph couples his script with a pulsating musical score to achieve a hip and clever romantic comedy with a difference. Unfortunately, *Choose Me* may be a little too different for the average punter. — C.J. Mackay

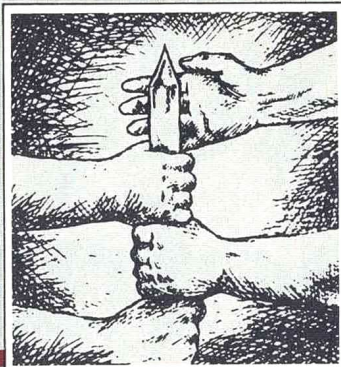
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No-one can possibly win at roulette unless he steals money from the table while the croupier isn't looking. — Albert Einstein

In the early Sixties a card-counting system was discovered that made it possible to beat the house at blackjack. What would you guess would be the *least likely* casino game to be cracked next? Most people would say roulette. It seems so purely random and inherently unpredictable that nothing short of tinkering with the ball or wheel could ever swing the odds in a player's favor.

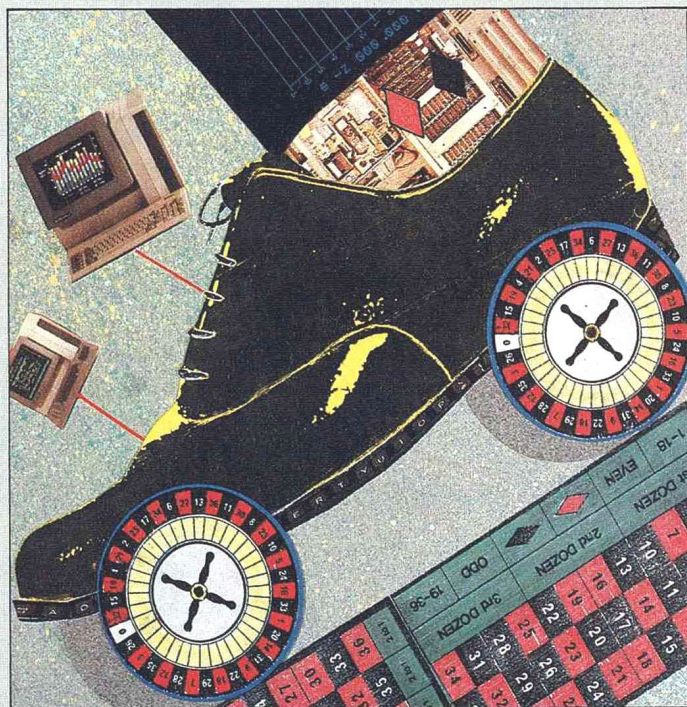
Yet, surprisingly enough, it appears that the venerable gambling wheel can now be beaten handily by some young computer freaks wearing computers in their shoes. They record the velocities of the ball and rotor, and the computer predicts where the ball will land a few seconds in the future — time enough to put bets down on the favored numbers.

Casino operators are going to be outraged, just as they were when American mathematician Edward Thorp published *Beat The Dealer*, a best-selling book that showed how a player could win at blackjack if he counted certain cards as they were dealt from a deck and then bet in certain strategic ways. It required perfect recall and faultless play, but it worked. Thorp himself was banned from Las Vegas casinos, and took to disguising himself with a beard and sunglasses. Hordes of Thorp's followers tried to learn the system. A few succeeded, but most lost money steadily while trying to fine-tune the last elusive details. At any rate, the casino took to ejecting anyone suspected of card counting.

In the case of roulette, casinos have traditionally been condescendingly generous to "system players." They may provide pencils and scratch pads for note-taking; some even sell lists of all the roulette numbers that came up the previous day. The reason they

WINNING

MAKING ROULETTE A WHEEL OF FORTUNE



are so helpful is that there is no "mathematical" winning system for roulette. But people still believe they are on the verge of discovery, and they lose fortunes in basic research. System players lose even more money than the average gambler does, so the casinos are only too glad to help out.

It is physics, not mathematics, that is the key to beating roulette. Some graduate students at the University of California at Santa Cruz realised this a few years ago and started working on a computer system that would project the meeting point of a moving roulette ball and the spinning wheel, in much the same way as machines track the orbits of satellites and planets.

The students finally settled on a two-person operation, with a data-taker and a bettor, as the best means of attack. Physicist Doyne Farmer, the project's driving force, sits near the wheel as data-taker while his partner Tom Bass places

high-stakes bets further down the table. Farmer's custom-made shoes are hollowed out, and each has a battery pack in the heel and a centimetre thick "computer sandwich" in the innersole. The sole of this new machine is made from state-of-the-art components.

With his left big toe, Farmer operates a switch that inputs data about this particular wheel — deceleration rates for the ball and rotor, degree of wheel tilt, and so on. When all is ready, the action shifts to his right shoe. When a game starts, Farmer clicks a toe-switch four times: twice to measure one revolution of the ball past a fixed point on the wheel rim, and twice to measure one revolution of the wheel. Within microseconds, the computer picks the most probable octant — or one eighth slice of the wheel — in which the ball is likely to fall. Each octant contains four or five numbers that are adjacent on the wheel.

Farmer's computer then sends

out its prediction to the computer in Bass's right shoe, and it triggers one of the three solenoids, or "ticklers", under his foot — one each under the ball, the arch, and the heel. His socks have holes cut out to match. Each solenoid can vibrate three ways, and with low, medium, or high frequency, so Bass can receive a total of nine possible signals, corresponding to the eight octants on the wheel plus a "don't bet" signal. For example, a low frequency on the front tickler would mean Octant No 1. A high frequency at the same spot would mean Octant No 3.

After receiving a "No 3" signal, say, Bass has just a few seconds to put chips down on the numbers he has memorised in that section — 1, 13, 24, and 36.

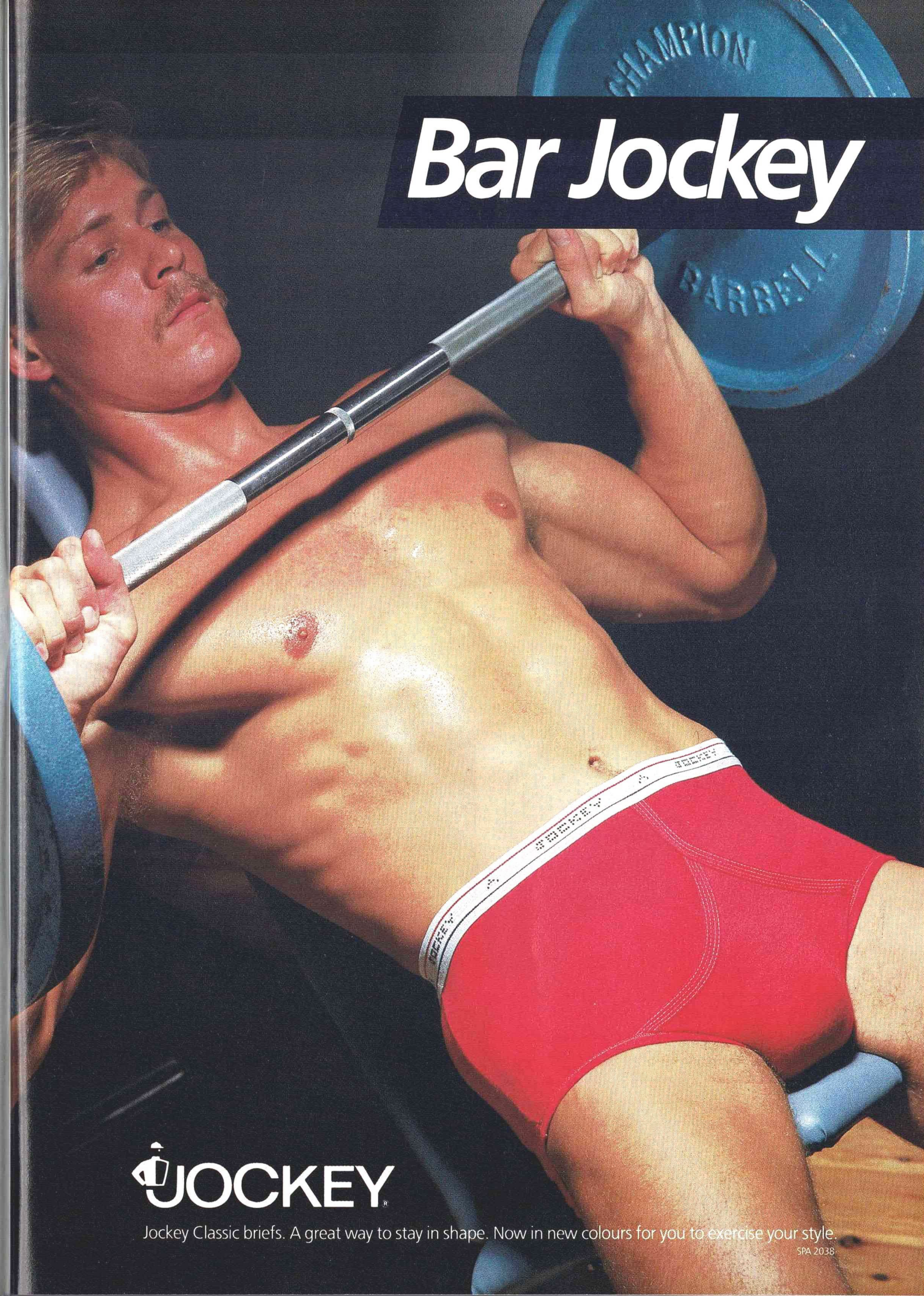
Then it's just a matter of waiting and trying to look surprised.

Preliminary studies found that the Santa Cruz shoes could bring a 44 percent advantage over the house, which is phenomenal when you consider that even the best card-counting scheme for blackjack promises only a three percent gain.

Bass recounts the years of trial and error, frustration and exultation in an entertaining volume entitled *The Eudaemonic Pie*, recently published in the US by Houghton Mifflin Co. What will the casino operators do when they read it? They will certainly take steps to regain the advantage, as they did when the blackjack system was announced. They might place more metal diamonds around the edge of the wheel, to increase the balls' "scatter"; take more careful measures on the tilt of each wheel; institute detectors for the magnetic-induction signals used in shoe-to-shoe communication; watch for octile betting patterns; or require that all bets be placed before the wheel is spun.

Whatever happens, you can be sure that the venerable casino game of roulette is going to go through some changes soon. — Scot Morris

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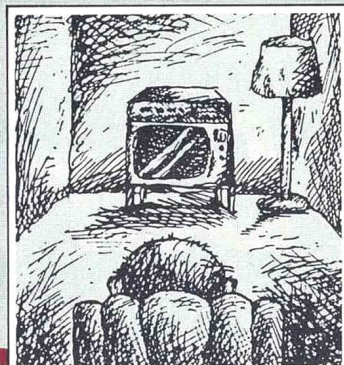
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VIDEO

DE PALMA, DE COPYCAT

a massive earthquake. Consistent Brian De Palma ain't.

Snitching a theme reminiscent of Hitchcock's *Rear Window*, De Palma showed what he was made of with *Sisters* (Roadshow Video). A skilful excursion into "splatterdom" before John Carpenter made it fashionable, *Sisters* features Margot Kidder (in her pre-Lois Lane days) and Jennifer Salt as two women brought together by a gory murder — one the witness, the other the killer. With this 1973 outing, De Palma grabbed attention as a director to watch — he knew his Hitchcock and he also knew how to make a film work. Here, for those who had been wait-

ing for the "second coming", was the new Messiah.

Working with Stephen King's debut novel, *Carrie* (Warner Video), De Palma made a brave attempt at overcoming the pulp or exploitation roots of *Sisters* and struck an uneven balance between the old (as in Hitchcockian suspense) and the new (as in *teen* film, complete with John Travolta in an early screen role). The *Carrie* of the title, played by Sissy Spacek in her early screen days, is cursed with telekinesis and a fanatically religious mother, played by Piper Laurie. The substance of the film comes not so much from *Carrie*'s use of her telekinetic abilities for revenge but from Piper Laurie's religious mania. Amy Irving, William Katt, and Nancy Allen (the woman who was to figure prominently in De Palma's next couple of films as well as becoming his wife), play minor roles.

Dressed To Kill (Star Video), featuring Ms Allen as a hooker who uses the proceeds of her craft to invest in stocks and bonds, is De Palma's *Psycho*. Here the threads between the master and his emulator manifest themselves in a chilling tale of repressed sexuality, transvestitism, razor slashing... and the threat that exists on the other side of the bathroom shower curtains. Michael Caine, the psychiatrist, and Angie Dickinson, the sexually unsatisfied housewife who goes looking for trouble, contribute — along with a fine music score reminiscent of the best of Hitchcock — to arguably De Palma's best work to date. *Dressed To Kill* has some genuinely heartstopping moments.

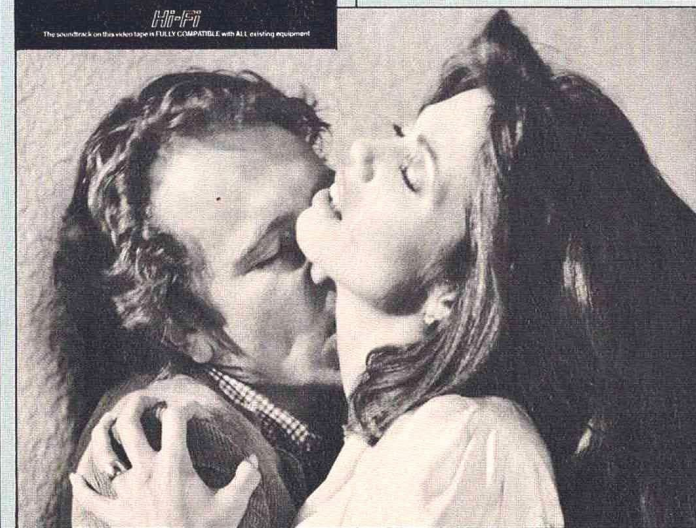
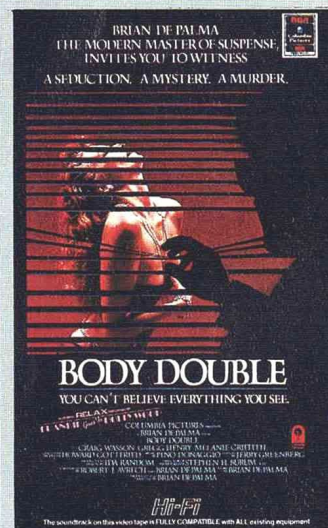
With *Blowout* (Roadshow Video), starring John Travolta along with Nancy Allen (again playing a whore), De Palma returns to *Rear Window* by way of Antonioni's 1966 ode to Swinging

London, *Blow Up*. Film sound man, Travolta, out to do some late night sound pick-ups for a B-Grade splatter movie, is a witness to a car blowout on a bridge, and records the event on tape. Saving Ms Allen from the car, Travolta becomes embroiled in a political cover up; his tape, and photos taken by a photographer, indicate it was no accident. It is a tenuous plot for the genre, so De Palma introduces a "splatter" aspect, with Allen the target for company man John Lithgow, out to tie up a few loose ends the CIA way. Again, De Palma lifts techniques refined in *Dressed To Kill* to give *Blowout* the directorial gloss expected of him.

Scarface (CIC Video) is an out-and-out remake of the Thirties classic starring Paul Muni. It features Al Pacino as a Cuban immigrant in today's Miami, home base for cocaine lords and gangs. Poor displaced immigrant becomes gang lord and in the transition wipes out half of Miami while becoming stoked on coke is the basic storyline. One masterful scene involves a deal in a seedy hotel room with a resolution straight out of *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*.

With *Body Double* (RCA Columbia Video) De Palma really blows his cookies. Setting out to go as "hard" as possible within the constraints of a legitimate studio production, De Palma makes a shaky attempt at a Chinese box of a film — one of those things where you open one box only to reveal another. The film focuses on a murky picture of a Los Angeles nether world of voyeurism (*Rear Window* again!) and porno movies; the two lines meet with the particularly grizzly murder carried out on an LA beauty with an industrial drill. Nancy Allen is not to be seen in this film. The intellectuals took to *Body Double* with a vengeance, giving De Palma — stumbling director suffering massive hangups — more respectability than he and the film really deserve. — Denis Whitburn

It has been said of Agatha Christie that she wrote the same book over and over again, and that that was the sum total of her creative output. Much the same can be said of film director Brian De Palma. Hooked from an early



De Palma's *Body Double* (above), and Pacino (right) in *Scarface*.

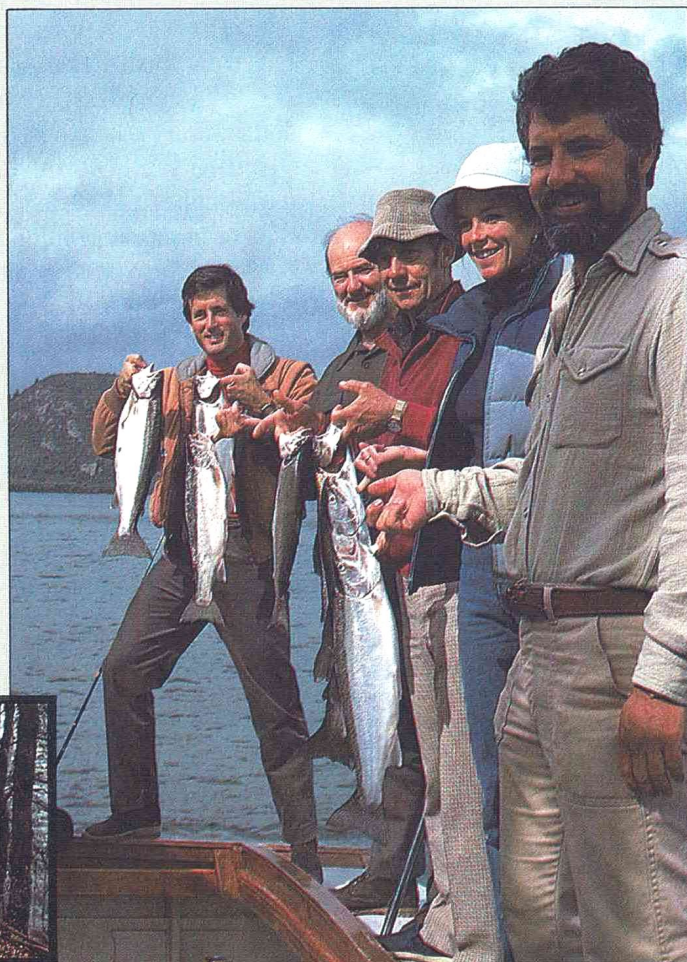
age on the films of the Grand Master of Suspense, Alfred Hitchcock, De Palma has added a new twist to the repetitious creator by not only making the same film over and over — but *remaking* (so it seems) the finest works of Hitchcock. In doing so, his combined output (*Sisters*, *Carrie*, *Dressed To Kill*, *Blowout*, *Scarface* and his latest, *Body Double*) has the appearance of a Richter chart during





SPORT

NEW ZEALAND'S BIG ROD & RIFLE CHALLENGE



The actor Lee Marvin tried, but couldn't make it. Lorne Greene was keen on it too, but only for the fishing. "It" was in fact *The Big Three Challenge*, a clever New Zealand holiday gimmick refined by the Turner family who run Selecta Tours out of Taupo. It's an outdoors "contest" for those who have done it all with rod and gun. The aim: catch a mighty marlin, stalk a secretive sika stag and land a thrashing trout.

During the original contests of the Sixties, millionaires vied to catch game in double-quick time — the record was 3 hours 17 minutes — sometimes using methods that left the locals breathless. In the Eighties, however, Selecta has opted for a two-week luxury holiday program based on quality, not speed. It's first-class all the way from Paihia in the Bay of Islands to the Kaimanawa Mountains and back to Lake Taupo, with diversions for sightseeing.

The group assembled in an Auckland hotel. There was Skip



Above: Col Allison poses over his quarry. Right: Part of the haul.

Donau, a lawyer from Tucson, Arizona, representing the Safari Club International (SCI) and his companion Kim Schriber. Jonathan Young, the young assistant editor of *The Shooting Times*, London, held his own for Betty Windsor, while former airline pilot Captain Peter Moss and Albert Turner, semi-retired boss of Selecta, appeared on behalf of the Shaky Isles. To make a decent international competition of the inaugural 1985 challenge, Turner invited Gordon Alford of Sydney, president of the SCI's South Pacific

chapter and his deputy, yours truly. The team scoring the highest aggregate for trophy quality would be declared winners at a slap-up do at trip's end.

The marlin hunt was literally a washout. Despite having the best boats in the Bay of Islands fleet, no-one scored a bill, though Turner threw back an undersized blue shark. In the early hours of the morning for three days we motored through heavy swells out to Hole in the Rock on fabled Piercy Island, circled for "beakies" by Zane Grey back in the Twenties. We went around and around in dizzy concentration on our surface-smacking bait — but no hits. We

threw lures into schooling tunny and all the pelagians would do is show us their piscatorial tails. Still, it was fun catching the bait, *kah-wahi* — or salmon to us — at up to 19 kg!

The previous weeks saw 150 swordfish boated. The heavy squalls and rough seas quickly put paid to our chances; the fleet tied up on the fourth day and then anchored for a week.

On a windy afternoon we were whisked by chopper to the beech-forested ridges surrounding the Ripia River. Twenty years ago you couldn't walk 500 paces along its tussock flats without spooking imported Japanese sika deer. Today,

after decades of heavy shooting from helicopter gunships and live capture for farm stock, the remaining deer are spooky indeed. Towering over the stark terrain is a huge log cabin, appropriately named the "Wilderness Lodge." It certainly doesn't pretend to be a first-class hotel; designed by the Turners for those wishing to get back to nature, the lodge sleeps 14 in two bunkrooms, and comes complete with hot and cold showers and flush toilets.

We lost no time in sallying forth after sika. It was the *rut* or breeding season — the time when the great stags collect their harems around them. They screw themselves senseless day and night, warding off rivals with spine-chilling roars. But even with our combined worldwide hunting experience, we were still outfoxed by those jumpy sika.

Luck finally allowed us to work out the habits of one smart stag, roaring his lungs out in a pocket handkerchief stand of beech trees surrounded by thousands of densely packed acres of *manuka* so thick we were forced to crawl through it. One foggy morning we elbowed in and ambushed the big stag, who was still asleep with two hinds supposedly on sentry duty. I shot him dead at 30 metres with an antique single-shot rifle.

The final trout leg was simply fantastic sport. We waded into the white water streams entering Lake Taupo, using graphite rods and nymphs, and trolled feet-up in well-appointed cabin cruisers, billowing heavy spinner lines into the fathomless depths of the lake itself. Everyone caught glittering rainbows of up to 3 kg.

There was almost an upset when Skip Donau lipped a rare brown trout on fly gear, a big points bonus. But after tail-dancing downstream for 20 minutes, the 10-pounder threw the hooks. My sika retained the lead. It might not have been the America's Cup, but an Aussie sporting victory tasted sweet nonetheless. — Col Allison

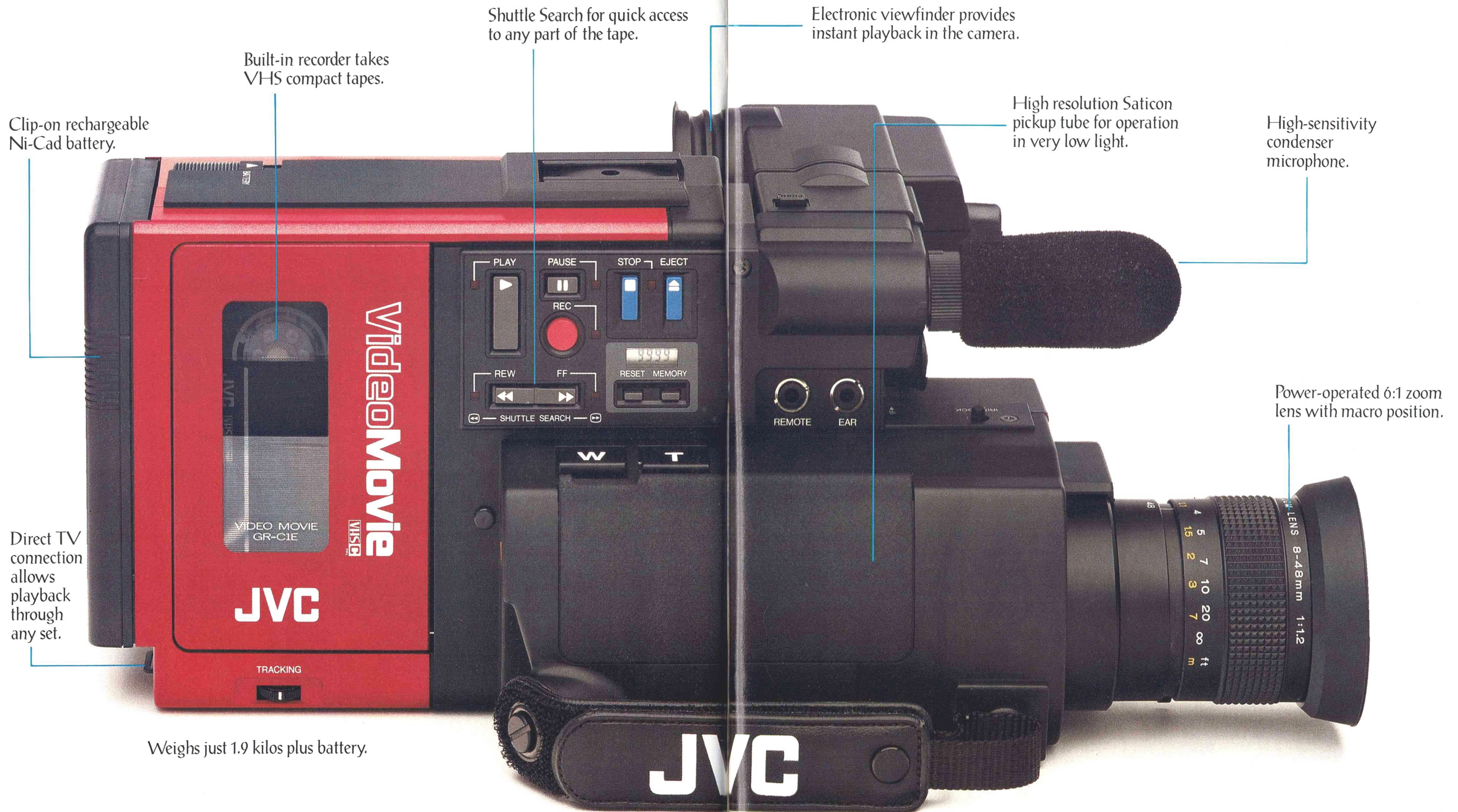
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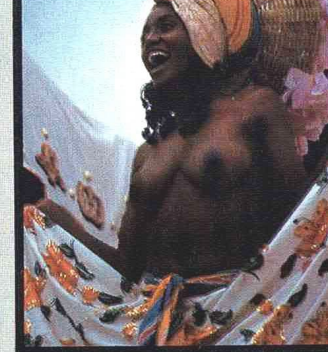
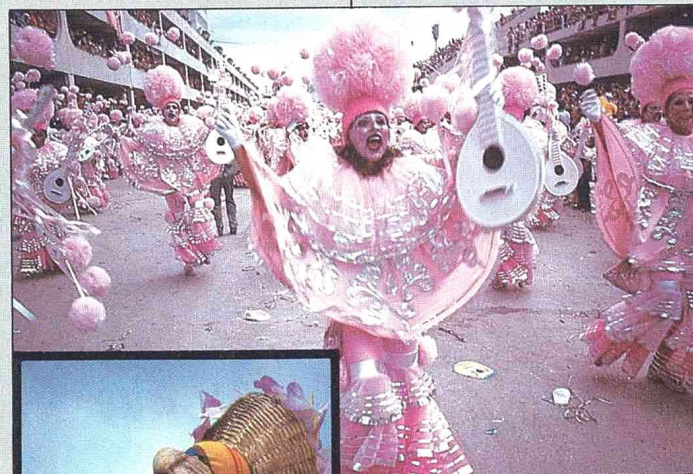
year for the Carnaval. "We blacks have a lot of heat," they say, "and at Carnaval time the whites come to get some of it." Carnaval turns the blacks into kings for a day. Their samba is possibly the most

Rio Carnaval... an explosion of sensuality



exuberantly sexual dance there is (the name comes from an African word *semba* meaning belly-button) and the *mulattas* are the pride of Brazil — coffee-colored beauties from a melting pot that began when the first Portuguese settlers arrived as men without women, saw naked Indian girls and, it is said, quickly learned to make love in a hammock. Later African slave girls were added to the mix and the result is the *mulatta*.

They can be seen, along with Rio's glitterati, at the balls held during the week before Carnaval. Fancy dress can be hired, and you can choose between the relative sedateness of the Champagne Ball and the convulsions of the Black and Red Ball. Here, with Gomorrah-like abandon, women dangle from balconies till their limbs are lost among the hands



and mouths of the men below.

If you decide to go to Rio for Carnaval then you have decided that you deserve a sensual treat, so do it well and stay at the Copacabana Palace. It's a grand hotel in the classic style with just the right degree of fading elegance. The staff have an air of worldliness and they'll share their wisdom with you like family if you invite them to. The view from the hotel's front

bedrooms is a turquoise panorama of Atlantic surf. The beach, incidentally, is like a pub; most people stand or lie around in groups with drinks in their hands.

To catch some of the flavor of Rio eat *feijoada* (the weekend lunch of black beans and meat), see the dusk views from the Sugarloaf Mountain and from that great Christ on Corcovado, be shocked by the transvestites outside Maxim's Cafe, and ride on the Santa Tereza tram. This open-sided antique clanks its way upwards through the strata of Rio society, beginning down in the business quarter of the city and rising through layers of middle class homes, then through rich men's mansions, then dilapidated houses fit for painters and poets, and finally up to the homes perched at the top with the best views but without water and electricity: the *favelas*. Don't go far from the station at the top unless you're looking for adventure.

And the Carnaval itself? I didn't expect too much the first time I took my seat in the stands. But 15 hours later, as the sun rose on the last of the plumes and feathers, I was still there and still jumping up to dance as each drum battery came thudding past. It is brash, gaudy and sometimes lewd: faced with long-legged *mulattas* sambating in minimal skirts, some of the male dancers have found a cheeky new purpose for the limbo. But the bawdiness is transcended by the vitality and spectacle. It is, simply, The Greatest Show On Earth.

Though it isn't easy to get in — all Rio is booked out months ahead — and it isn't cheap (round trip flights cost upwards of \$2300), hurry while the good times last. — Jack Pizzey

Jack Pizzey is the writer-presenter of the ABC documentary series on South America, Sweat Of The Sun, Tears Of The Moon. An hour-long episode titled Kings For A Day focuses on Rio and its Carnaval.

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Weeks before Carnaval, the Rio air starts to vibrate softly as drums are patted and tickled into samba rhythms. The *pappa-ta-poppata* sound is just around every corner, just above the hiss of the waves on Copacabana's sands and just behind the evening laughter in the cafes of Ipanema. Each day the beat pulses till no-one can resist it, till all Rio smiles and begins to wriggle and the giant Christ high up on Corcovado spreads his arms into the clouds, seeming to conduct the city in chorus.

Carnaval began as *Carne vale* — farewell to meat. It was a last-minute binge before the rigors of Lent. Whatever may have happened to Lent, the Bacchanalia it inspired has grown into the explosion of sensuality which the Rio Carnaval is today. The lid comes off with laughing, dancing, singing, smiling and drinking. There is also robbing, raping and killing. It is not a safe time, and when you go to Rio you should take your wits with you. Sauntering past a park one evening, I was joined by a brown beauty. Almost before I was aware of her she was breathing into my ear soft words about going back to her place, her hands everywhere. For a few delicious seconds I forgot about all the warnings and by the time I'd smartened up and shoved her away, one of her hands had nearly eased the wallet from my pocket. With the other she gave an unloving squeeze that left me doubled up, quite unable to chase after her, even if I had dared.

She was a *mulatta*, part of a tide of raw sugar women who come writhing out of the *favelas* every



THE TERMINATOR

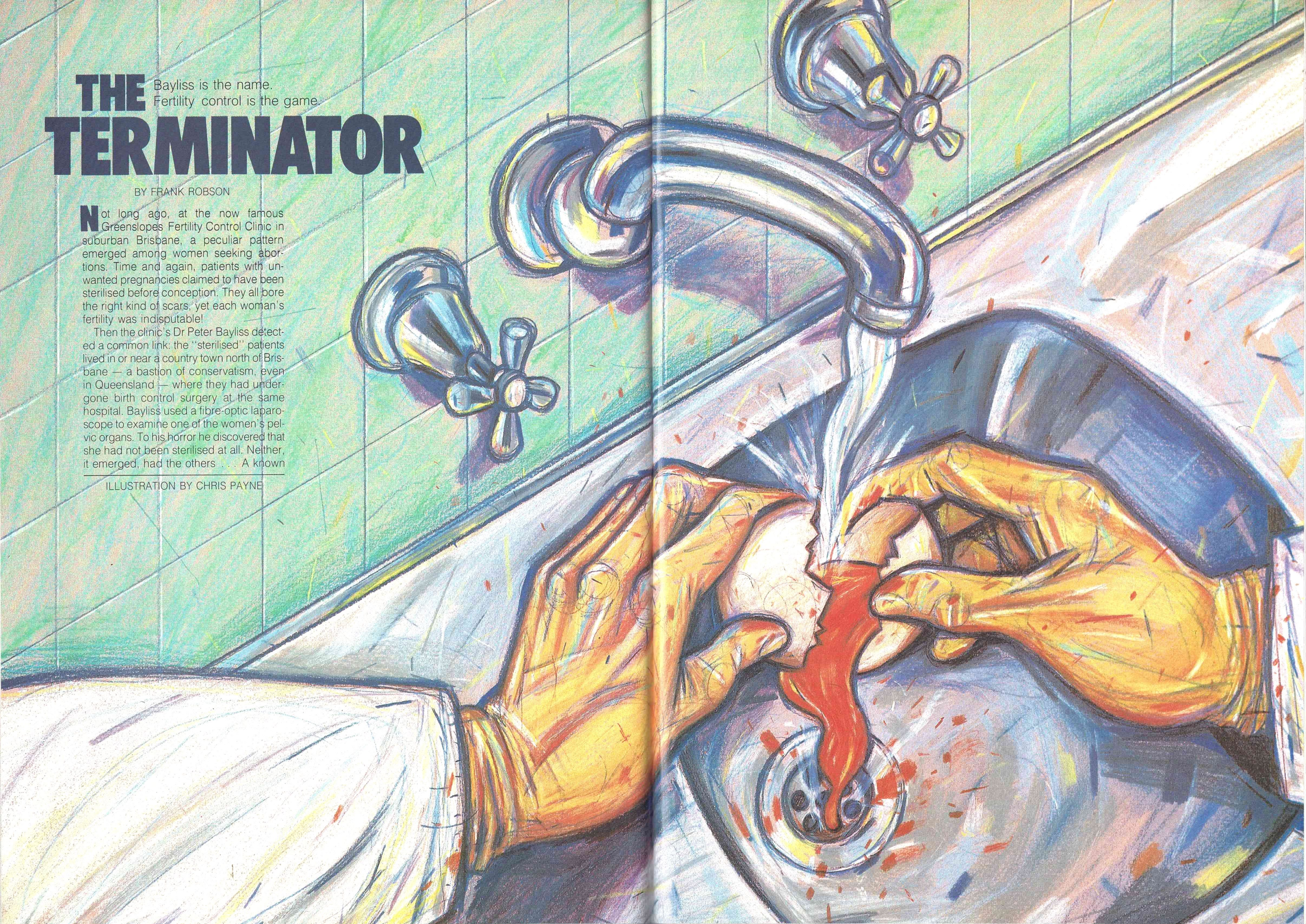
Bayliss is the name.
Fertility control is the game.

BY FRANK ROBSON

Not long ago, at the now famous Greenslopes Fertility Control Clinic in suburban Brisbane, a peculiar pattern emerged among women seeking abortions. Time and again, patients with unwanted pregnancies claimed to have been sterilised before conception. They all bore the right kind of scars, yet each woman's fertility was indisputable!

Then the clinic's Dr Peter Bayliss detected a common link: the "sterilised" patients lived in or near a country town north of Brisbane — a bastion of conservatism, even in Queensland — where they had undergone birth control surgery at the same hospital. Bayliss used a fibre-optic laparoscope to examine one of the women's pelvic organs. To his horror he discovered that she had not been sterilised at all. Neither, it emerged, had the others . . . A known

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE



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total of six women carried the scars of operations that had not been performed.

Bayliss "re-sterilised" the patients, then took his findings to state authorities. After a hush-hush investigation from which no public statement ever emerged, Bayliss was told the doctor responsible had "promised" he would perform no more bogus sterilisations.

As to why he did it in the first place, we can only guess. If, as seems most likely, the doctor had moral objections to birth control, what did he think his duped patients would do upon falling pregnant? Put it down to an act of God? And how many others, unknown to Bayliss, have been sliced open and stitched up with reproductive organs still functioning?

"No way of knowing," Bayliss says wearily. "He must be a very sick character, but no doubt he sleeps well thinking he's doing a great service for mankind."

The service Bayliss wants to perform for mankind is of a precisely opposite nature. A practical man — at times chillingly so — his mission in life has been submerged amid the uproar that followed massed police raids on his Greenslopes practice and on a Townsville clinic in May this year.

While the abortion war has since been taken on to the streets of Australia by incensed demonstrators, and while Bayliss'

partner at the clinic insists it will bring down the Bjelke-Petersen Government, the man at the centre of the storm maintains his singular perspective.

It's fair to say that Peter John Bayliss is opposed to life. Not existing life, or even carefully planned new life, but the kind of life that springs forth unwanted with no future except as part of the biological calamity we've come to know as the population explosion.

We have tended to use the phrase with glib complacency; to Bayliss, it means a future more horrific than anything envisaged by science fiction. Described by his partner, Dr Bruce Errey, as probably the world's leading specialist in female sterilisation, Bayliss is haunted by what he sees as mankind's determination to fornicate unto extinction.

Between them, Bayliss and Errey perform about seven percent of *all* sterilisations in Australia... and a large proportion of Australian vasectomies. For decades, Bayliss has roamed the world teaching contraception methods, sterilisation and vasectomy procedures. He's pleaded for an end to "this bloody mad populating" from Mexico to Thailand and from the Philippines to Africa.

But despite The Pill and breakthroughs in almost every other area of human medical welfare, people won't quit breeding; they won't even slow down. It makes Bayliss furious.

"Lissen," he growls, gnawing at the tip of a big curved pipe. "No nuclear weapon is going to do as good a job as population growth!"

At 57, Bayliss is a stout, handsome man with a full beard and a lot of silver-grey hair. He uses colorful language (for a doctor) and exudes a gruff, boisterous charm which a woman on his staff assures me is not representative of his real self.

"He's a quiet, sensitive person," she says, "very understanding towards women. He portrays himself differently to what he is."

Be that as it may, the face Bayliss presents to the world can be refreshingly candid and humorous, or (at other times) bitterly contemptuous, as when — after a long session on the dire circumstances of unfettered breeding — I asked his views on religion.

Bayliss sat at his cluttered little desk in the clinic, eating a very large sandwich. "I don't believe there is a bloody God!" he thundered. He swallowed with a robust disregard for digestion. "Religion is the refuge of the intellectually desperate. It hurts a lot of people to think they shovel earth in on you and you start to rot."

Indeed it does. And the doctor's brutal assessment of the Christian faith is naturally not unconnected with the work he does. Right to Life and other Christian groups have traditionally sought to portray abortionists as blood-spattered mercenaries whose disregard for the sanctity of life will consign them to the pits of Hell.

Bayliss is not bothered by notions of eternal damnation. "There's only one Hell," he says, "and that's right here on Earth."

From the day after the raids and his arrest, Bayliss was back at the clinic and claiming "business as usual." He's never denied performing what he calls therapeutic terminations of pregnancies, but only "in circumstances which satisfy the requirements of Section 282 of the Criminal Code."

But first, as a guide through the maze of bizarre and intriguing events since the raids on Monday, May 20, some background information is required. The Brisbane raiding party was comprised of 52 police and government medical specialists. It surged into the Greenslopes clinic at 10.20am, led by police with video cameras who filmed, among other things, women groggily recovering from anaesthetics.

According to clinic staff, police were polite and professional, but this did little to lessen the fear of patients, who cried hysterically and hid their faces. The raiders took every medical file and document they could lay hands on, including the personal papers of Bruce Errey (then on holiday), his stock portfolio, private mail, even his unfinished memoirs. Taking in the spoils of the simultaneous Townsville raid (where police also took possession of a human foetus), the exercise produced the names and private medical records of between 17,500

and 47,000 clinic patients.

Bayliss was arrested and charged with having conspired to use force to procure an abortion. Outside the converted home in ordinary middle-class Greenslopes, an army of media representatives — tipped off unofficially — filmed police making checks on the sealed-off drainage system for "evidence" and loading crates of medical records into a special bus. They filmed terrified women scuttling away with coats over their heads and Bayliss looking very calm and even a little bored, being led off to police headquarters. He still managed a friendly wave to the cameras.

If the media was alerted to the raids as part of a carefully plotted political exercise, as most people seem to believe, it was an exercise that soon went horribly wrong. Within a few days, public anger at the police and the government emerged with an intensity eclipsing anything experienced in Queensland during the past decade.

"OUTRAGE" became the most abused word in the history of Queensland news reporting; no matter what source of information you consulted, someone was bound to be "outraged", "overflowing with outrage" or "in a state of mounting outrage." Women rang talk-back shows and admitted to, and in some cases *boasted* about, their own abortions. In Brisbane, columnist Susan Hocking wrote: "I once had an abortion myself... the shame of this past week does not lie with the women who have terminated a pregnancy. It lies with those who robbed them of their basic human rights."

For days after that was published, I encountered women who considered Hocking's admission "the bravest thing I've ever read." It reached a stage where some women were damn near *demanding* to reveal details of their gynaecological histories; it wasn't difficult to imagine them crossing streets to discuss their reproductive systems with horrified strangers.

Opinion polls showed a hefty majority against the raids, even among those opposed to abortion. By his uncharacteristic silence on the matter, Premier Sir Joh Bjelke-Petersen for once displayed eloquence... of a kind all politicians understand: someone else would have to wear the blame for this one.

Reports of "very mature" police "probing" and "examining" the medical and sexual histories of tens of thousands of women gave the affair the symbolic atmosphere of a public rape; as though the clumsy fingers of officialdom were actually scrutinising female bodies.

Less mention was made of the 1400 impounded files relating to men who'd had vasectomies at the clinics (also of dubious legality in Queensland), except for one such patient — a state government minister — whose involvement became a tremendous source of entertainment in media circles.

Finally, the whole sleazy business settled

on the head of Queensland's Minister for Justice and Attorney-General, Neville Harper, a slight, nervous-looking man. The raids were his way of responding to a Cabinet instruction he'd received 12 months earlier, which effectively said that if the clinics were operating illegally, they were to be stopped.

Of those sections of the Criminal Code governing abortion, Harper acknowledges some confusion. "The whole purpose of the charges is to have a court determination as to whether terminations of pregnancies in Queensland can be carried out in a legal manner, or whether terminations [performed] at these clinics were illegal," he said.

But in late June the full court in Brisbane ruled that the search warrants used to raid both clinics were invalid and ordered that medical files be returned to Dr Peter Bayliss and the Townsville doctor, David Grundmann.

Winifred Egan, Right to Life's Queensland secretary, is a smartly tailored redhead who believes abortion at any stage of pregnancy is murder. She's a good debater who spends a lot of time at her organisation's sister body, Pregnancy Help, where matronly women encourage pregnant kids (and women) to have their unwanted babies and then put them up for adoption.

Winifred at first agreed to an interview, then reneged, saying *Australian Penthouse*

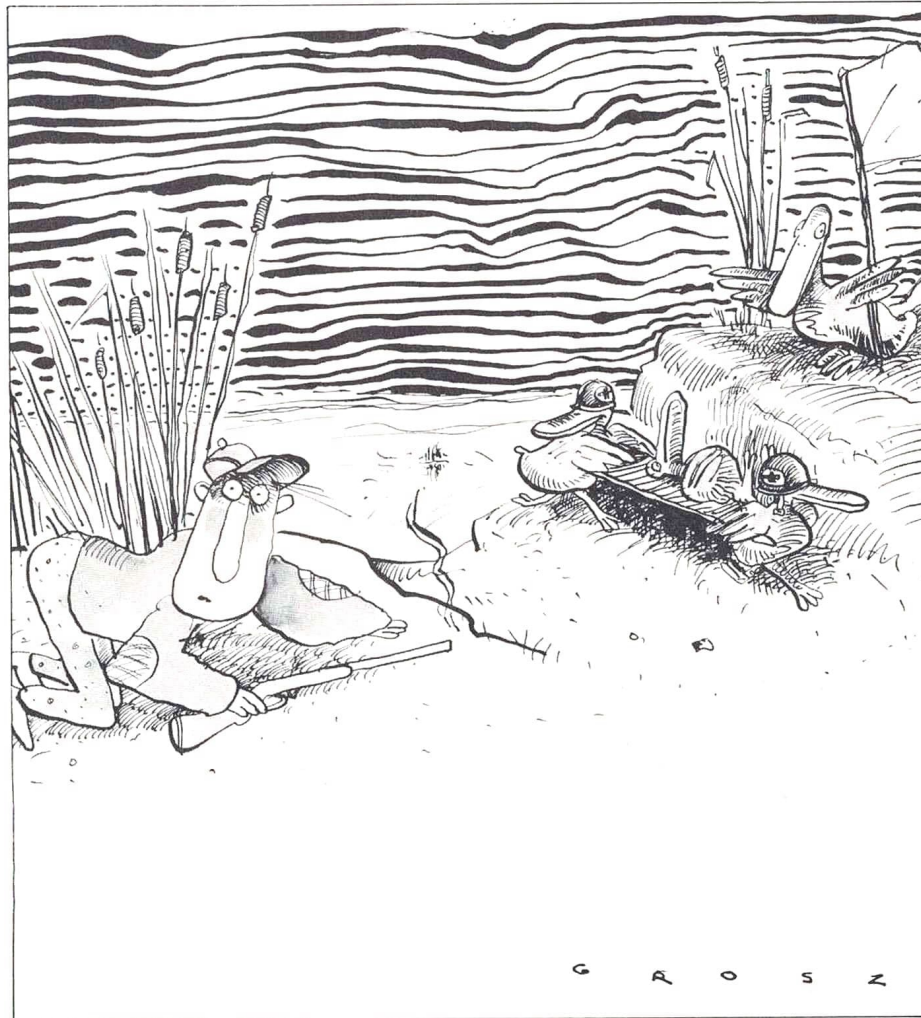
was among publications to which her state council had forbidden members to speak. They had come to the decision that the magazine "is in the business of selling sex... not caring, concerned, responsible sex, but the kind of sex that leads to people wanting abortions."

It's difficult to imagine how, in terms of biologically confirmed outcome, "caring, concerned, responsible sex" is any different from the kind of beastly rutting she must imagine you — innocent readers — savagely enjoy.

Still, Winifred was good enough to furnish me with a copy of *The Silent Scream*, a 20-minute video released by the anti-abortion lobby in America. Narrated by reformed pro-abortionist Dr Bernard Nathanson — whose phraseology would embarrass a soapie writer — the video employs ultrasound technology to show what happens in the uterus during the abortion of a 10-week-old foetus.

I watched in the company of three women who'd had abortions. Without Nathanson's colorful commentary, the pictures themselves are virtually meaningless. Blurred and grainy, they show vague movement in the womb which Nathanson says is "the child being torn apart, dismembered, disarticulated, crushed and destroyed by the abortionist."

My companions, a nursing sister, a social worker and a journalist, did not enjoy the video, but said nothing it conveyed



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both visually and verbally would affect their attitudes towards abortion . . . past or future. The nurse felt the method of abortion was academic; she described a therapeutic termination she attended some years ago in a Brisbane public hospital.

"The woman was 26 weeks gone. Her kidneys were crook, which meant she may have died giving birth. So they did a Caesarian. Nowadays 26 weeks would be considered a perfectly viable pregnancy — there'd be humidicribs everywhere and teams of doctors — but in this case there was nothing. They thought the babies [twins] would be stillborn.

"Instead, they were born screaming their lungs out. The doctor just picked them up and drowned them in a bowl behind him. He didn't consult anyone . . . it was all over [snaps her fingers] like that. I could tell you endless stories like that . . . endless."

The most informative section of *The Silent Scream* is the part where Nathanson — accompanied by eerie music and stills of dead fetuses staring up from buckets — gives the statistics of abortions in the US since 1963, when 100,000 illegal operations were supposed to have been done. In 1973, after legalisation, the figure was said to be 750,000; by 1983 there were 1.5 million abortions taking place annually.

These figures play right into the hands of birth control crusaders like Bayliss, whose basic tenet that prevention beats the hell out of cure seems, from both sides of the abortion war, unarguable.

President of the Australian Association for Voluntary Sterilisation and a member of the American Association of Gynaecological Laparoscopists, Bayliss was among a group of doctors (including the old warhorse, Bertram Wainer) who did sterilisations, vasectomies and therapeutic terminations at a Melbourne clinic in the Sixties. In 1965 he, along with Dr Max Sizeland, was charged with the unlawful use of an instrument. The 28-day trial ended with their acquittal; when it was over, a juror crossed the courtroom to ask if he could bring his girlfriend to the clinic the next morning.

Responding to a plea from Bruce Errey — an old friend — Bayliss joined him at the Greenslopes clinic in 1976. A sign on the front door of the clinic: "TROUBLE PARKING? SUPPORT ZERO-POPULATION GROWTH!" captures the quirky, informal mood of the place . . . and the cause that seems to dominate Bayliss' life.

Minutes after I arrived, Bayliss played a video-recording of a televised interview with Winifred Egan that appeared the previous night. We watched it in the recovery room. As Ms Egan referred to abortion as "murder" and women "killing their unborn child", female patients in green smocks began stirring on cots around us, emerging from pre-operative anaesthetics. I hoped

Winifred wouldn't mention — as she had in the past — anti-abortion lobby stories about women suiciding on the first "birth-day" of the "child they'd done away with", or the possibility that aborted fetuses were sold to pharmaceutical companies as an element for the manufacture of stay-young face creams. Fortunately, she didn't. (Bayliss later dismissed both these theories, in order, as "bullshit" and "bullshit squared.")

At one point, as Bruce Errey and I watched the video, Errey, a quiet, bespectacled man, said he was sure the abortion raids would cost the government office in the 1986 election.

Talking about it, his anger rose. "It's all their own fault . . . a bunch of geriatric graziers not fit to run a modern state in 1985!"

Later, in a more cheerful mood, he told me an anti-government election slogan he'd just invented. "Would you trust your

“You can't
make these people
see that one man
could impregnate every
woman in the
bloody world”

nuts to the Nats? Remember Greenslopes!" Dr Bruce Errey smiled dreamily. "They've lost office," he said. "Nobody will trust them."

Waiting for Bayliss to wind up the day's toil, I wandered freely about the clinic; the sounds of the place brought to mind a busy cafeteria. Stuck to a fridge in the kitchen were letters of support and encouragement, including one from a woman whose "outrage" seemed to have taken her close to the edge. "I was never one of your patients," she wrote, "but today I wish to Hell I had been."

Finally, Bayliss settled at his desk and began an impassioned speech on the world's population crisis. Did I know there were 540 million native Africans, breeding so furiously that by the year 2025 they'd number *two billion*? Could I explain why birth rates everywhere were increasing, 20 years after the invention of The Pill? Was I aware that the population of India increased by 18 million *last year alone*?

He spoke of the inevitability, unless we all came to our senses, of starvation on a scale horrible to contemplate; of the potential for cannibalism, or the possible use of

nerve gas to eliminate the populations of entire cities, which could be re-occupied by invading forces.

"Gases are far cheaper and more effective than the bomb," he said matter-of-factly.

"If necessary, you could tailor a poison gas for so many days duration, run the gas through a city, wait, then walk in and clean up the mess with front-end loaders. You'd be left with a beautiful city — all services functional. There's no point to using nuclear bombs. War is economics, and the bomb flies against those economics."

The only way of avoiding such a future, in Bayliss' unsentimental broad view, is for all countries to adopt the system of population control already used in China, a system that functions via a series of *disincentives*. Translated, that means *reprisals*.

If a couple in China have no more than the permitted number of children (ie one) their offspring gets the best education available and they get the best housing and rapid promotion in their jobs. If they don't stop at one child, life is not so smooth; their housing is second-rate, their kids are denied free education and, in a method of birth control as ingeniously simple as we could expect from the Chinese, one marriage partner is likely to be transferred to a factory perhaps 1000 kms from the other.

As Bayliss puts it, "You have your one kid, then sterilisation. Fine! You do your best by the state, and the state looks after you."

But, by his own admission, Bayliss' family cannot be seen as setting the best example when it comes to birth control: his grandmother had 13 children. Of his four sisters, three are dead: one of diabetes, another in a car accident and the third from knife wounds inflicted by her boyfriend. His remaining sister (also a doctor in Brisbane) has three children; Bayliss, divorced, had four, although one son died recently in Papua New Guinea.

If he feels any bitterness about what seems a bad spin on the wheel of fate, Bayliss manages to conceal it. "I'm an optimist," he said at one stage. "If you're not optimistic, well . . . there's nothing else, is there? The world has survived other plagues, and what we're talking about is a straight-out plague of people."

Statistically, it seems the Lucky Country is as rabbit-like in its breeding habits as any other; a woman who holds the record for return visits to the Greenslopes clinic has turned up 16 times seeking abortions.

Just talking of her exasperates the doctor; she represents the unfathomable core of human resistance to common sense. During her last visit, Bayliss said it had to stop; she could not spend the remainder of her child-bearing life fighting unwanted pregnancies.

The woman, as usual, readily agreed. It would have to stop. So Bayliss told her husband that female sterilisation was complex and expensive, but, if he would agree to

have a vasectomy, the clinic would do it for nothing.

Right away the man replied: "We'll borrow the money for sterilisation."

Bayliss bit viciously on his pipe. "How do you beat that?" he demanded. He shot out a stiffened forearm. "It's this . . . the old macho business. A lot of Mediterranean and Latin American men believe you can't do a proper job on a woman unless you impregnate her.

"You can't make these people see that one man could impregnate *every woman in the bloody world!*"

I had to turn this over a while.

"You mean, *one* could . . ."

Bayliss nodded his shaggy head. "Yep. If you collected his semen for a year, you could — in theory — impregnate every woman in the world."

Later, when he mentioned the Vatican's ambivalence on birth control, I dug out a press clipping concerning a bishops' conference in Italy and from it read that a bishop claimed his country's high abortion rate was due to "egoism and the search for pleasure among people who no longer know how to distinguish between good and evil."

Bayliss shrugged. "I'm not a moralist . . . you can't *force* people to think the way you think. But I've discussed the problem with Jesuit priests, reasonably, and they're the ones you can really talk with; they've got some brains.

"I asked them when the church was going to come forward with a positive birth control program, and the answer came quick as a flash: 'Pope after next!' And they've got to do it! To have any credibility, they must."

The vexed question of when life "begins" is at the heart of the division between those who support abortion and those who oppose it. It is the one question that really matters, and the only question no-one can presume to answer.

Tied to it is the claim by anti-abortionists that the majority of terminations at clinics like the one at Greenslopes are *not* imperative to the physical or mental well-being of the women involved . . . that in fact they are abortions of convenience in a society preoccupied by selfish goals.

Bayliss didn't seem keen to take a stance on when life begins. At first he responded with wry digs at the historic flexibility of Catholic dogma on the subject. Pressed further, he nominated that moment "when the fetus is capable of independent existence from the maternal circulation."

But then he acknowledged that not long ago 32 weeks was considered a dangerous time to separate a mother and baby; now it was frequently done at 21 weeks, and as technology improves the safety period would decrease still further. It seemed to me that Bayliss didn't know, in fact *couldn't* know. Just like the rest of us.

And given the work he does, might not his involvement with birth control be at least partly due to *not knowing*? Wouldn't any sane person in Bayliss' position rather prevent unwanted life than destroy it?

So finally, after quite a bit of trepidation, I worked up the nerve to ask: did he ever feel like a murderer?

He stared at me in a not altogether friendly way. "No!" he asserted.

I wanted to soften the question, but it was a thing you either asked or didn't. For several seconds, while we glared at one another, Bayliss was like a different man. Minutes before he'd referred to 60 million victims of World War II as "a drop in the bucket" compared to what would inevitably be required if the human breeding rate continued unchecked; now he appeared deeply offended by a question that, despite my trepidation, I'd assumed must have been put to him many times.

"He portrays himself differently to what he is," his nurse had told me. Perhaps this was what she meant.

"If I was a practising Roman Catholic," he said with difficulty, "I would expect my confessor to have asked me that question. But I'm a practising atheist, who takes great delight in seeing the sun come up each day."

We shook hands.

Then he said: "Looking at the world we've got — it is the best of all possible worlds, isn't it?" ☐



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SCANDALOUS

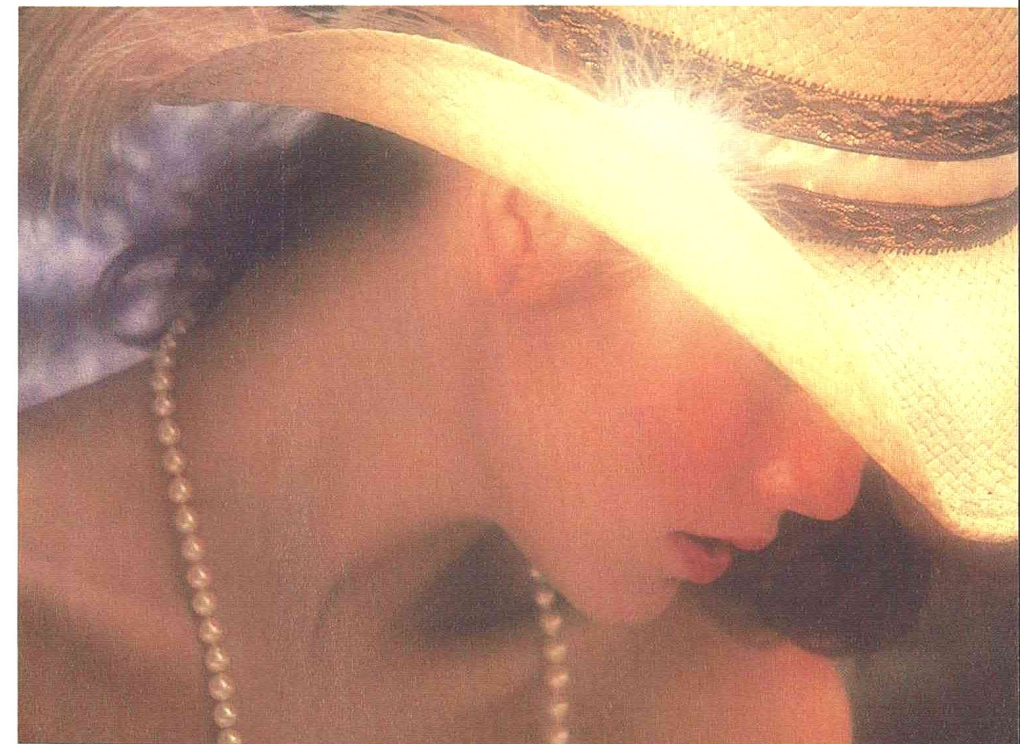
So far, the life of Angela Nicholas reads like a romance novel. Her colorful family history includes lace-curtain Irish/Italian origins and a major family scandal involving an "adopted" child secretly born out of wedlock to another family member. . .

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB GUCCIONE

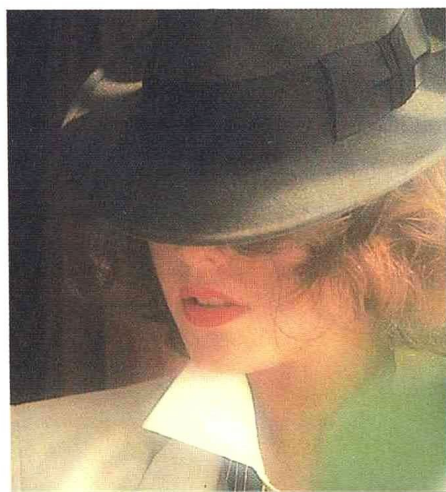




Out of this has developed an independent 22-year-old woman. "Men sense my independence," says Angela. "I'm secure in my sexuality so I don't need to seduce an endless string of men to reassure myself."

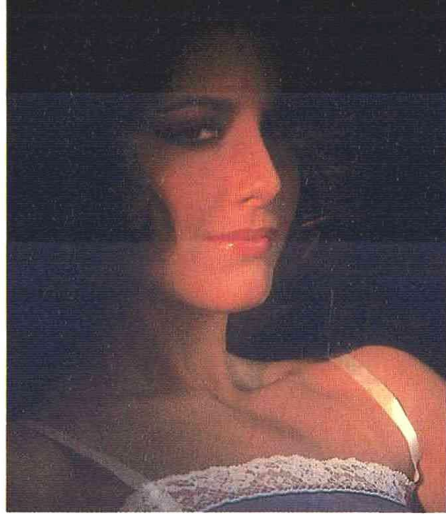


Angela says she's not shy about using men, not for sexual purposes, but as mentors. "But I always prefer paying my way, or earning it. In my teens I won a scholarship to university."



"I'm extremely ambitious," says Angela. "I keep setting higher and higher goals for myself. I'm currently working as a dancer and taking Shakespearean acting lessons during the day."





Still, she'd rather bed a Heathcliff than a Hamlet. "I like men who are strong and know what they want, but are gentle enough not to intimidate me."



Only a homesick Australian could
swallow this sort of unholy communion

THE CHURCH OF OZ



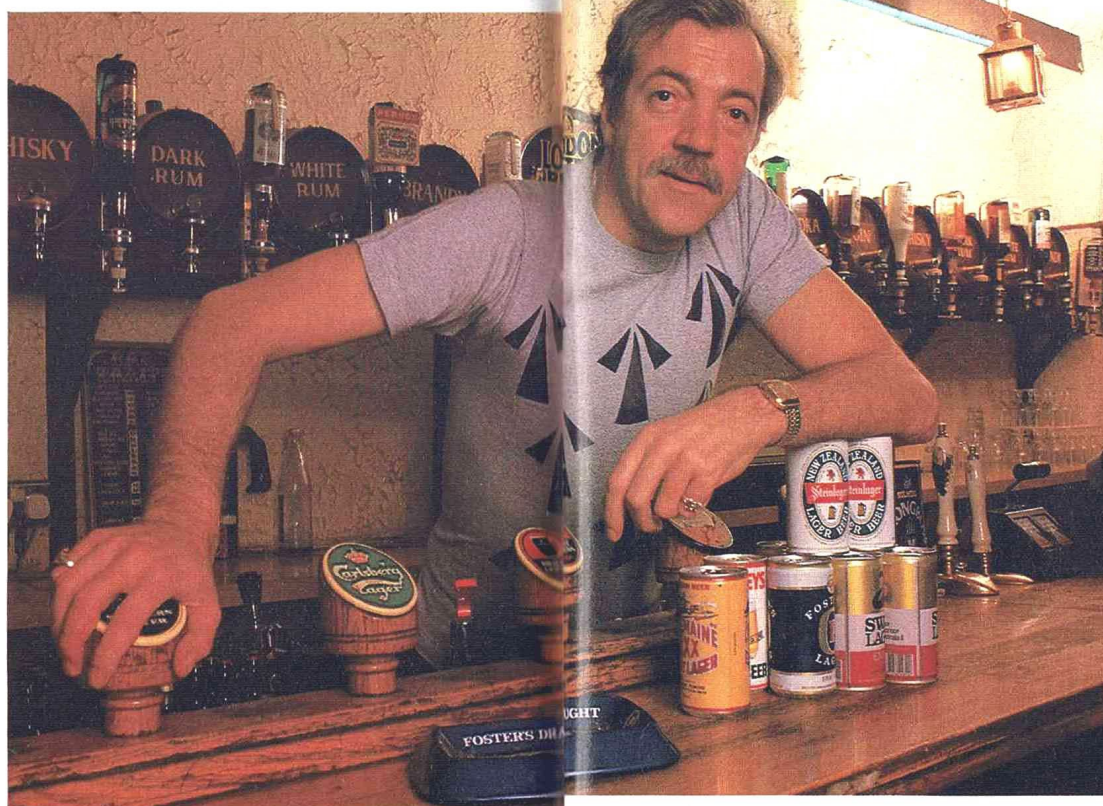
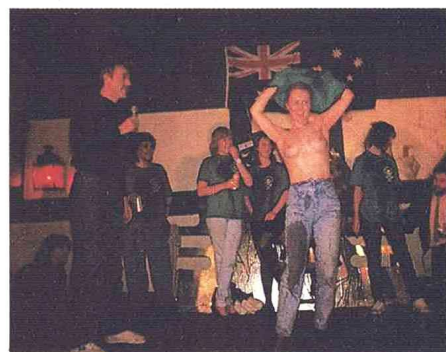
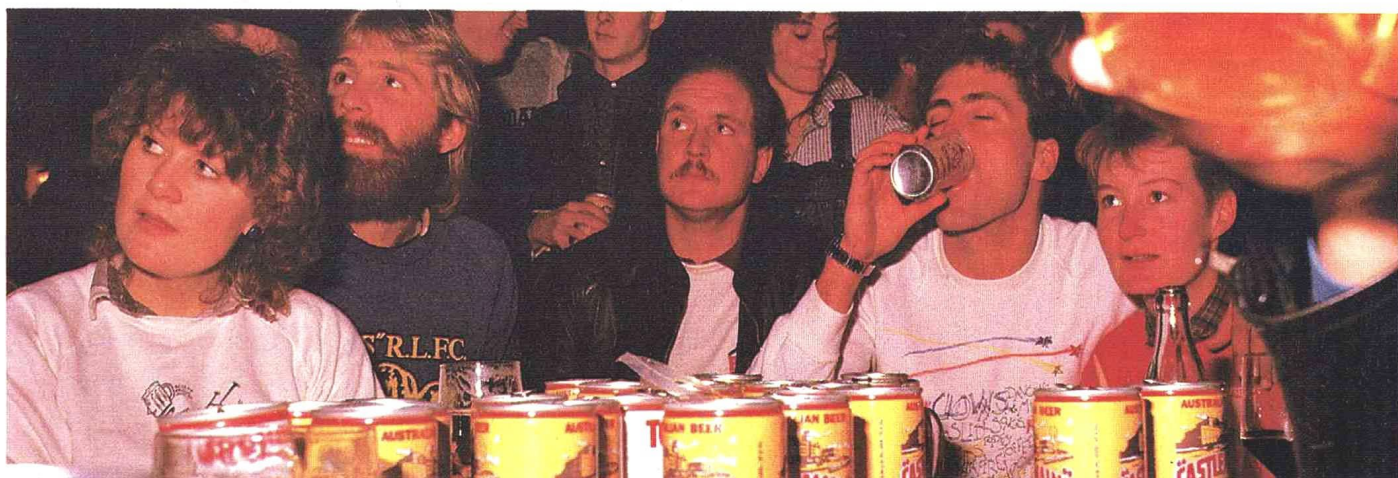
BY JIM POLLARD

Australians in London have a long-standing joke about what they do on their Sundays. They call it "going to Church." They like to foster the ridiculous notion that Earl's Court (or "Kangaroo Valley" as English wits have labelled it) has been transformed by a mysterious epidemic of religiosity.

It hasn't, of course. Life in the ocker outpost is probably not much different from the days of Barry McKenzie. But expatriates in this city — and there are an awful lot of them — enjoy a fanciful preoccupation about this Sunday activity. They play a charade with friends newly arrived in England, dragging them along to Church at the earliest opportunity. Countless Aussies have been nonplussed by colleagues who once bore no interest whatever in religion. They are led down a familiar path to the

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TIM BAUER





CHURCH

Greyhound Hotel in Hammersmith, south-west London. "This," they discover, "is Church."

It is quickly evident that this is no conventional religious service. The people who attend this institution are conspicuous by their lack of morals. Their idea of a divine ritual would be a drinking game, and worshipping takes the form of throwing coins at the stripper.

If the spectre of Bazza is flickering elsewhere, here it shines with undiminished brilliance. This is a proud pocket of resistance, an ocker-style booze-up that would take some matching even in the Antipodes. But it's something of an enigma. Church is such an outrageous affair — a place of such wanton abandon — it seems oddly placed in the Motherland. You would think you'd stepped not into an English pub, but back on to the Hill or slap in the middle of Bay 13.

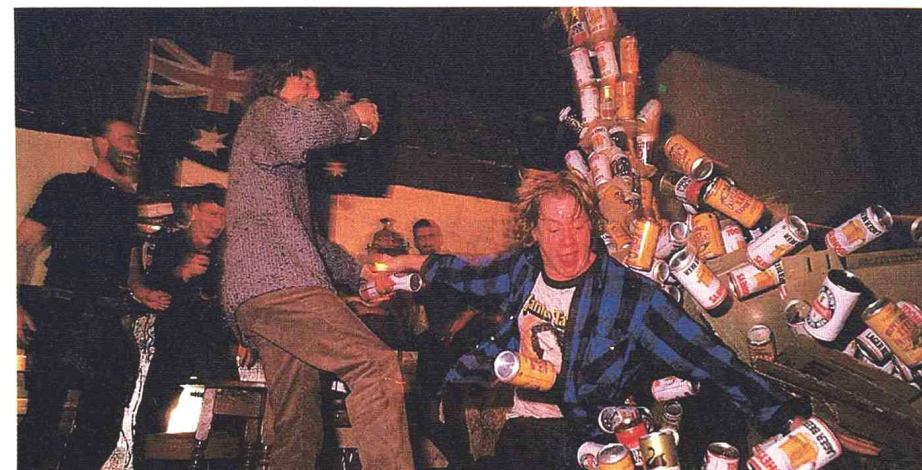
At times it's the same chaotic after-tea display of manic crowd behavior: vocal, drunk and passionate. There's even that once-famous Aussie cricket phenomenon — the shower of aluminium tinnies. Small wonder Church has developed into a local legend. If there's a spiritual focal point of the Antipodean community, this is it.

The Church session has been an established event for several years, attracting 400 to 500 people every Sunday and often more. A special Church gathering on Australia Day this year saw 700 patriotic colonials pass through the doors of the Greyhound for a wild celebration. They couldn't fit any more in, not that it mattered; the mob drank the pub dry as it was, guzzling their way through 200 dozen cans of imported Australian brews plus innumerable kegs of local lagers and draughts. Pyramids of empty cans were stacked up to the ceiling while a program of festivities was conducted: skulling races, Boobs Of The Day, Best Bum (male and female), Ugliest Man, Ugliest Girl... the usual. That was on a Saturday, and the owner had to rush out and stock up overnight, because the regular Sunday antics would unfold not too many hours later. Another 350 turned up for that.

It was because of the constant horde of Aussies working or passing through London that Church was set up. It is virtually an exclusive venue for Australians and New Zealanders; very few English attend. Perhaps that's the secret to its success — it acts as a sort of relief station on the other side of the world, for those who want to share a tinnie, a few travel tales, and a communal whinge about the weather.

More than just a popular pub session, Church has recently become the scene of occasional riots. The word has spread far and wide. The prominence of this boozier was once ascertained by Aussies after they had arrived in the Old Dart, but now it's beginning to assume the status of a tourist

Scenes from Australia Day 1985, Church-style. Seven hundred patriots religiously gathered to partake of the sacraments, enact time-honored rituals, erect and dismantle shrines — conducted by The Reverend Fred (left).



attraction.

Strangely, it was an Irishman who started it all. Sean Sullivan was the publican of the Golden Lion Hotel in Fulham, Church's original venue. The idea, he admits, was taken from a pub in Sydney.

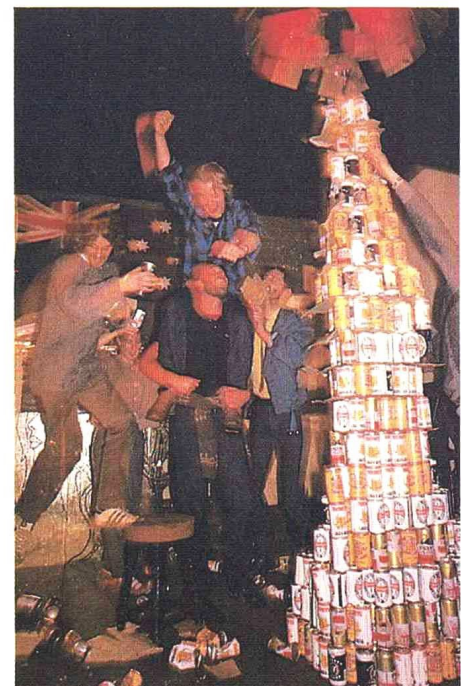
"They used to have a talent competition at the Royal Hotel in Randwick when I was there, ten years ago," Sullivan says. "They held it on a Saturday afternoon, and it was great entertainment. They'd get a huge crowd too — do some crazy things. I loved it. That's where I got the idea. I thought: 'There are so many Aussies in west London, so many coming over — they'd love it.' And I was right."

"The name was coined by a group of Aussies who lived fairly close to the pub and were regulars at the session. They'd wake up to the noise of the church bells nearby, and got to joking about it: 'C'mon lads... Sunday... gotta go to church.' And of course the name is such a great one it's stuck."

Sullivan hired a Scotsman named Fred Norrie, "a poor drummer, poor guitarist" turned comic, to host an informal stage show. This outrageous character has become known to one and all as "The Reverend Fred." Norrie has forever endeared himself to his Australian fans by getting arrested for drink-driving (for the umpteenth time) and spending three months in jail. He was released early this year and his return was hailed in some quarters as the Second Coming. It attracted a capacity crowd despite the fact that it coincided with the first blizzard of winter.

"I didn't greatly fancy the job when it came up," Fred recalls. "It wasn't looked on as the best thing in the world. They wouldn't accept a Pommie comedian. The crowd was a bit raucous. It seemed like the agency took the view it was a form of punishment."

"Anyway, I don't know why I stuck. I never knew much about Aussies till there



CHURCH

was a bit of a stir made about them wearing these T-shirts with 'Bash A Pom Today' on them. . . . I thought that was rather good.

"Just after we started, about four years ago, I stood around with a few of them at this barbecue. We were ankle-deep in snow, and they had shorts and thongs on! It's applied lunacy.

"Church was a hit from the start, though," says Norrie. "We aimed for the Aussies, and the crowd built up quickly. It only took a few weeks really. The whole thing went down well, and the word got around.

"Different now, of course. For a lot of Aussies London is St Paul's, the Tower Bridge, Trafalgar Square, and Church. They come in and want to get a photo with me. But this is not a big stage production — just a lot of fun. I'm not a performer; I'm more a conductor. We have gag competitions — the more racist the better — and the Aussies slag off the Kiwis, who slag off the Yarpies, if there are any here, or bloody anyone. We work by the three Bs: basic, bawdy, and boozy.

"Every man can do a party trick. We offer them an opportunity and anything goes. . . . We even had a bloke ride his motorbike up on stage once. He auctioned it to the crowd, then and there. Some crazy things happen. . . ."

And damn you to Hell if you can't take a joke. Girls are "volunteered" into wet T-shirt competitions or subjected to intense crowd pressure to bare their breasts. Unattractive strippers become paper dart targets or make targets of the audience members, often dragging them on stage and coercing them to strip as well. The crowd is frequently a hysterical vocal mass, cat-calling, chanting, breaking into song, regularly flashing off photos of friends and performers on stage, and drinking hard and long.

"The Reverend" sets the standards, or lack thereof, firing up the crowd or attempting to prevent things from getting out of control. He's an expert at crowd provocation and is largely responsible for the peculiar mystique Church has cultured. At best it's like a jubilant sporting club buoyed on success, celebrating with vigor, closeness and even a sense of wonder.

Although The Reverend Fred's Return from prison was a much heralded event he was not fussed, very casual in a pair of jeans and faded sweatshirt which read "Blowjob Required — Apply Below." He informed the crowd it was a special day: "Kill A Coon Day, in case you had forgotten, so if you're standing next to one, thump him." They lapped it up.

The program featured a spontaneous "Tits of the Day" contest, inspired by Fred, which was nothing short of orchestrated chaos: "Right. The girl who screws the most blokes gets a free trip to Hawaii for

seven." And then: "Any people who get offended, or embarrassed, remember this is a public place. . . . If you're embarrassed, piss off!"

Obviously, Church is a Mecca for all devotees of the amber fluid. It has a core of inveterate followers, but the congregation is continually changing with so many travelling on or flying home. That's what the place thrives on: a holiday, carnival atmosphere.

Its popularity indicates the frame of mind of many Australians who visit London. Most of the people attracted to Church are in their twenties and overseas for the first time. They've made the transition from Aussie at home to Aussie abroad. The intensity of the revelry makes you wonder whether the characters involved would behave similarly at home. Easy to be extroverted here. Some wear their enthusiasm like overnight patriots, closet Bazzas enjoying a temporary flirtation with the demon alcohol. After this binge they'll probably go home to a pair of trendy jeans and their favorite wine bar.

The most surprising thing is that the crowd is by no means male-dominated. Church has regular male strippers "for the girls" and they often create wilder scenes than when their female counterparts are on. Recently a male stripper climbed on stage to some mutterings of derision but in no time created a storm, largely because one female fan was convinced the dildo he had strapped on was a lollipop.

That says a little about the attitude of Australian women overseas. Many are more promiscuous once away from familiar scenes, and a lot treat the London-European trip as a last fling before they settle down and get married. They even come to resemble the local women — paler, more portly, squeezed a little tighter into their Australiana tops. Were they lithe, tanned frames just months earlier? You wonder. Whatever, the girl-next-door is not the same when she gets this far away.

An outrageous troupe of characters known as the West Australian Roof Drinking Association, who have wooed and won Church gatherings with their outlandish uniforms (pink bath-robos) and impromptu stage high-jinks for the past six months, recently recited a poem which encapsulated the outlook of many Church-goers:

"Here's to good ol' beer,
Amber, gold and clear,
Not as sweet as a woman's lips,
But a damn sight more sincere!"

Church is the recruiting base of a very alcohol-minded tour company called Golden Lion Travel (the name is taken from the original Church pub). This small firm is deliberately distinct from the main tour groups (such as Top Deck and Contiki) serving the Australasian market with a variety of trips around the Continent. Golden Lion specialises in the "booze cruise." While other firms tolerate drinking, the Lion goes to great lengths to encourage it. The

company will even pay the fines if any of its customers are arrested for drunkenness.

The association between this organisation and Church is very good business on both sides. Church has proved an excellent advertising and enlisting medium, and the session benefits from the custom of Golden Lion patrons. Indeed, the Lion's tours are looked upon as a sort of Church-on-the-road, carrying the recruits and dubious ethics of the home venue to all their boozy destinations. They often arrange a similar Sunday session — a mock Church in Munich or wherever. Thus the participants don't miss out on the usual fun and games.

In fact the Church/Golden Lion partner-

good novelty act here, but it's more than a show. It's a social event. I didn't think it would be so successful, though."

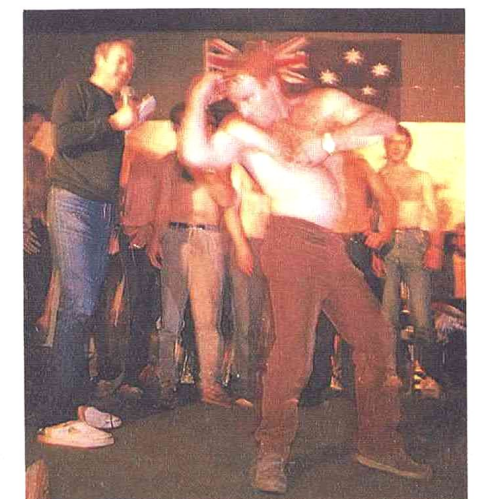
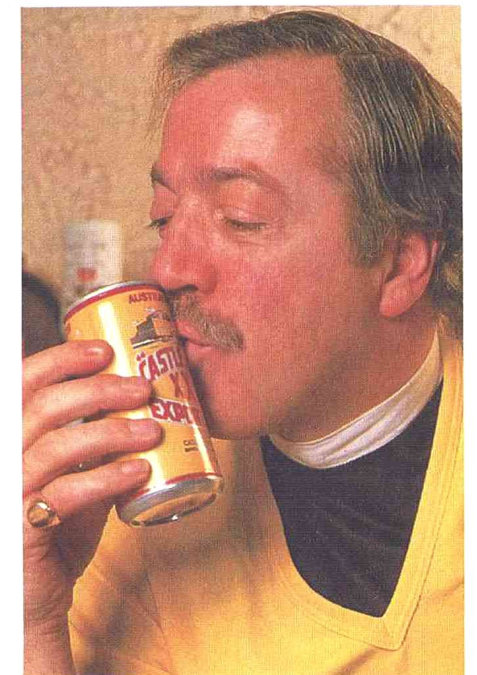
Neither did Fred Norrie. For Fred, who's nearly 40 and into his second marriage, Church is an established part of the weekly round, along with regular cabaret shows and some television work. But The Reverend's got a soft spot for the session, especially since fans from Church helped get him out of jail. "They had a whip-round when I was in prison and collected 300 pounds from the crowd. It was put towards my fine and it got me out 30 days early.

As far as I'm concerned Antipodeans can do no wrong. If someone can give it to me in writing the Aussies at home are as good as this lot, I'll stop there."

Fred, the poor bastard, has never been to Australia. He wouldn't mind going, but needs an Australian equity card. Meantime he's putting up with this lot and doing a pretty good job of it, even if he occasionally gets a bit annoyed. . . .

"Look! A lotta you blokes throwing cans from the back. . . . Do yourself a favor — and us. Come forward. . . . You're missing the bastard!" ☛

The revelry continues. Clockwise from top right: The Reverend Fred displays due reverence; both crowd and paid participation helps flesh out proceedings; the Australia Day agenda; and stage antics expose the Aussie's extrovert tendencies, to hoots and cat-calls.

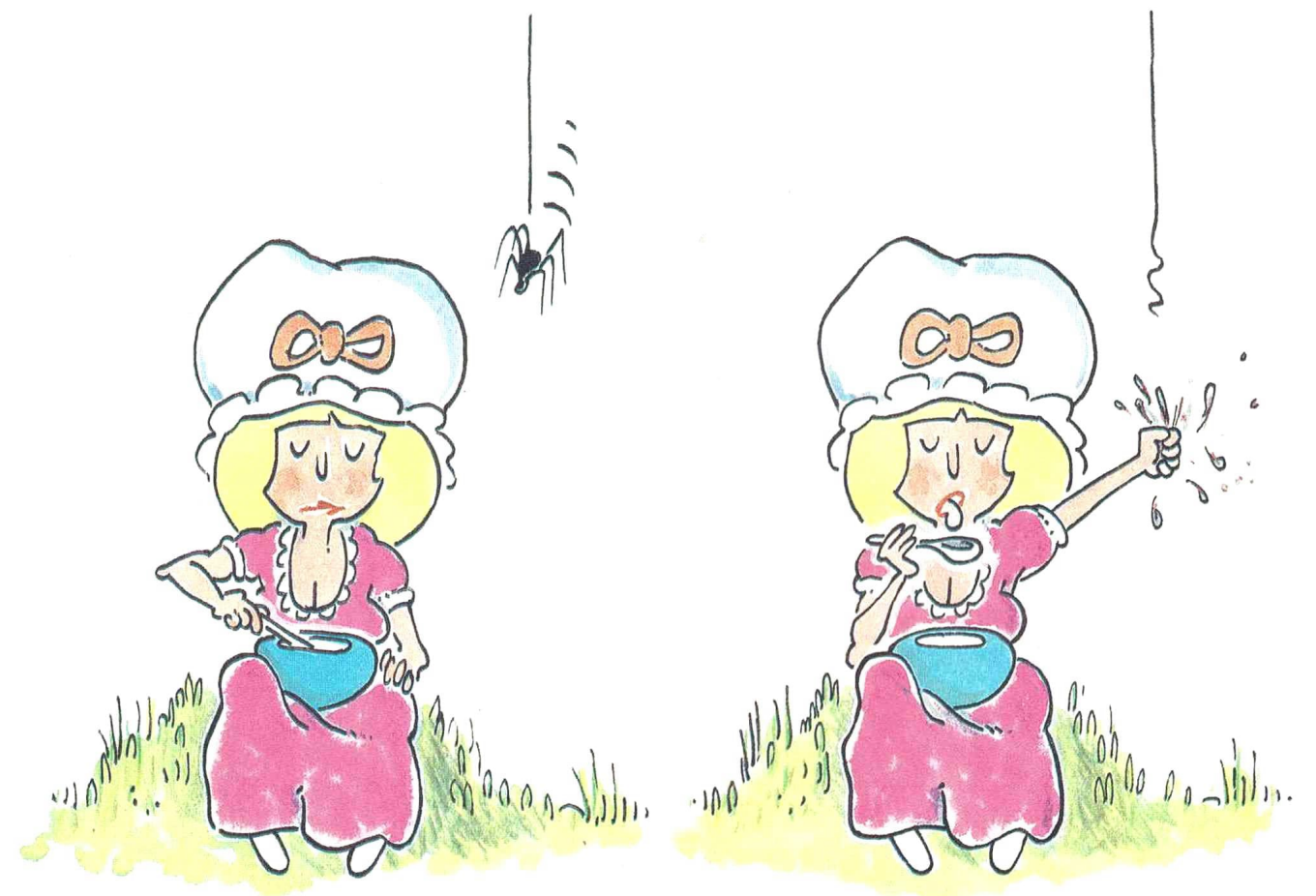


Peter Jackson 30's,
you're laughing!

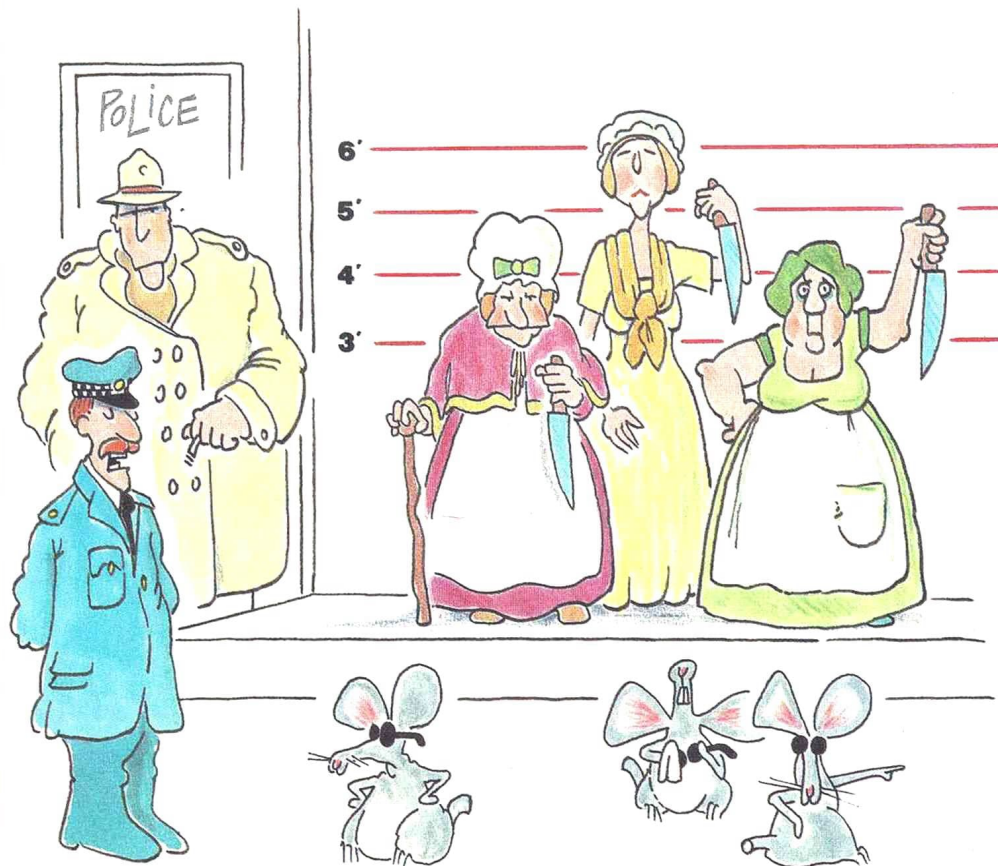
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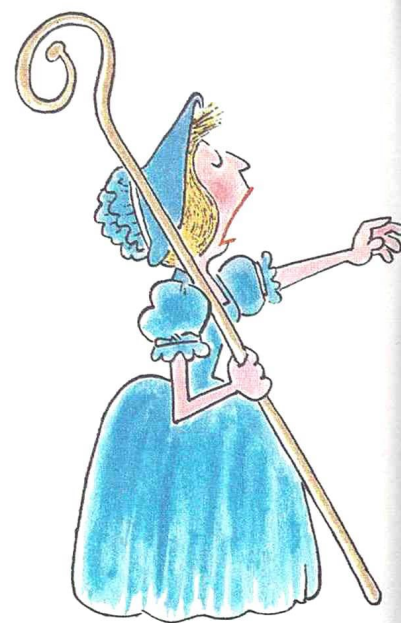
NURSERY CRIMES



a cartoon feature by
BRIAN KOGLER



"I think we're wasting our time, Inspector."



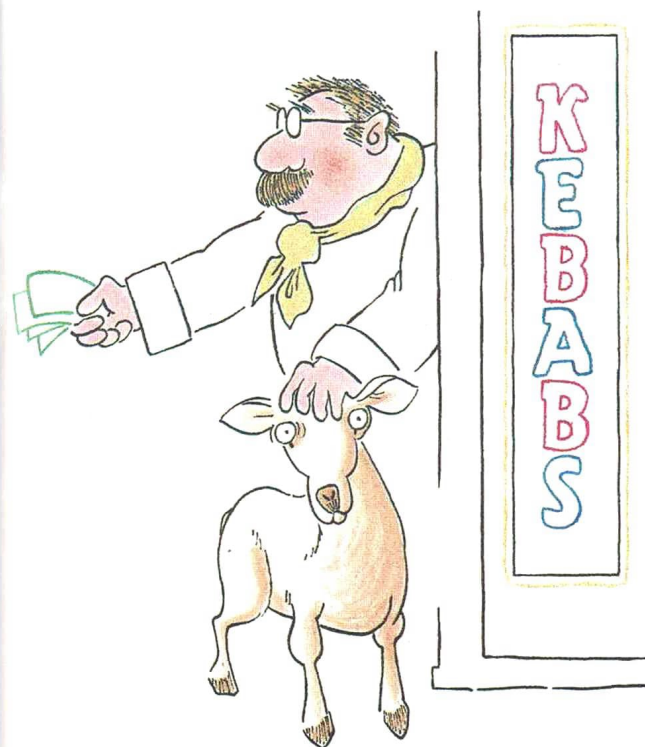
"No problem. I'll say I lost him."



"Yes, that's him. That's Humpty."



"We know who killed Cock Robin, dummy.
The question was — who made the prune stuffing?"



"Either of you boys care for some rub-a-dub-dub?"



"Ah, my fiddlers three!"

THE SECRET LIFE OF

For INXS singer Michael Hutchence, success is difficult to take seriously

BY ANTHONY O'GRADY
PHOTO BY MIKI KOMATSU

"Well," says Michael Hutchence. "I'm 25 and it's my fifth album. That's not too bad. I think I'd like to go another four or five years before becoming absolutely jaded."

Hutchence, of course, is the lead singer for INXS. And INXS are the current darlings of the Australian pop scene, still respected by the hard-bitten pub rock crowd and still a big hope for an international breakthrough. Duran Duran's John Taylor ranks them as the band most likely to follow Duran Duran into the multi-million selling league. Van Halen's David Lee Roth, current emperor of the memorable pop quote, sends Hutchence notes of encouragement. INXS' US record company has sent an executive to squat in the studio while the band record their next opus.

Such attention can make a young man dizzy and sure enough, Michael Hutchence's public appearances of late have showcased a persona so foppishly fey that he moaned a sotto "Oh no, it's all too much" while accepting an umpteenth award on national TV at the *Countdown* Rock Awards earlier this year.

But the man sitting across the table at lunch today is not at all fey. He is the astute Hutchence of old, a shrewd evaluator of the pop scene's mores, with just enough naive belief in the desirability of an international Top 10 to keep him trying to get and then stay there. "Some bands constantly readjust and refocus," he says. "Others follow a natural course to the end of the line."

He's actually talking about The Stranglers, the independently minded British band who make records and play concerts to please only themselves, and bugger off if you don't like what's going down. "I think they write great pop songs," enthuses Hutchence. "And I like their attitude, even though it's not the usual way of going about things."

FABIAN SPARKLE

Stranglers guitarist Hugh Cornwell returns the compliment: "Definitely one of the world's more interesting bands," he says of INXS. "And I'm impressed with Michael; he knows what the game's all about."

"As for myself," I slyly tell Hutchence. "I've always thought INXS occupied that vital middle ground between Duran Duran and The Stranglers... a heady mixture of aloof insouciance and pop glamor."

"Oh, I agree entirely," says Michael delightedly. Then he thinks about it. Is this journalistic ponce trying to take the mick-ey out of him? "Hmmm. I dunno," he adds, and becomes quite guarded for the next few minutes.

INXS started as The Farriss Brothers back in the late Seventies — named after Tim, Andrew and Jon Farriss, who played guitar, keyboards and drums respectively. The brothers and Michael were from well-to-do Sydney North Shore families.



FABIAN SPARKLE

Hutchence, having been raised in Hong Kong (where local radio played English pop exclusively), was surprised to find Australia had rock bands as well. But he learned fast. By school's end The Farriss Brothers were dead keen to join the slog of the Australian pub rock circuit.

"It was a bit like Catholics having more fun sinning because they know how wrong it is," says Hutchence. "We just couldn't wait to get out there and get sleazy. Luckily, most of our parents were overseas and by the time they got back it was too late to stop us, but it made them uncomfortable at afternoon tea functions for the next few years."

(He adopts a North Shore matron voice: "Oh, Derek's doing very nicely at his course. He studies hard and he's going out with Julie, of course. And what's Tim doing now?")

"Ah, Tim's in a band."

"Oh.")

By this time The Farriss Brothers were in Perth, 7000 desert-strewn kilometres from Sydney. The distancing was deliberate: Perth has the most active local pub rock circuit in Australia, and the band had decided to go for broke to achieve self-reliance as musicians.

"We weren't very good," Michael admits. "We deliberately picked the most complex songs to play and we couldn't play them very well. But we were keen."

"God! You mean to tell me INXS used to be The Farriss Brothers?" exclaims a Sydney radio announcer with a long memory for noise. "I remember them singing harmonies around a piano at parties. They were horrible."

"We were, too," exclaims Hutchence delightedly. "I still remember the piano."

The name INXS surfaced some time in 1979. Many, including Midnight Oil manager Gary Morris, claim to have invented the title, but its origins are actually obscure. "I think one of our roadies came up with it," says Michael vaguely.

By the early Eighties INXS were back in Sydney and capable of packing North Shore pubs like the Manly Vale to the gills. Their first (self-titled) album was remarkable for its energy. The first hit single was a remake of "The Loved One", originally by the legendary Australian band of the Sixties, The Loved Ones.

"We could work out the chords and all that," says Hutchence. "But we could never get the original feel of the rhythm. Australia had some very talented players back in the Sixties."

When plaudits are eventually handed out for Eighties talent, INXS will be recognised as developers of a unique brand of funk/rock chic that starts with a looping, loping bass/drums rhythm track and ends up bridging the gap between cabaret cool

and pop flash. "We had to come up with something of our own," shrugs Michael. "We weren't very good at playing anyone else's style."

But we don't talk much about music. Michael knows what's what in the pop world. "It's very strange, y'know. You start off wanting to write a decent song, and some years down the track, after you reckon you've come up with one or two, that's the last thing anyone wants to talk about."

What people want to talk about, or at least to find out about, is Michael Hutchence — the real person behind the hard-to-pin-down pop star front. But Hutchence is damned if he'll give them the satisfaction. "I'm a social slut," he announces. "I'll go anywhere and mix with anyone. It's the gig you're having when you're not having a gig. But you can have a good time doing it. People always ask the same questions and say the same things when they're meeting you and trying to impress you, so

"I'm a social slut.
I'll go anywhere and
mix with anyone. It's
the gig you're having
when you're not
having a gig"

there's plenty of time to get your answers together. Once you've got up in front of 20,000 people for a show, speaking to 12 or 20 people a night is the simplest thing in the world.

"In fact I've got to the stage now where I rarely need to say anything at all. I just settle back and let them do the talking because that's what most of them really want to do. They want the chance to impress you, so I keep pretty quiet and give it to them. They come away thinking I'm all the more interesting for that."

Hutchence has a name for the person who goes out drinking, partying and ginging in his body and mind. "He's called Fabian Sparkle," he announces. "It's the personality I have when I don't want to use my own."

Fabian, he agrees willingly, is a whimsical, vague character and yes, there is an incredible gap between his two personae. "It's more a vast chasm," he says. "It hasn't anything to do with what's really going on inside me either. It's become something quite separate from me — something I happen to walk into every day. America probably had more to do with it than any-

thing else: it's fantasyland over there and you have to come up with some sort of camouflage to disguise the fact that you know what's really going on."

Fabian Sparkle is, in other words, a flake, moving freely in a word of terminal flakiness. "You know the sort of thing," he says. "The record retailer that comes up to you at a party for Men At Work and tells you he's sold hundreds and hundreds of your last album. The only trouble is, he thinks you're one of Men At Work."

"And the record company promotion man who's wearing your tour T-shirt, and it's still got the creases from shrinkwrap. It's never been washed."

"And then there's the guy who comes up and says he's really proud of what the band is doing for Australian music overseas. Then they look all hurt and ask, 'But why haven't you toured Australia for ages?'"

Fabian was basically designed to cope with everything from delivering civil answers to mumbled inanities to anyone from Molly Meldrum to the bore at the bar to the unashamed toadying of obsequious hangers-on.

INXS' second album *Underneath The Colors*, along with The Skyhooks' *Living In The 70s*, is one of the few great Australian pub rock albums. It possessed sensibility and anger, flash and pomp, although the brattish humor with which the Hooks reflected on the larrikin euphoria of the Whitlam era is missing.

Colors was the fiery, melancholic comedown of the next generation. It was concerned with questions of adulthood, responsibility, direction and the value of relationships. Only a few of the questions raised were answered; most were left forebodingly open.

Success was a culmination of sorts. INXS had slogged through the pub circuit for three years without a break, and had no idea of where they might go next. "After we'd achieved some sort of footing," says Hutchence, "it became the hardest thing we'd all ever done in our lives. We knew we could just let go — and we didn't have to slog it out. But by that stage we were all hooked. We were in love with writing songs and finding new ways to do it. The only thing was that we didn't know what to write about next."

The band took a six-month break and Hutchence, for one, at last had the time and opportunity to explore the intricacies and complexities of a personal relationship. "You go through stages of gaining maturity," he says. "That was one of the most important times for me. I learned that learning to share myself with another person actually made me a more complete person."

It was the next album, *Shaboo Shoo-bah*, that set the ball rolling for INXS to become international teen idols. "The One Thing" was released in America and promptly shot into the Top 30. "Suddenly

we had young girls ringing up all the time, saying 'INXS is my favorite group'," says K-ROQ Los Angeles radio personality Jed The Fish. "If they'd wanted to, they could have been the next Shaun Cassidy."

Instead, INXS slogged it out on the road in America for months on end. The young girls still screamed on cue, at the airports and during the shows, and the first glimmerings of Fabian Sparkle appeared. Hutchence himself observed everything with a bizarre sense of fascination as the tour bus criss-crossed the country.

"You see a missile site sticking out of wheat fields," he says. "In the South there were things you thought belonged back with *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Everywhere you see people who've reached 16 and gone into automation. They develop an indifference for life. They feel too much is happening too soon, so they just... shut off."

Hutchence didn't have to write "Original Sin", a song about the ongoing impossibility of racial harmony; Fabian Sparkle for sure would have just let it ride. But he did and was rewarded when ace funk producer Nile Rodgers (Bowie, Diana Ross, Chic) saw INXS play with Men At Work in Montreal and offered to produce the song.

"Sin" turned out to be the band's first number one hit in Australia, but was banned from radio throughout most of the Bible-belt, Southern states of the US. "Stations that played it there actually used to receive bomb threats," says Hutchence.

The reception for "Original Sin" probably limited INXS' US prospects throughout 1984, but Hutchence is unrepentant. "If they disagreed with it that strongly at least it shows they listened to the song carefully. I hope that's what it means anyway."

But while America was pussyfooting, Australia was going through the roof. The first three singles from *The Swing* album made numbers one, two and three respectively. You couldn't turn on a radio without being exposed.

The Swing has now sold close to 300,000 copies throughout Australia, elevating it to a select honor roll of local mammoth sellers that includes *Living In The 70s*, Cold Chisel's *East*, Men At Work's *Business As Usual*, and Midnight Oil's *10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1*.

"It's a great feeling," says Michael. "It keeps us positive. Actually I really don't know where we'd be if we hadn't had such success in Australia."

"You even feel like laughing sometimes," he continues. "Like, when we released the *Dekadance* cassette, which contained extended versions and remixes of songs from *The Swing*, it shot to number three on the charts and stayed there for weeks — not bad for the album you're having when you're not having a new LP."

The new album (untitled at the time of writing) is being produced by Chris Tho-

mas, one of the world's more celebrated studio legends (Roxy Music, The Sex Pistols, The Pretenders, Elton John). "He's got some great stories," agrees Hutchence. "He belongs to the \$300 Italian slip-ons, faded jeans, faded Lacoste shirt and \$3000 watch set. He casts a fair amount of respect in the studio and he can get pretty dogmatic at times."

"But at the same time he goes about everything in a simple, natural fashion, while being really particular about what goes down. You could say he's got our respect." The album will be ready for release sometime in September, October or November. "Whenever it's ready," says Hutchence nonchalantly.

Fabian Sparkle's current hero is David Lee Roth. "He does the best interviews in rock 'n' roll — it's like he's had the questions for two months beforehand, does his research and rehearsals, then walks in and blows everyone away with his answers. He loves the media game, that's obvious. I've never heard of him giving a dud interview."

A mutual friend observed Roth watching INXS on MTV in Los Angeles. "That guy," said David, pointing to Hutchence's figure on the small screen, "makes my bowels churn."

The friend could hardly wait to track down Hutchence and tell him what the maestro had said. Fabian thought hard and sent back Roth an autographed picture, one of the ones usually handed out to fans by the band's roadies.

Roth thought in turn but couldn't come up with anything better than an autographed picture of himself by return courier. "I guess you could say we now have this recognition thing between us," says Hutchence.

Michael Hutchence will undoubtedly do a solo album, most probably sometime in '86. "It's been a Three Musketeers thing so far," he says. "All for one, one for... the only thing is, I change my mind week from week about what I'm going to do... something heavy metal? Something arty? Who knows?"

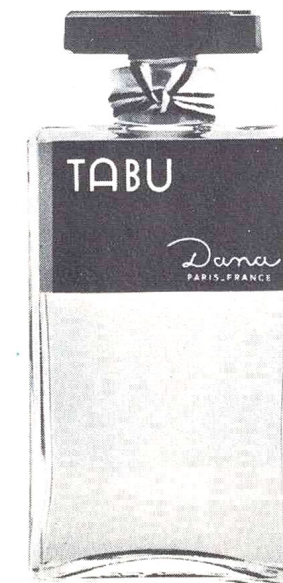
But he does know what he and Fabian are all about. "Life is defined by attitude," he says. "It's a combination of discipline and release and knowing which is which." He believes it when he says, "After you've had a certain level of success, acceptance of you seems to go on to autopilot. When that happens you just hope people are still actually listening to the music."

And he definitely means it when he says: "We never went into anyone's record company and said, 'Hey! We're going to write you some songs that will be 100 percent guaranteed hits around the world.' We reserve the right to change specifications without notice. Given that," he grins, "I'd just love to have a Top 10 around the world. I don't think I'd feel guilty about that, at all."

And neither would Fabian Sparkle. 



Tabu . . . an embrace that lives forever in a fragrance.



The Forbidden Fragrance

When friends roll up.



JWT010.P025



V I R G I N I A

A girlfriend talked Pet Of The Month Virginia Kelly into posing for *Australian Penthouse* — and we're glad she did. It's not that this 22-year-old Adelaide beauty had anything against the idea to start with, she'd simply never considered it. As a full-time university student for the past four years, Virginia's mind has been occupied with matters far removed from modelling.



MODEL STUDENT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA





"One of your previous centrefold girls, Helenka Antar, is a good friend of mine," says Virginia. "She encouraged me with stories of all the fun she'd had posing and subsequently doing magazine promotions all around the country."



This model student generally makes swift decisions about anything concerning herself and her future. "I sometimes tend to be impulsive if there's adventure in the air," she says. "I'm hooked on new experiences."



Virginia seems almost to lead a double life.

She hits the books both for study and entertainment and likes therapeutic pastimes like fishing which give her plenty of time to think. Then she'll be jetting off on her own to Asia, or going parachuting and gliding, or posing for *Penthouse* . . .





"There's no room for inhibition in my life," she says. "Not just about my body but about what I can and cannot do. I think my only fear is that I'll one day regret missed opportunities. You only live once and my motto is: Go for it!"

OT 11



MISS VIRGINIA KELLY/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





ROGUES' GALLERY

You never know who you'll bump into while researching a best-selling book on organised crime

BY DAVID HICKIE

The dealings of an investigative journalist are rarely glamorous, often tedious, and invariably punctuated by confrontations with a remarkable cast of characters. David Hickie spent more than three years researching his best-seller, The Prince And The Premier, which documents the origins of NSW's organised crime problem, particularly during the Askin era. His investigations led him to a variety of bizarre assignments. This dossier describes just a few of them.

THE TWO-UP RAID

Id Jack stirred his Sunday morning coffee, finished lamenting what might have been at Royal Randwick, placed yesterday's racebook down on the laminex kitchen table, and turned his thoughts to evenings at the two-up.

He talked for hours, but took most delight with one yarn about Brown's infamous school in bushland around Lane Cove and North Ryde, Sydney. Near the shed where the game was in full flight one evening were an outhouse and a row of benches where volunteers sat idly flipping coins, in case the police ever arrived for a fake raid.

"I was there this Sunday night and we

ILLUSTRATION BY RAY CONDON



ROGUES' GALLERY

played uninterrupted until 2am. But Monday morning's headlines in *The Sydney Morning Herald* proclaimed 'Brown's Raided,' recalled Jack. "I didn't know anything about it, so I asked the following Sunday what all the hullabaloo was about in the papers."

The reply was simple: "That was all taken care of. Apparently the police had arrived and taken away the waiting dummies outside, without those inside at the game even having to pause for the sake of appearances."

PREMIER ASKIN'S "GOING AWAY GIFT"

In his last months as Premier, Askin was paid \$55,000 by a group of Sydney bookmakers. The payment was known in Sydney racing circles as Askin's "going away gift" and was supposed to ensure that he used his influence after his retirement from politics to ensure a bookmaker's turnover tax was not increased by his successors.

The slush fund was organised by two bookmakers and was paid over on Friday 27 November, 1974. But tracking down individual contributions a decade later turned into a classic game of cat and mouse. Several of Sydney's biggest bookies openly recounted the behind-the-scenes

manoeuvrings and listed the individual contributions of half a dozen of their colleagues. These varied from \$5000 to \$8000, with one elderly gent, who had apparently feared reprisals if he didn't make at least a token contribution, chipping in only \$1000.

When I phoned this chap he initially replied the story was wrong. Then, when he heard the minute details I'd already collected, he took an alternate tack and feigned bad memory. In the end he admitted some vague recollection that a few bookies had indeed paid into such a bribe fund. But he steadfastly refused to admit his minor contribution.

Five minutes later another bookie, whom I had talked to earlier in the day, rang back. The elderly bookmaker had just rung him, in something of a flap, and admitted to my informant that he'd just "lied through his teeth to *The National Times*."

The month I spent harassing Sydney's bookmaking fraternity about Askin's "going away gift" had its lighter moments.

One bookie of many years' standing, who refused to be drawn into the scheme, recalled how he was confronted three times before the organisers took his refusal as final.

"I didn't trust the bagmen," he explained. "And they must have told Askin because he didn't speak to me for about three years."

THE \$20,000 KNIGHTHOOD

My Sydney office phone rang one morning in late 1981. It was a colleague in Melbourne who'd just been contacted by the son of a retired bank manager. The son had read one of the stories on the Askin era I'd just written in *The National Times*. It was the lead of a lifetime. The son had recounted a celebrated family anecdote his father had detailed many times over the years — it concerned a payment, by cheque, to Askin for a knighthood.

Allegations that some knighthoods had been sold during the Askin era were common gossip around Sydney for many years. But such claims, by their very nature, had proved virtually impossible to document.

The search for the father, now retired into the blackblocks of rural Australia, began. Almost two years and several hundred phone calls later, I finally located him. By that stage I was wary about getting my hopes up too high. But the former senior bank officer had a crystal clear memory of every detail.

He recounted how a \$20,000 cheque from the chief executive of Boral Ltd, Sir Elton Griffin, turned up in the private bank account of Sir Robert Askin at the time Griffin was knighted. His discovery of the cheque came about by chance — Griffin had failed to record the cheque details on the butt and the National Bank had been requested by Griffin's office to trace the cheque and find out to whom it was paid.

The cheque was drawn on one of Griffin's accounts in the National Bank in Sydney. The bank official traced it through the records and personally confirmed it was deposited in the private account of Robin W. Askin in the Rural Bank in Sydney. Within days Griffin was made a knight bachelor on the recommendation of Askin's government in the Queen's Birthday Honors List of 1970.

"The thing smelled to high heaven," the former bank official said.

THE "MASON TAPE"

The "Mason Tape" provides a unique insight into just what goes on inside the seedy world of NSW politics when illegal gambling interests enter the scene.

In May 1979 the NSW Liberal Opposition leader John Mason, an honest politician, taped a conversation in his parliamentary office. Both the NSW Supreme Court and Parliament later heard that Mason alleged that his visitor, a former MP, had offered him \$5000 a week (a quarter of a million dollars a year!) to stop campaigning on the illegal gambling issue.

The National Times got hold of the tape in 1981 and I listened to it in shock. The conversation covered the associations of numerous people named both in Parliament and Royal Commissions as organised crime figures; drinks at the races

with a leading criminal; a party at a prominent bookmaker's residence attended by a leading politician where a lot of money was raised; and related stories about numerous politicians, both past and present, and their meetings with casino operators and notorious criminals.

At another point, Mason is talking and says: "This document that's been sent to me is from a policeman and it's got some pretty nasty things in it. . . It's all about a meeting in the Wentworth Hotel and the murder of [names two females who were illegal casino employees]. . . That document claims that [names a prominent person] ordered the murder!"

A CRIME BOSS'S DIARY

At 9.35am the front bell rang. I moved quickly to the door, heart racing.

Ernie stood there ever so nonchalantly smiling; under his arm he carried a large cardboard box — a box containing some of the most potentially explosive documents ever compiled in NSW criminal history.

I tried to appear equally low-key. He came in, we sat on the lounge and I took notes as he continued to reminisce of the "old days", as he had done a week before. All the while I kept glancing at the box, waiting for him to get to it.

Eventually he looked down at his side. "Oh, and I brought along all those police interviews and running sheets from the Reilly murder investigation I mentioned last Thursday," he offered, almost sheepishly. "I don't know if you're still interested in looking at them or not."

Still interested! I almost fell over in my rush to grab the box, heave it on to the coffee table and prise open the lid.

It was an old weather-affected box, covered in dust, bound loosely with wire and smelling of mould and damp. Inside were six volumes — four black, one red and one green — marked "Reilly Investigation" and with the relevant page numbers of the running sheets painted along the spine. I viewed them as an antique book collector would seize upon a first edition of Shakespeare. They were the key to a goldmine.

Ernie left them with me and as soon as he left I grabbed the first volume. An hour later I found myself still sitting on the lounge, mesmerised and adrenalin-charged. Over the next seven nights in succession I sat up until 3am meticulously reading every detail.

Richard Reilly had been a notorious Sydney gunman, standover man and Kings Cross baccarat operator. As he'd walked down the front steps from his mistress' Double Bay flat at 7.30 one Sunday evening in June 1967, he was blasted by shotgun and rifle fire.

In a coat pocket on his corpse police found two small notebooks; subsequently they located another near his mistress' tel-

ephone back in the flat, and a fourth in Reilly's Castle Cove home. What especially intrigued police was the fact that the neatly kept notebooks not only contained 389 different telephone numbers, but in many instances included silent numbers, names with figures next to them, rows of dates and money payments and assorted extraneous notes.

The list of names had never been revealed. It included many prominent Sydney people: senior police, abortionists, massage parlor operators, members of the legal profession, leading criminals and several politicians.

The police investigating Reilly's murder became a de facto criminal intelligence gathering operation. They checked out every phone number in those four "little black books" and interviewed every person named. The records of interview could have provided the biggest breakthrough into organised crime in NSW history. They

“
The \$55,000 was
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”

showed contacts and links in every area. But they were never followed up.

Sixteen years later I had my hands on them at last. The now faded, musty running sheets and records of interview of the 12-month investigation ran to several thousand pages. They provided the breakthrough every sleuth seeks.

Over a cup of Milo on a rainy winter afternoon, one of the detectives who worked on the Reilly investigation recalled the case: "When Reilly was shot, the senior cops looked at the case first, then it was handed over to us. I was told by a superior at CIB that as we checked the next group of phone numbers out each day, the results were going straight to the Premier. It was the first and only time that happened on a murder case during my career and I thought it most unusual."

The detective sat in this study flicking through his old files and diaries, finally tracked down the entry he was seeking, and added: "I was at a meeting after Reilly's murder where the baccarat owners met the police and asked whether they could keep on operating. They were told

it would have to be checked out with the Premier first. Later they were told by the police that it was okay."

Another policeman who worked on the Reilly investigation recalled one incident during the notebooks saga which shocked him.

"I was walking through NSW State Parliament House with another detective. Suddenly . . . [names an MP] came running after us and asked us to step into his office for a moment. He wanted to know if another politician, a wealthy bloke from his own party, was listed in the notebooks. We said no. . . . [The MP] said not to tell anyone else that yet. He wanted to approach this other wealthy MP and tell him his name was in Reilly's books, but that if that wealthy MP paid him [the MP], he could get it removed from the list. He offered us part of the deal but I declined."

CROWLEY & BUCKLEY, SP OPERATORS

Crowley and Buckley, or "C&B" as it was known in the trade, was one of the biggest SP operations in Australia during the heady days of illegal gambling in NSW under Liberal Premier Bob Askin. Askin had his own account with "C&B." A woman who worked for the firm during the Sixties recalled that Askin would ring up and bet on an account known as the "RWA [Robin William Askin] account", and it always caused much comment among the telephone girls when he rang.

She remembered one incident when Askin rang in and she could hear the broadcast of debate in the House in the background. Suddenly the bells were rung and Askin had to hurry off to the chamber.

It took many months and numerous frustrating phone calls to finally track down another woman who worked for Crowley and Buckley at their Cowles Rd, Mosman office during the Sixties. She now runs her own business in Sydney's northern suburbs. When I arrived and told an employee who I was, she rushed out from an inside office and ushered me quickly through to a back room.

"I got the job through a friend who worked in a telephone exchange. They were looking for a tea lady and that's how I started," she laughed. "There were doctors' surgeries downstairs in the building. We rented two offices upstairs, one as a dummy."

"You came upstairs, past some other offices and into the dummy office, which we all took turns sitting in — it just had a few phones and we'd leave a few fake betting slips lying around the desk there. Against one wall was a small bookcase, only about three feet high, with a hidden catch. You went through it and down a step on to a verandah and into the air-conditioned real office which was like a for-



"Ah, Mr Kincade — and how's our itchy trigger finger this morning?"

ROGUES' GALLERY

tress, with armor-plated doors on rollers."

She recalled the code names of the clients of the era: Tony, Freddie K, Red-coat and the like. And, over morning tea, she vividly recalled one day when police raided the Mosman office.

"We'd been rung and warned that we were going to be raided, but the boss was so sure that the police couldn't get into the office — as well as the armored doors they even had barbed wire in the manhole in the roof — that he decided to just sit tight in the office and wait it out. It took the police four hours to get into the office. The police rescue squad eventually broke in through the roof.

"When they finally got in, the police chief said, 'You're a silly fellow' to our boss. 'We told you we were coming.' If he'd just let them in and copped a simple bust, he'd only have had to go to the local cop shop and pay them off. . . . At the station we all gave the same name and weren't fingerprinted."

A VISIT TO AN SP SHOP

Race day. 11am.

"Hickie? G'day. This is you-know-who," the SP bookie announced in the classic strine-loaded twang cultivated by most aficionados of the track.

He chuckled at the hint of cloak-and-dagger involved in maintaining anonymity over the phone. "We can't drive straight there," he continued. "The police know my car and watch my phone. I'll meet you in the carpark at Souths Juniors and we'll go in your car."

Getting into a Sydney SP joint in April 1983 was considerably more hazardous than back in the halcyon days of the Sixties and Seventies — pre-Superintendent Merv Beck and his celebrated crackdowns on illegal gambling rackets. Then \$200 was \$200 and the monthly sling to police bought SP bookies the sort of protection they could rely on. In contrast, the SP world 1983-style was in a state of turmoil.

1.30pm. The car park opposite South Sydney Junior Rugby League Club, the original poker machine palace, was like George Street in the pre-Christmas rush. Even so, the gaudy sports car was impossible to miss. "Flash Harry", every bit the reincarnation of his fast-talking, wheeler-dealer namesake in the *St Trinian's* movies, slipped from his luxury machine into the passenger seat of my old Honda Civic.

"Where to?" I queried.

"Just head off down that way," he said, constantly glancing behind to check we weren't being followed while simultaneously launching into a scathing diatribe on the latest methods of his mortal enemies, the wallopers from the Gaming Squad.

Harry and his cohorts were indignant that in that year's SP crackdown they were

being treated as criminals. Every second citizen, he argued, had ritually bet with the local SP from the day their dad revealed why he visited the corner barber shop every Saturday morning.

However, according to Beck: "SP is not just a tiny business any more. It's highly organised, backed by criminals and based on corruption." And in recent years police, crime experts and several Royal Commissions had detailed the channelling of SP profits into drug rackets.

Flash Harry maintained that was all codswallop. "The whole game has changed," he declared. "Now they follow us. They treat us like fair dinkum crims. I've been in the game 20 years — I've paid my tax. In the past the police wouldn't come busting through your doors every day; rather they'd come knocking every three months and the bust was like a licence fee. We were tolerated."

After zig-zagging halfway across Syd-

Marigold decided prostitution seemed "really easy money." She summoned the courage, walked in, asked for a job, and started at 8pm that night

ney's seaside suburbs, with Harry developing neck strain riding lookout, we nipped around a corner into a quiet street. I stared closely at every one of the dozen single-storey bungalows down each side of the street, but couldn't spot any indication of where the SP hideout was.

Harry fidgeted nervously with the chunky gold pendant and chain dangling from his neck between three open buttons of the bright sports shirt. "Just pull over here," he announced suddenly.

We alighted and slunk quickly past two further houses, across the nature strip and hurried up the side driveway of a modern brick home.

Harry flicked the lock on the wooden gate and stopped dead: "Shit! I've told those blokes a dozen times to pull that bloody door right down."

Set at the back of the yard, 20 metres behind the house and up a steady incline, was a garage. A roller-door was open about half a metre above the concrete floor; from our position at the bottom of the incline assorted pairs of thongs, running shoes and a couple of Grosby casuals appeared clustered around a table.

Harry marched up the slope, took a last reassuring glance out to the street and wrenched the door upward. We jumped into the garage and he slammed the door down behind. The staff hardly turned to glimpse — they were too busy on the phones.

There were five casually dressed men — mostly in shorts and T-shirts. There were two university students in their early twenties, two family men in their mid-thirties and a spritely pensioner; they busily scribbled down wager details in blue ballpoint on ruled pad pages.

The staff joked loudly — not the hint of a need to whisper — and, between buzzes of the dulled phone bells, helped themselves to beer, Coke and assorted fruit juices. They congregated around a makeshift pineboard table which sagged in the middle under the weight of six phones, a transistor radio, ashtrays, form guides and betting sheets. In the middle of the table were the phones, plugged into a row of standard household-connection fittings crudely nailed on to a foot-long strip of wood. Individual phone numbers were pencilled below each connection.

This was one of Harry's latest network of temporary offices. To get six telephone lines connected to a garage took hefty pays-offs to former and present Telecom technicians. A little rewiring and the telephone lines, which officially were connected to an elderly woman's address around the corner, now extended below her backyard tomato and spinach patch, under the fence and beneath the bull grass of a second yard to the garage.

"I've had coppers working for me," announced Harry, with an air of pride mixed with indignation amid that month's ill-feeling. "Also bank clerks, public servants, housewives. . . . even the secretary of a mayor."

One of the clerks, amused at my presence, put it to me matter-of-factly: "SP's like prostitution and sliced bread — it's here to stay."

HENRY AND "BULLETPROOF"

When a journalist is "doing a little digging" into something or someone, word spreads quickly along the grapevine. At one point in mid-1981 I was telephoned by Henry. He was to become the bane of my life for the next 18 months.

Initially he was an unassuming cove, who passed on a few tips and put me in touch with an exceedingly useful contact inside a government department. Unfortunately, Henry saw himself as Batman, Robin Hood and The Lone Ranger all rolled into one, and began pursuing his own investigations into anything and everything.

Finally, he rang to say he'd cracked the big one. He claimed to have copies of the tax returns of certain politicians and that

they showed the most remarkable details.

I sought those documents like my life depended on them. In one fortnight I made nine trips to Henry's place to collect my photocopies of these documents, only to be met at the front door each time with another excuse and the promise they'd be there tomorrow. I spent months hanging out for them. Every time I didn't believe in their existence, Henry would promise them tomorrow.

Meanwhile, Henry took to ringing my unlisted telephone number at all hours of the day and night. Once, when I was out late, Henry rang my flat at 11.30pm, woke my flatmate and, throwing in a touch of undercover histrionics, asked to speak to "Bulletproof."

My flatmate sat up half the night, terrified, waiting for my return, and I told Henry our line of communication had, forthwith, been terminated.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF A PROSTITUTE

For Marigold, 1983 did not begin with a whimper. Her first client of the year, inside Sydney's best-known brothel, A Touch Of Class, paid \$95 for the express special — oral sex followed by intercourse in half an hour. Unfortunately for the value-conscious client, but fortunately for Marigold, the client wanted to talk about his wife and how guilty he felt. He never made it to the intercourse before his time was up.

Marigold, then 25, took home \$350 in cash, tax-free, for the night's work. At the end of her four seven-and-a-half-hour shifts for the week she'd totalled a cool \$1400. Talking that type of turnover, it was easy to understand her reason for being in the trade.

Seated in a suburban loungeroom, with all the poise and dignity of a debutante, Marigold and the East Sydney prostitute stereotype seemed irreconcilable. Her conservative cotton frock was buttoned high under her chin. "The girls like me in it have goals," she said. "I only let out my emotions so far as to have some physical pleasure. You are leading two completely different lives, but you're not a different person. You just think of the money and block out all the horrible things."

Marigold had lived with her boyfriend for several years, they had broken up and she had suddenly found herself with little money, without a home and without security. She had lived in Sydney's eastern suburbs and the buses she caught to the city travelled up Bayswater Road, Kings Cross, where she could hardly fail to notice Sydney's most gaudy brothel, "The Nevada."

Set in a bright red terrace and featuring flashing lights and a huge sign proclaiming "Australia's Largest Bed", The Nevada was infamous for its Old Wild West style — most notably, the chorus line of bordel-

lo beauties who lounged over the rails of the first floor iron lace balcony and sent down long wolf whistles and raunchy invitations to passers-by.

The sign on the door promised: "Private Suites", "Adult Movies", "Hay Loft", "10 x 10 Bed", "Turbo Tub" and "B&D."

Marigold decided prostitution seemed "really easy money." She summoned the courage, walked in and asked for a job. She started at 8pm that same night, worked till 5am, saw six clients and made \$160. After a couple of months Marigold moved on to another brothel, before applying at A Touch Of Class because "businessmen treat you better. They travel around a lot and want the companionship." Eventually she left and joined up with an opposition outfit a few blocks away. The details of the behind-the-scenes wrangling that went on before that new brothel could open, and the identities of the people involved, were the tidbits that had brought me into contact with Marigold.

At the time the rising level of unemployment had driven many young women on to the streets, where heroin addiction was rife. In Darlinghurst the girls themselves admitted 90 percent were there principally to feed a habit then costing \$70 every four hours.

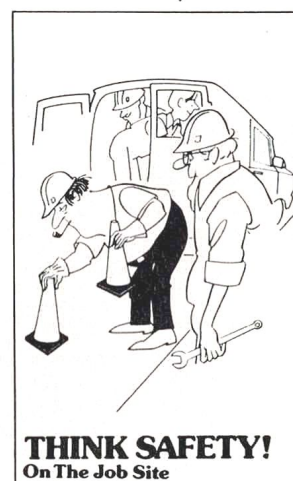
This was the traditional image of prostitution. Sydney's Lord Mayor Doug Sutherland told at the time of one Darlinghurst building where the internal rooms had been knocked down and cubicles built from plywood. The landlord collected \$1400 a night from rents. The four-storey terrace in Liverpool Street was used by 28 girls at \$50 each for a box for the night.

While police and civic leaders argued about how to clean up the burgeoning street prostitution in Darlinghurst, the parlors were booming in the suburbs. At that time police revealed there were more than 40 massage parlors selling sex in the East Sydney area alone.

THE CASINO AND BANKCARD

In 1976 illegal casino boss Perce Galea and his partners moved from their premises in Double Bay to the nearby Tel-ford Towers building at Bondi Junction. Inside, nothing much had changed from Double Bay: patterned paper lanterns, silver and black flock wallpaper, imitation leather chairs. The overseers hovered above the roulette tables on precariously tall tennis-umpire style seats, nodding which cheques might be accepted; the bevy of hostesses in plunging necklines the same as ever.

On my first visit there I watched punters sitting behind chips in stacks worth \$4000 and \$5000 each. But I was most intrigued by the notice behind the cashier's desk which advertised, "Bankcard welcome here." 



This is where it
all starts: the secret
cocaine kitchens of Bolivia

SNOW JOBS

WORDS AND PHOTOS
BY GEOFFREY ROTMAN

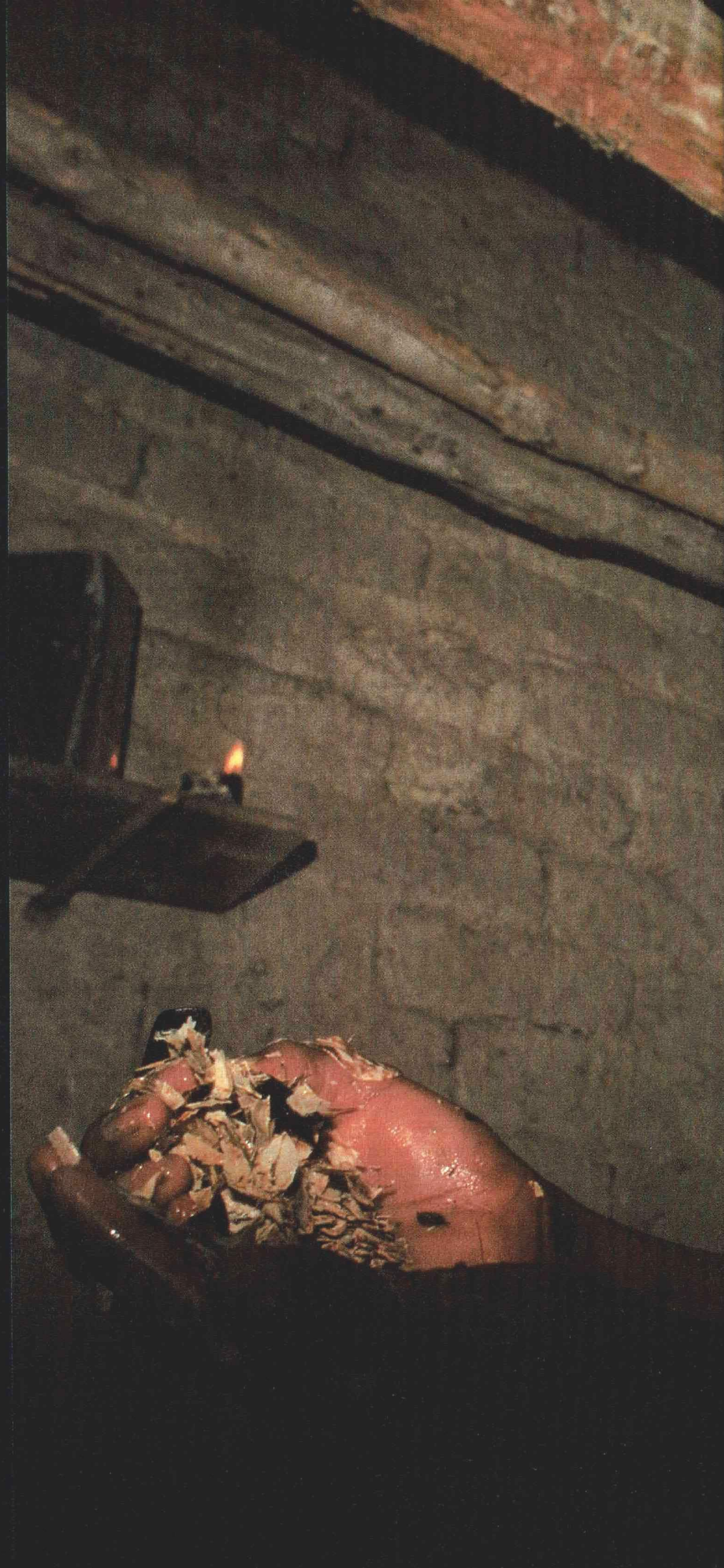
When I decided to attempt to photograph what happens in an illegal cocaine "kitchen" in Bolivia, I knew that the results could not be premeditated; furthermore, I knew that the assignment would put me in a life-threatening situation. But because I had excellent contacts inside the country, which should enable me to gain access to people involved in the illicit cocaine trade, I decided that the opportunity had to be explored.

My intent was to photograph the story of the *campesinos*, or cocaine-makers, the men who daily risk their futures turning coca leaves into what we have come to call "pure snow." I knew these men existed, but finding them was another story.

Upon my arrival in Bolivia, I let it be known through various contacts that I would pay \$2000 to the cocaine kitchen that would allow me to photograph its operation. There were no takers. I was offering three times their annual wage, yet no-one would risk exposure. Finally, after much negotiation, a connection was made. I was taken on a two-day drive from La Paz to the Chapare region — the area where all Bolivian coca is grown. As our Land Rover travelled mile after mile into the jungle region, all I saw around me were fields of coca leaves. When we finally stopped, I was told that the rest of the trip would be on foot.

Trudging through the jungle I began to get scared — perhaps they were going to kill me and steal my money.

Just as my imagination was running wild, we came to a small clearing with a half-built cement-block structure. I was led to the back and told to climb the ladder. Upon reaching the top, I peered over the side, and for a moment thought I was viewing a Hollywood set.





In a four-by-four-foot room with a dirt floor, three men below me were stamping coca leaves that had been soaked in kerosene. Their heads were covered with nylon-stock masks; a rifle leaned menacingly against the wall. I jumped into the hut and instantly began taking photographs. As one of the men turned toward me I realised that he was just a child. The others were between the ages of 17 and 24. In broken Spanish I started firing questions at them. How much were they paid for their labor? A mere three dollars a day. How did they land the jobs? Through friends in the business. The only job qualification was that they be "tight-lipped." What were their work hours? They began late in the day and finished at dawn. And did they use

cocaine? No, they only chewed the leaves, like the majority of Bolivians.

They were unaware of the enormous value this white powder had in the "civilised" world and were totally ignorant of the fact that the fruits of their labor would seduce many thousands of people throughout the world's cities into cocaine's private addictive universe — to the detriment of their physical and financial well-being. But more surprisingly, these workers were oblivious to the Bolivian mafia — who reap millions of dollars from their work. For the *campesinos*, it was just a job that paid on time.

An acre of coca will earn in Bolivia almost three times what an acre of bananas, oranges, or coffee will. In addition, it is an extremely



easy plant to cultivate. After it is nursed for nine months it is transplanted to the fields, where one plant will produce three lucrative crops of leaves per year for up to 50 years. As one *campesino* told me, "I would be a fool not to grow coca. The demand is always high and the money is paid on time."

Coca is not a new crop for Bolivians. Its use goes back hundreds of years. Soothsayers used to read fortunes with coca leaves, while other more medicinal uses are still in practice. Chewing the leaves with a bit of carbonate stone stops hunger and gives the body increased energy. But in the early Seventies the worldwide demand for cocaine escalated, and the Bolivian farmers began abandoning their fruit and vegetable crops to cultivate the more lucrative coca leaves.

The US Drug Enforcement Administration has been trying to persuade the Bolivian farmer to cultivate bananas, coffee, and oranges by offering cash incentives. But this money does not come close to the amount of cash he can earn with a coca crop, and the program has been a failure so far.

One bag of pure crystal cocaine, weighing slightly more than a kilo, will bring over a million dollars when sold on the streets of New York City. Although coca leaves are sold by women and children quite openly in Bolivia, the employees of cocaine kitchens are not so cavalier. The cement-block buildings are knocked down and moved every month to a new location. Although the Bolivian government is attempting to control the cocaine trade, they acknowledge that for every kitchen they bust and destroy



two more open simultaneously.

The Bolivian mafia controls the majority of the business. One incident reported to me clearly exhibits their power and control: In 1983 a team of eight narcotics agents was sent to raid a prosperous cocaine kitchen in Chulamani, a small town in the Ungas province. The site was located and they got to work. The kitchen destroyed, the narcotics agents decided to celebrate by drinking at a local hotel. The townspeople surrounded the hotel and set fire to it; the agents were burnt alive. Following the fire the charred bodies were dragged into the street, where their testicles were cut off and stuffed into their mouths.

Most authorities recognise that it is a no-win situation. The only possible way to control the problem is to reduce the demand for cocaine in the Western world. And since this is unlikely to happen in the foreseeable future, these cocaine kitchens will continue to provide tenuous employment for the youth of Bolivia for years to come. ☐



A TALL STORY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

Chic Claudia Rungen is the snazziest German import to storm our shores since the Mercedes — especially, she jokes, with her top down! Frankfurt-born Claudia has a passionate interest in natural medicine and acupuncture. All the more appropriate — since her presence alone provides a tonic for the spirits.





But Claudia says the best kind of medicine for her is strenuous physical exertion. "I thrive on pushing my body to its limits and beyond. I find exhilaration in knowing my body is like a perfectly oiled machine."





"I like to fully extend myself on a horse, in the ocean, in ballet class, or in bed with a man — everywhere — so long as I end up totally exhausted."





"If I don't fall asleep 20 seconds after sex, my partner's somehow failed me." It sounds like this Teuton is a tall order.

OTM





It may be the longest ten minutes
you'll ever experience

THE DEVIL'S TEA-BREAK

"I'm hit! Oh Jesus, I've been hit!"

"Sweitzer's caught it in the leg!" Murphy screeched above the laser barrage.

Sergeant Terrence Edwin McKay chewed his bottom lip savagely, dark eyes manic. The blood tasted superb, like the pig on the spit last weekend.

"I think I can get him Sarge!" Murphy shrieked with infantile excitement. McKay's attention was diverted from the memory of the pig's smug leer.

"Leave the bastard!" he roared back at Murphy. "He'll be dead from the shock before you get half way!" He flinched as the earth spewed death a few metres to his left. Some bastard was zeroing in on him. Instinctively he hurled himself to his right as a second laser beam ploughed through the crater's edge and into the ground he had just vacated. The earth shuddered and boiled around him. McKay curled into a ball.

"Screw you, you spineless bastard!" Murphy heaved his helmet angrily at McKay as he dragged himself from the quagmire and sprinted toward Sweitzer.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY O'HARA

TEA-BREAK

Sweitzer writhed in agony, clutching the smoking stump of his left leg. The ground erupted behind Murphy, sending him sprawling into the mud, still 50 metres from Sweitzer.

"Cover me, damn fool!" he screamed at McKay as he staggered to his feet and stumbled forward.

McKay dragged his weary body to the lip of the crater, and screwed up his face in anguish as three separate beams hit Murphy simultaneously. Murphy disintegrated in mid-stride.

Sweitzer glared murderously at McKay, his lips working painfully in an effort to form a suitable obscenity. He convulsed once, and died. Twelve down, two to go. Little green bottles. Humpty Dumpty had a great... McKay giggled inanely at the mental images as his body slithered of its own accord back to the bottom of the crater.

The ominous rattle of metal tracks raised the hairs on the nape of his neck. Tank. One man stood no chance against...

D'Angelo. D'Angelo was still unaccounted for. Where the hell was the little dago?

"D'Angelo!" A swirling wind gust whipped his voice away into obscurity. The ground trembled as a distant rumble of thunder heralded an approaching storm. McKay cupped his frozen hands to his mouth and stretched his lungs to their limit. "D'Angelo!"

"I'm over here Sarge!" The dull thud of a neutron grenade.

"D'Angelo?" Agonising silence.

"Still here, Sarge!" McKay allowed himself a small sigh of relief. Short-lived. The rain began its predictable descent. He snapped his visor across his wind-numbed face. Vision nil. Tank still coming. Don't panic. Pull the visor back. Find D'Angelo.

"D'Angelo! Where are you?"

"Over here, Sarge!" Hand waving from a small crater, roughly 30 metres away, behind him. Tank straining. Stalled? The bastards are stuck in the mud. Got to do it now. God help me.

McKay unclipped his last neutron grenade and fought the vomit clawing its way along his throat. "D'Angelo!"

"I hear you!"

"Gimme cover fire! Gotta get that tank or we're both done for!"

"You got it Sarge!" McKay threw his helmet to the ground and heaved himself over the crater's edge. The sludge groped for his boots. He shrieked an obscenity at God. The wind and rain mercilessly lashed his face. Sweitzer jack-knifed and pointed an accusing finger. Something snapped. McKay laughed demoniacally amid curses as he strode toward his destiny.

D'Angelo dropped the black visor across his eyes, adjusted his rifle to maximum output, and directed a steady beam at the underbelly of the A-Class Gremlin Assault

tank as it strained and groaned against the unyielding grip of the mud.

"That'll heat the bastards up!" he screeched at no-one in particular. His eyes widened in awe as McKay leaped miraculously on to the back of the tank. The long gun barrel swivelled smoothly, 45 degrees, its heat-seeking sensors zeroing in on D'Angelo's beam.

"C'mon Sarge. C'mon." McKay wrenched open the upper turret and dropped the grenade as D'Angelo stared horrified into the deadly mouth of the gun barrel.

"Jesus Christ!" He cut his beam and threw himself to the bottom of the deep crater. Intense heat scorched his back. The tank's beam gouged into the far wall. Mud and rock hurtled 200 metres into the air. D'Angelo clambered back to the rim, impervious to the debris falling around him. His filthy, soaking uniform clung to his skin as he jerked back his visor and peered ner-

If your nerve's gone,
it is suggested you adjust
your laser gun to maximum
output, place it against
your temple and depart
the world

vously over the edge.

"That fixed the bastards," McKay screamed as he zig-zagged through an impossible maze of laser beams. D'Angelo stood frozen, mesmerised by McKay's demented, inhuman eyes. The Sergeant's head vanished from the neck up. The trunk kept coming. D'Angelo shrieked as the headless body collapsed in front of him. The stench of charred flesh assaulted his nostrils. The glowing, smoking stump of McKay's neck jerked toward him, splattering his face with hot, sticky fluid. D'Angelo's head swam, his senses reeled. He vomited. The tea break siren sounded.

It may be the longest ten minutes you will ever experience, if your nerve is still intact. If your nerve is gone, then it is suggested that you pay respect to your Creator, adjust your laser gun to maximum output, place it firmly against your temple, and depart from the world immediately. For without your nerve, there is no way you will survive the remaining 90 minutes of compulsory combat.

If, however, your confidence is above the fine line that separates optimism from pes-

simism — in other words, if you happen to believe that this is your lucky day, and keep in mind that the survival rate at the end of one full year's service is presently computed at 2.037 percent — then you may find that what is affectionately called "The Devil's Tea Break" may be the most meaningful ten minutes you are ever likely to experience.

It is not so much a time to relish what may be your last coffee on earth, or to draw deeply on the *Military Issue Only* triple-filtered "Romark" cigarette — which, rumor has it, contains far more essence of datura than is stipulated by the International Drug Control Board. It is a time for realistic assessment of the situation, analysis of feasible options, and a concerted effort to suppress the talons of fear that strike with the realisation that you may not survive the last 90 minutes. It is time to attune the mind to positive vibrations: to convince yourself that with a bit of careful management, and an affirmative nod from the Gods, you may once again join the ranks of the sane. If that is your opinion.

Some of the lucky 2.037 percent will describe their Devil's Tea Break as having an eerie sense of time in suspension: aware of their surroundings, yet strangely detached — like astral separation, enclosed within a vacuum, groping for an adequate description, ending in solemn silence as the memory sucks them viciously back to a time not easily forgotten. And with the calm acceptance of death as a distinct likelihood, the whole situation is seen with unimaginable clarity. "And into the Valley Of Death rode the..." You may have to shake the narrator rather vigorously to transport him back to reality.

He will not try to dissuade you from your chosen path. More likely he will endow you with a piece of sound advice. And he may poke you sharply and painfully in the chest in order to impress upon you that disregard of such advice has led to the downfall of the remaining 97.963 percent whose charred flesh and disintegrating bones have littered the legal battlefields of the world for the last 20 years. Listen well.

All military personnel will be issued with a standard Comtex Mark II Series-9 digital wristwatch at the commencement of active duty. The Comtex Mark II keeps perfect time. Repeat: perfect time. The advice is a simple statement. Always be aware of the time. The rules of combat are followed precisely to one-tenth of a second. Any proven infraction of the rules is a crime bearing the maximum penalty. Alleged infractions of the rules are determined to within one tenth of a second. To the foot soldier, that time span can be, and in most cases is, fatal. Repeat: Always be aware of the time. Especially during The Devil's Tea Break.

D'Angelo sighed with a heaviness spawned from a sudden, overwhelming sense of desperation. The veil of fatalism that had carried him so far unscathed

through the main streets of Hell floated nonchalantly down into the slimy ooze of mud and sump oil at his feet. He huddled like a cornered rat against the soggy, crumbling walls of the deep crater, as the westerly wind searched for the smallest opening in his rain-sodden battle fatigues. A charred corpse floated face down in the small lake that was steadily forming at D'Angelo's feet: a corpse that could so easily be his own sometime during the next 90 minutes of combat.

The rain eased a little as the last echoes of the thunderstorm rumbled across the sky and expired. A single pillar of thick, black smoke spiralled into the retreating storm clouds: a monument to the brutal encounter between two armies barely a minute ago. Everything stopped for tea. Everyone and everything, except the wind, and the rain, and Frank D'Angelo's premonition of impending doom.

4:01.35 PM

He sighed again. Despair, aloneness, insignificance, clumsily removing his protective helmet with trembling hands. He placed it gently upon his lap, and leaned back tiredly against the wall. He closed his eyes for a moment, struggling to erase the images of the day's encounter. One by one, they died again before him.

Marsh, the West Indian, just turned 16. He'd lied about his age, his baby eyes wide with excitement at the prospect of fast action and wild weekends. They'd seen right through him, but they let him in anyway. Sadists. Marsh, the innocent child. Long, graceful legs. Legs that sped like a gazelle's. But not fast enough to evade a laser beam: 186,000 miles per second. He was still running six seconds after his midriff had been blown away.

O'Reilly, the lunatic Irishman. The treaty with England had left him a walking time bomb with nothing to destroy. He'd wreaked havoc with the enemy before the crossfire got him. Even the flies couldn't find him. And Parnell. The ex-con. Both legs crushed to the hip under a tank. He screamed for an hour while the rest of the squad was pinned down by concentrated fire.

And McKay. God. McKay. The macabre image was branded inside his skull for the rest of his days. Providing he made it through this one first.

4:02.11 PM

D'Angelo opened his eyes reluctantly. He breathed in, deeply, slowly. The familiar stench of cauterised flesh still lingered in the heavy atmosphere despite the wind gusts. His mind slightly refreshed, he reached for the coffee flask in his backpack. His hands seemed steadier than they were a few moments ago, and most of the contents made it past his numbed lips. It tasted good. Unbelievably good. He recapped the flask and eased it upright into the mud beside his rifle. He glanced quickly at his Comtex and leaned back against the wall again. The rain resumed with in-

creased vigor, but it felt good against his face. He closed his eyes again and drifted for a while.

Silicon chips. That was the whole wretched beginning of the end. Christ! Even the bloody shithouse had been computerised. And the Unions could have stopped it, if they could have seen beyond their own bloody pockets for a change. So what was left for the billion and one Frank D'Angelos — replaced by computer and laser technology — to do, but mope around the house all day, smoke a few joints, and watch 3D video re-runs?

Why, what humans do best, you great galah. Make war.

No, no. Not nuclear war. We don't want to annihilate the whole goddamned planet. It's all a game now, even more than it was before. We've got new rules and we stick to them. And there are harsh penalties for anyone who breaks them. Fair dinkum. It's an eight-hour day, five days a week. Weekends off, and two weeks furlough every three months. You get an hour for lunch and two ten-minute tea breaks every day. Everything stops for tea. Bang on the nose. No kidding. You only do a year compulsory, and the payoff at the end is unbelievable. Shit mate, if I wasn't tied to this desk job, I'd be in there myself. It's a piece of cake. Just sign here.

4:03.59 PM

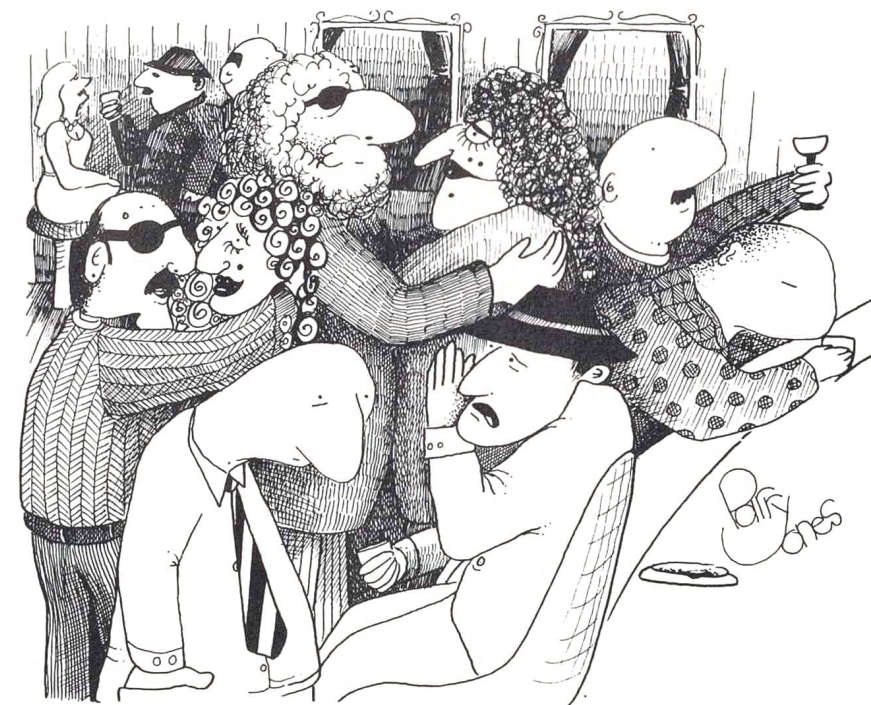
D'Angelo grinned sardonically as he

opened his eyes and checked the time. How could he have been sucked in so easily? Laura, of course. Beautiful, leggy, dumb-blonde Laura. He was a fool to believe she could be possessed by one man. The short relationship had turned sour overnight. He'd thought her lack of response was due to something he'd said; tact had never been his strongpoint. She'd brushed his hand away with ill-concealed distaste, without offering any reason for her rejection. His anger had mounted at her stubborn silence, and as she moved to turn her back on him, he'd dragged her around and hit her. Hard. Tried to go down on her. A stale, dirty smell. He cried out in pain as her knee pushed firmly into his groin and she dragged him from under the sheets by his hair. She spat the truth out spitefully, without compassion. His best friend. Two hours ago. And it wasn't the first time.

He shook his head, grinning widely to himself. Hot tears rolled down his cheeks in a steady stream as he relived the memory.

"No time for negative vibes now, old mate," he admonished himself. He forced his eyes to open wide, sucked in the air in hungry, short gulps, and fumbled for the unopened packet of Romarks in his fob pocket. They had remained untouched for the last three months, but if he ever needed one it was now.

"That's it, sonny," a voice cooed from somewhere within his scrambled mind.



"See the guy in the tweed jacket, talking to the big busted broad in white? Well, go right two people to a large guy, mid-forties with shades, he's called big Eddie... He's the one who knows where the gents is."

TEA-BREAK

"One li'l ol' puff won't hurt. Ease the load a little. Deaden the nerves. It's nearly over anyway." The crumpled packet slipped from his hands. D'Angelo shivered uncontrollably as the quagmire of the crater sucked and gulped until the packet vanished from sight beneath its foul embrace.

"Maintain, damn it. Maintain," he muttered grimly, clamping his eyelids against the fatigue-induced hallucination. He brought himself under control, opened his eyes and lifted the dripping packet from between his boots. He returned them unopened to his pocket. "Positive thought. Ninety minutes to go. Get it together, damn you."

4:04.27 PM

He blanked his mind. Blackness. Think of nothing. No sound. Ignore the wind, the rain, the cold. The insanity of it all. A face materialised in his tortured mind. Hard faced bitch of a recruiting officer. He wanted to rape her overpainted lips. She stared at him, superior — nose twitching slightly. His presence: an undesirable odor in the dingy, off-white interviewing room. She donned her reading glasses, too casually, too well rehearsed, stared at him with distaste over the fine wire rims and lowered her head to the form on her desk. Her voice matched her face: chainsaw cutting steel.

"All military personnel will be issued with a standard Comtex Mark II Series-9 digital wristwatch. The Comtex Mark II keeps perfect time." She raised her cold grey eyes and peered icily over the spectacles once more. "I repeat: perfect time." She studied him for a moment, bacteria through a microscope, and returned to the form. "Your daily weaponry will include: one auto-recharge laser rifle equipped with heat-seeking infra-red sights. Effective range 200 metres."

D'Angelo's eyes wandered over the wall behind her. Hairline cracks weaved around flaking paint and ageless water marks. A small moth careened across the ceiling and landed squarely into a large, funnelled spider web in the dimly lit corner. He watched, fascinated, as the absurdly fat spider sprang and secured the moth in its embrace. The struggle was brief. Who said the good guys always won?

"One standard, 48-centimetre laser blade for hand to hand combat. Six limited-spread neutron grenades. You will observe two ten-minute tea break periods and one 60-minute lunch period per day. You shall not engage the enemy during these periods."

D'Angelo's eyes returned to their starting point as the recruitment officer raised her eyes sternly, keeping a check on the pupil. He winked at her and smiled as her cheeks flushed. She snapped her gaze back to the form.

"All combatants must engage the ene-

my at least once during each combat period. Total engagement time will be not less than 30 minutes. Each combatant will be monitored by Central Control. Combatants who have not engaged the enemy for the stipulated durations will be charged under section 347A of the War Games Rule Book: cowardice, or failure to execute one's duties. The penalty..." she removed her glasses and fixed D'Angelo with her penetrating gaze. She smiled, something D'Angelo believed was an impossibility. "The penalty is immediate termination by Central Control."

4:05.19 PM

He awoke. Panic. The time. He clawed at his tattered sleeve and focused on the Comtex. He fell back against the wall, hyperventilating. Cold sweat. God. He was falling apart at the very time he needed to be in full control. He wasn't going to make it. God help me. I've got to make it. So close. So near. I'm going to make it. I will.

We'll share the
same broad. See you
at Sunday mass, and
blow your frigging
head off first
thing Monday

No negatives. Stand up. Get the blood circulating. He rose awkwardly, legs cold and stiff. Boots wanting to slide. Steady. Steady. He peered over the disintegrating rim, arms hanging loosely, helmet balancing in limp fingers. A fallen enemy soldier lay face down in the bog just a few metres away. A fine wisp of blue-grey smoke drifted skyward from the smouldering black crater between his shoulder blades, and was ruthlessly whipped away in a burst of wind. Clean. Humane. Who were they trying to kid?

The rain suddenly descended with a force that suggested its only purpose was to drown Frank D'Angelo before the enemy fried him. He crouched back into the mire, curling even further into himself, chewing nervously on his bottom lip until a thin trickle of blood seeped from one corner of his mouth. Damn the rain! Everyone despised it. With it came the mud, clinging spitefully to the foot soldier's heavy boots — weighing him down as he clawed his way to cover from the seething swarms of death rays. No-one wanted to die in the mud: it was undignified. You stupid bastards. What did it matter where you got

your head blown off? There was no dignity on a battlefield. Only desperation, and fear, and overcooked meat.

4:06.59 PM

And the weekends. Yeah. That really capped off the week. D'Angelo managed a tired smile. If you don't have a wife or a steady girl to go to, no worries. We'll turn it on for you. Can't have unhappy soldiers moping around the barracks. It's Friday night. The fighting's over. Freshen up. Meet Harry. He's the guy who had you pinned down for an hour last week. The same guy who wasted your best mate with a laser blade in the back. Hi, Harry. Let's have a few drinks. Lay a few broads. Plenty of empty-headed, pill-popping broads from the outside, willing to do anything, if you care to blow a week's wages on them. How about a friendly game of tennis on Saturday? Sure, bring some of your pals along. By the evening we'll be like brothers. Share the same broad. See you at Sunday mass, and blow your frigging head off first thing Monday, if he doesn't stick you with his energy blade first. And some of the 2.037 percent re-enlisted. Loonies. The world was full of them.

And the time. Forever watching the time, and while you watch it, praying for the final session to end, and looking forward to that beautiful hot shower and a wholesome meal, and sleep. Oh God. Glorious oblivion. An enemy sniper checks the time before sending you into history.

4:07.02 PM

And don't forget the clever bastards. The sadists. Watch out for the tricks. The enemy who casually wanders over at lunch break, angelic smiles, well rehearsed. And the suckers fell by the score.

"Sure buddy, have some coffee. Yeah, I know what you mean, it sure is hell all right. I got a wife and two kids on the outside. You too, huh? Yeah, I got two little beauties too." And before you know it, lunch is over, by one tenth of second, and while you've been gabbing, he's been watching the time. If you're lucky, he may thank you for the coffee as he burns your intestines out.

"Got a fag, buddy?" The soft voice raised every hair on D'Angelo's body. Seemingly in slow motion, he snatched his rifle and hurled himself at the opposing wall of the dugout, desperately attempting to level his gun at the towering, unmoving figure straddling the dugout rim. He crashed awkwardly into the crumbling embankment. A searing pain lanced through his right arm. Only his carelessness in not snapping back the safety catch prevented the gun from discharging. "Hey, take it easy buddy." The figure tapped himself on the chest indicating his uniform and insignia. "Same side, okay?" D'Angelo whimpered with relief.

"Jesus! You nearly gave me a coronary."

"Sorry buddy. My Romarks got waterlogged. I got desperate for a smoke." The

rain had abated slightly and the young soldier eased himself carefully down the slippery wall into the small lake forming in the crater. D'Angelo glanced anxiously at his Comtex. Christ. He hadn't even worked out a survival plan. He rested his rifle against the wall and rubbed his elbow vigorously. The kid unslung his own rifle and leaned it carefully next to D'Angelo's.

4:08.13 PM

"Sorry I freaked you out like that, buddy."

D'Angelo squinted into the black visor. "Sure. No sweat lost. I'm as jumpy as hell. Final day of combat. Ninety minutes to freedom. Men get jumpy." He groped around his pockets for the Romarks. "Say, which squad...?"

"Last day? The Devil's Tea Break? Hell buddy, I never met anybody who made it that far before. Shit. I'd be wetting myself. Hey, maybe I can stick with you; I'm a top dog when it comes to covering fire. Jesus, you must be one helluva soldier." D'Angelo didn't know whether to laugh or cry. The kid's face was totally obscured by his visor, but the high-pitched nasal voice betrayed his immaturity. The kid sounded barely 16, probably lured by the same line that got most of them. *Retire in luxury after only one year.* You poor sucker. Join the club. He found the Romarks and offered them to the kid.

"Don't delude yourself, kid. It's all a numbers game; mine may still come up."

"Hell buddy, you've just got to make it." The kid shook his head solemnly. "I mean, to make it so far and, hey, it must be getting close to the last period. You got the time?"

"Sure kid, it's... oh Jesus!" Six staccato bursts of the siren signalled the end of the final tea break, as indescribable pain seared through every fibre of D'Angelo's being. He clutched frantically at his tortured abdomen as the kid wrenched the laser blade out with a cruel twist. The odor of charred flesh filled and stung his nostrils. His vision blurred, and suddenly there was no pain. He felt as though a great weight had been lifted from his shoulders, as he crumpled untidily into the ooze. But as the light in his mind slowly flickered out, one last question demanded an answer. The kid. They were both on the same side. D'Angelo died with an almost comical expression of bewilderment upon his mud-died face, while the boiling hole in his abdomen sizzled and cooled in the slush of the crater.

The Comtex Mark II Series 9 digital wristwatch keeps perfect time. Repeat: perfect time. There is one simple piece of advice that may help you to survive. Always be aware of the time.

Oh, and one other thing I forgot to mention. Watch out for the enemy who switches uniform. Especially during the Devil's Tea Break. 



WE'RE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE that some things in America are still moving slow.

It takes a whole lot of just sitting for a batch of Jack Daniel's to gain rightful age. And, since there's no way to speed this process along, our employees get good at just sitting too. You may feel most things in America move too quickly today. But after a sip of Jack Daniel's you'll be pleased some things (and some people) still take it slow.



If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A. AB4152/85 JMT644.P285X1

MOTORING

FAST BUCKS

BY PETER McKAY

The latest Lamborghini is the ultimate in automotive exotica

The price tag reads a quarter of a million. That's Aussie dollars, not lire. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars... and not one cent more. That makes it the most expensive motor car on the Australian market. It is the V12 Lamborghini Countach Qv, a motor car that turns little boys into wide-eyed, slack-jawed automatons and sends big boys into hock.

The Countach has been picking up and whisking the motoring world away on

PHOTOS BY DEREK GOARD





FAST BUCKS

flights of fantasy — first class of course — for nigh on 14 years. Has it really been that long? That wonderfully outrageous Star Wars sculpture has stood the test of time, if not in the wind tunnel, then surely in the dreams of those who hanker for the ultimate in automotive exotica. In some

respects the Countach is out of step with today's fads. Maybe that's why it has proved so durable. It isn't a motor car which slips easily through the air; its coefficient of drag is a not-too-impressive 0.42. And in an era which places great emphasis on lightweight motor cars, the Countach weighs in at over 1600 kilos — that's 400 kg more than a Holden Commodore, and that's a lot of sporting car.

The hand-made Countach — it of the prodigious performance and wanton impracticality — is lovingly pieced together by Italian craftsmen at the rate of about 15 a month. And even with its premium recommended retail, demand for the Lambo flagship continues to outstrip supply.

Still, complacency is not an element at the Sant' Agata Bolognese headquarters. The evolutionary process is unrelenting and every so often this ongoing engineering work unfolds to reveal a model update designed to keep the Countach secure in

Lamborghini's self-appointed role of super-car benchmark.

The most recent Countach re-design — essentially an engine update but incorporating several dozen other subtle improvements — confronts and dismisses the King Car claims of Lambo's keenest rival and near-neighbor at Maranello, Ferrari. With its new Testarossa, the Prancing Horse had a powerhouse that could, in sheer performance terms, account for the 4.8-litre Countach, circa 1984.

The Lamborghini response was not long in coming. Earlier this year, it hit Europe's roads with a quad-exhaust fanfare in the form of a bigger 5.2-litre V12 Quattrovalvole engine. That new powerpack explosively ladles out 340 kiloWatts... compared with the 5.0-litre Ferrari's 290. The Testarossa will gallop to 290 km/h; the Countach Qv will happily see 295. That crown, lopsided a year ago, is looking secure again.

DOING IT SIDEWAYS

Penthouse goes racing in Japan, where they do it differently...

The nurse smiles and hands me a disposable cup marked with calibrations down the side. She jabs a fingernail at the 50 ml level. It's the usual game of charades but I get the picture and trundle into the bathroom for the obligatory splash.

Drugged and boozy drivers are not a big problem in Japan, especially not in motor sport. But the ever-conservative Japanese don't take chances. Urine tests for race drivers are mandatory; there'll be no doping scandals in motor sport in the Land of the Rising Sun.

It's Sunday and we're at Fuji International Speedway at the foot of Japan's majestic sacred peak. Today, at least, the mist and cloud and smog that often shroud the region are largely absent and the mountain is visible. It's part of Japanese lore that anyone who gets to see Mount Fuji on his first visit is a lucky person. We'll take all the luck we can get.

There are four *gaijin* — foreigners — racing at Fuji this day. Danny Stacy Chau and Michael Lieu from Hong Kong and Australians Bob Jennings and *Penthouse*. We're up against 30 kamikaze locals in a six-race pointscore carrying the weighty tag of 1985 Mirage International Ralliart Cup Series. It's a one-make series and we're all driving turbocharged Mirages of disturbingly different performance potential. It seems some are more equal than others.

The wise-cracking Chinese, Stacy Chau and Lieu, are committed to the whole series; Jennings and *Penthouse* are there at this second race as a warm-up for the plum, the Jackie Chan International Trophy at the Macau Grand Prix on November 23 and 24. Fuji International Speedway is

probably best known to Australians as the track where Niki Lauda relinquished his grand prix crown to James Hunt in sensational circumstances at the end of 1976.

Built in the mid-Sixties, Fuji isn't the safest racetrack in the world, not even since the owners eliminated the spooky pedal-to-the-metal, heart-in-mouth high-banked section. Located off the end of the main straight, this section snared its share of victims. And, although around two kilometres has been sliced from the original six-plus km track length, morticians continue to do good business out of Fuji; earlier this year the 32nd driver fatality was recorded there.

The high speeds bring 'em unstuck. Even in Fuji's abbreviated form the main straight stretches almost 1.5 km, so there's plenty of opportunity to get the chariots honking. Our little Mirage Turbos clocked 207 km/h. And then the tarmac tunnels into a tight right-hander with a run-off area about the size of a suburban backyard.

Qualifying for grid spots is not held Saturday as is the norm in Oz, but early Sunday. It matters not one bit. The foreigners

go like busted arses. All have similar tales to tell — they're getting monstered in the straights. Our worst fears are realised when lap times and official grid positions are posted: we're all in the wrong half of the grid, seconds adrift of the pace.

Our borrowed cars are strong and reliable but don't seem to have the grunt, nor the handling, of most of the rival machines. We learn through the grapevine that locals have employed every conceivable demon engine tweak to uncover 140 horsepower. We've got just 125 horses, and worse is to come at weigh in. When the cars go over the scales, naturally the gun Mirages just scrape the minimum of 850 kilograms. The *Penthouse* car is a flabby 879 kilos. We don't need luck; we need divine intervention. We resign ourselves to a walloping.

So we go out to do battle. It's a lopsided contest and the foreigners from Australia and Hong Kong get blown into the weeds. Mount Fuji's traditional good fortune has fallen in someone else's lap. When the *gaijin* greet the chequer it's nearly dark and the race winner Nobuo Komiya is carting off his 300,000 Yen and silverware in a wheelbarrow. But the Japanese are considerate winners. There are no contemptuous stares and no-one sniggers behind cupped palms.



The work goes on. The stylists are tackling the task of bringing that unrealistic 0.42 CD back to a sane 0.30. A prototype, recognisably Countach, has another three years — maybe more — of gestation. The outcome will be a sleeker, less geometric motor car capable of even higher speeds because of the lower drag.

In any form, the Countach is all animal. It was so at its birth, when the original LP400 set the aficionados grovelling. It does what the others don't dare to do. Rakish lines, complicated engineering and leather interior fail to hide its essential character; it's a racing car. That is its appeal. The engine is mounted amidships at the driver's shoulder blades to give near-perfect weight distribution. The chassis is not sheetmetal stamped, folded, pressed and spat out as one of thousands along a well-orchestrated factory production line. No, the Countach chassis — a space frame — comes to life in human hands. It starts as steel tubing and is cut and bent to a design based around experience garnered at the great race tracks of Europe.

The approach to the recent engine improvements reflects the commitment to performance and more performance. That an improvement in fuel efficiency was achieved along the way is probably sheer coincidence.

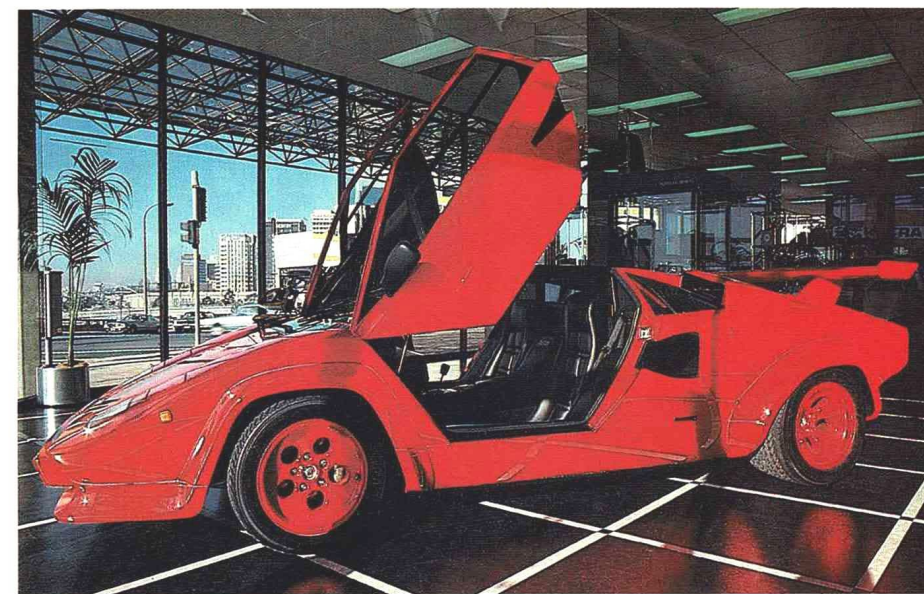
The re-design and strengthening of the alloy V12, including the increase in stroke from 69 to 75 mm (which stretched the capacity from 4753 cc to 5167 cc), accounted for 22kW of the extra grunt. Then there were gains in the revised induction system. Completely new alloy cylinder heads now have two pairs of inclined valves, each pair driven directly off one of the two camshafts perched on each bank of six cylinders. Compression is higher than before: 9.5 to 1. And those six sidedraught Webers of old are gone. Instead, initially at least, come six twin-throat downdraught Webers sitting between the cylinder banks.

Other refinements include side windows that open to the extent that the driver may now hand toll collectors their dues. Kevlar front and rear panels lop five kilos from the kerb weight but it seems a token gesture. There's a lighter-feel clutch pedal too.

Now the 1985-model Countach Qv is here. Brents in Melbourne got hold of a jet black-with-black-interior mind blower. And then the world's first right-hand-drive fuel-injected Qv landed in Sydney. This red stunner, with color-matched red road wheels, dials up 475 horses, or 354 kW. Top speed is in excess of 300 km/h.

The outlandish red number jetted into Sydney in the belly of an Alitalia 747 so as not to run the gauntlet of the delinquents of the wharves who, rather than acknowledge fine machinery with a salute and a pat on the rump, are likely to leave as a calling card a spiteful and envious kick in the doorskin.

Home for the Countach Qv — at least until someone comes along with a lazy quart-



For sale... The red hot V12 Lamborghini Countach Qv



er million — is The Toy Shop, located fortuitously and pointedly in the heart of North Sydney's expense-account ad agency fairland. The Toy Shop specialises in motor cars with lots of naughts on the list price: De Tomaso, Lambo and, if you're a relative cheapskate, Alfa. The idea of establishing the dealership in North Sydney was Paul Halstead's, previously a high-flyer of the computer world who always possessed a passion for fast and expensive motor cycles and cars.

Halstead trundled out to Sydney Airport with trade plates and jumper leads in his briefcase and a can of fuel, and then drove the Italian jewel back to his workshop. Just like that.

Was he pleased with the contentious red wheels? Yes, they worked fine. When Halstead nominated red with red, the Italians were aghast. But it was Halstead's money and even the persuasive Italians could not sway him. Back from Sant' Agata Bolognese came the telexed concession: "We shall commit the crime. Your wheels are red." Nine months down the track, when he first clapped eyes on his big investment, Halstead figured the gamble was the right one. And it is a gamble when you're dealing in low volume, mega-priced merchandise like this. The Italians don't accept returns. Too bad should an importer with no feel for style order a color that no-one wants. He owns it.

Halstead had two clients breathing heav-

ily over the Countach Qv's imminent arrival. One, a Ferrari owner, decided he couldn't hang out any longer for a Testarossa. The other prospective Lambo owner was described as a gentleman farmer who wanted something no other Australian has. Let the fight begin! The consolation prize is a white Qv due here soon.

That'll take the number of Countachs in this country to close to a dozen. They're getting so common. 

The brand- Bet your life it's



In the last 25 years, Toyota LandCruiser has become a legend in Australia, for supreme reliability, and strength.

The new generation of LandCruisers is built on these foundations. Reliability remains unchanged, but everything that could be improved, has been improved.

There are 24 models in the LandCruiser range including 11 all-new vehicles and 13 updated models. One of them is exactly what you want from a 4WD and you can bet your life it's a Land Cruiser.

On every model you'll find fresh modern styling, aerodynamic lines, and more glass area for better visibility.

Inside, you'll find a higher degree of comfort, wide cabins

with plenty of space, and a surprising number of features such as tilt steering – standard on all models.

The new LandCruisers aren't just completely re-styled, there's also a host of new engineering features.

When you look under the bonnet, you'll see that LandCruisers' tireless engines now

come in more powerful versions.

The new 4 litre, 6 cyl petrol engine provides a major increase in power yet it's lighter and offers better fuel economy. The 4 litre, 6 cyl diesel engine is improved, and the faithful 3.4 litre, 4 cyl diesel power plant is just as reliable.

There's a re-designed suspension system with longer leaf springs in the back, and on



TT462 LEFT

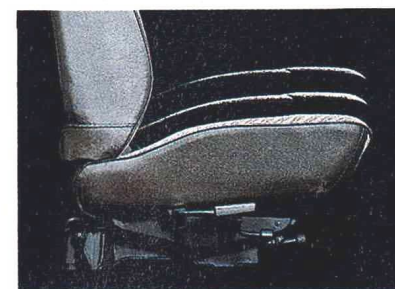
new legend. a LandCruiser.

most models†, a stabilizer bar in front. This system gives a more comfortable drive without being any less rugged in operation.

There's also a new differential which increases 4WD traction.

The new range includes two new kinds of LandCruiser models never seen before.

One, the Bundera is a rugged, fun-loving outdoor vehicle, powered by a strong 2.4 litre, 4 cyl petrol engine that delivers



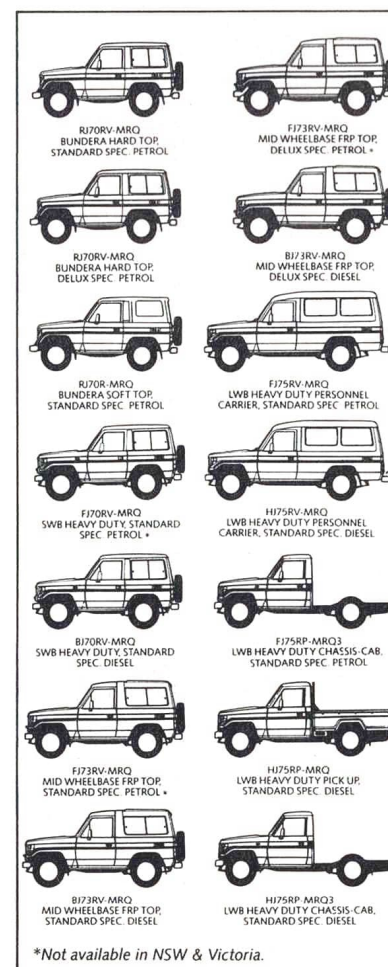
A special two-stage suspension seat smooths out the ride on Bundera Hard-top and FRP-top de luxe LandCruisers.

welded box frame for extra high unit-beam strength – in fact the torsional rigidity of the Long Wheel Base frame is three times that of any previous LandCruiser.

So although every model in the new LandCruiser range, with its extensive re-design and re-building, may look unfamiliar at



LandCruiser Bundera – the sports 4WD convertible! Vinyl top, rear windows and frames, and side windows are all removable – and the windscreen folds flat on the bonnet. Enjoy the wide-open spaces.



outstanding pace through its high power-to-weight ratio. It's got coil springs all round, plus style, comfort and fuel economy. Two, the Mid Wheel Base Cruiser with F.R.P. Top sets a new standard in off-road versatility with power and torque to spare.

LandCruiser's famous durability has gone even further in this new range. All body panels are a full 1mm thick, using a remarkable new steel sheet, called "Excelite", which is given two layers of galvanisation, to improve rust resistance and paint-coating characteristics.

The whole frame is welded, not riveted, into a closed section

first – don't be misled. In terms of its appetite for hard work and



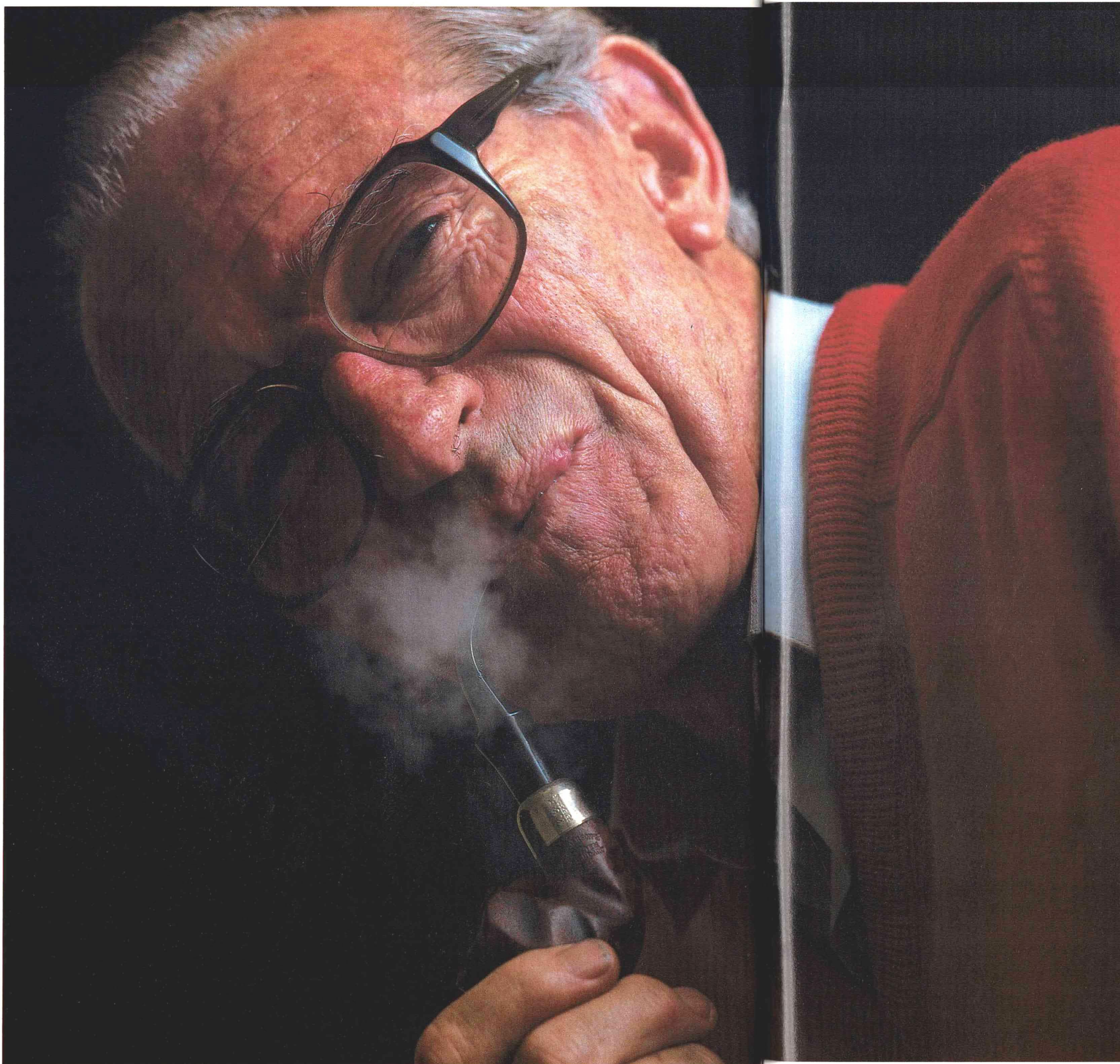
One-touch 2WD – 4WD selector switch is standard on Bundera Hard-top and Mid Wheel Base de luxe models.

absolute reliability, you can bet your life it's a LandCruiser.

†Not applicable Cab/Chassis, or Pickup.

TOYOTA
Oh what a feeling!

TT462 RIGHT



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

“You’ve got to be prepared to make enemies. I am two things above all, a revolutionist and a writer, as Henry Lawson was.”

FRANK HARDY

BY ADRIAN TAME

To the Establishment he's a communist who should simply pack his bags and board the next plane to Moscow. To the judiciary he will be remembered as the defendant in Australia's most celebrated libel case — the *Power Without Glory* trial. To Prime Ministers Bob Hawke and Gough Whitlam he's a bloke who used to be a good mate. To the country's Aborigines and the similarly disenfranchised poor he's something of a saint. To the student of the arts he's a cross between a writer of pure genius and a hack journalist.

But if you ask Frank Hardy what he most wanted to be in the eyes of the world he would tell you: “The literary successor and chronicler of Henry Lawson, the greatest Australian of all time.” That's if you asked him today. If you popped the question in two years time chances are he'd be cherishing totally different ambitions. Frank Hardy, 67-year-old communist, father of three, best and worst-selling author, confidant of the rich and powerful, champion of the dispossessed, is, above all things, a product of change, a creature of the moment. Like most genuinely creative men he is possessed by a restless spirit, an insatiable appetite for a cause, but never a *cause celebre*. Less predictably he is fired by an independence of mind and a passion for truth that often spills over into arrogance.

His formative years were spent in working class Collingwood, later immortalised as Carringbush in his most

PHOTO BY GRAEME DAVEY

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acclaimed work, *Power Without Glory*. He had a communist father and a Catholic mother, and when their religious and ideological differences clashed the portraits of Karl Marx and the Virgin Mary, hanging on the living room wall, were the first victims. When they went back up again harmony was again restored to the Hardy household.

To describe him as a late developer is almost flattering to Hardy. He had barely written a word by the age of 30. Since then he has completed 18 books, several plays, literally hundreds of short stories and newspaper articles, and has had his songs recorded by Anthony Newley, Rolf Harris and Nana Mouskouri. His communism, despite various lapses and fallings from grace, will always be dear to him. He points out that if he were a British communist it wouldn't matter if he handed in his party card. In Australia it would represent too much of a victory for his political enemies. What he really means is that it takes a lot more guts to be a communist in Australia than most other places in the world, with the possible exception of America. He nurtures a fierce resentment of "the land of the brave and the free", and bitterly opposes any of its influences on Australia.

Penthouse contributing editor Adrian Tame met with Hardy on several occasions

over a period of three days, the first meeting being in a suburban Melbourne restaurant. Tame recalls that it was far from an amiable dinner time chat; in fact it was a fully-blown confrontation. It also set the tone for the next two days. Tame's account of proceedings at the restaurant provides a fascinating preface for the interview.

"There was no reason to have suspected that dinner with Frank Hardy would be such a disaster. I had met him once before, years ago and only briefly, but my memories of the occasion contained nothing to make me suspect we would clash so heatedly the second time around. The negotiations to get him to agree to a *Penthouse* interview were prolonged and awkward, and when he eventually agreed to fly to Melbourne to meet me he suggested we dine together so we could discuss the directions the interview would take. He chose an award-winning restaurant in an outer suburb midway between my home and the house where he was staying.

"I arrived there by taxi, and while waiting for him spent the time examining the upwardly mobile young couples at nearby tables. Hardy's reputation as a gambler and his allegiance to the Communist Party had led me to expect something less rigorously chic as a venue for our meeting. The other problem was the place didn't have a licence.

"Hardy arrived, also by taxi, ten minutes later. Like me, he had neglected to bring

alcohol. The manager agreed to summon a taxi, which would pick up some wine for us. This crisis hopefully in hand, Hardy addressed himself to the menu. It had changed, he told me, and become expensive, pretentious and limited. What followed was the first of a series of excruciating and venomous attacks by Hardy on the bright young thing serving at our table. 'Hello,' she simpered. 'My name's Sue, and I'm your waitress for tonight. I'll be looking after you.' It was the worst mistake she could possibly have made.

"After he had lectured her at length on the price and poor choice of soups, Hardy decided he would have the fish, but not the way it was suggested on the menu. Sue demurred and suggested it may already have been prepared. 'Look,' he said, 'You've got the fish, now go away and tell them how I want it cooked.' His eyes never left the table cloth throughout this exchange. He wasn't avoiding her glance, just defining the distance between them. While we waited for the entrees to arrive he suggested I plug in my tape recorder and we begin the interview. 'I told you on the phone I don't do that,' I said. 'I don't want to pick up the clatter of crockery, and besides, we haven't discussed the interview yet.' As if he hadn't heard me, he summoned the manager to our table and asked where the nearest power point was. The only available one was in a corner away from the dining area. 'Put a table there,' ordered Hardy. 'No, don't worry about it,' I said, feeling ridiculous. The manager went away, confused.

"Hardy addressed me almost as coldly as he had the waitress. 'I have only so much energy,' he said. 'And that doesn't include the energy to say things twice. We should start the interview now.' I explained that we had plenty of time — we had arranged to go to his place after dinner, and the agreement was we would continue the interview on Saturday morning and, if necessary, all day Sunday. 'I've decided against Saturday,' he said. 'But that was the agreement we made on the phone. I've arranged my weekend accordingly. . . . I don't work Saturdays, that's my day of rest.' One-nil to me on tape recording in the restaurant. One-each on a wasted Saturday.

"Halfway through the main course the taxi driver arrived with the wine. After I had paid him I became half aware of an angry exchange between him and Hardy. As we sat down again, Sue arrived to pour our wine. She tipped the customary thimble-full into the bottom of Hardy's glass. For the first time he looked her in the face. 'Pour me a glass of bloody wine,' he spat. 'I was just giving you a chance to taste it. . . . said Sue with just a hint of defiance. It was more than enough. 'Look, you know we got the bloody stuff from halfway across town. What are you going to do if I don't like it? Take it back?' Fair enough, I thought. If only she wasn't so vulnerable, and he

wasn't so savage in his destruction of her. I felt the first throbbing in my temples as distaste began to turn to anger. My blood was still pounding when he dropped the next bombshell. 'By the way,' he said. 'After you've transcribed the tapes I want to see how it turns out before you submit it.'

"Trying hard to remain calm I explained the whole point of a *Penthouse* interview was its spontaneity. All of that would be gone if Hardy demanded the right to censor what he didn't like. 'I don't want to censor it — I want to vet it. There are certain ways of saying things and getting your point across. . . . The argument ranged backwards and forwards, Hardy becoming more and more insistent, my control becoming more and more precarious. Suddenly I was aware I was on my feet leaning over him: 'Fuck you and fuck the interview. I'm leaving. You can do what you like.' Hardy's expression didn't flicker. 'Just as you like,' he said, as if I'd announced I was having black coffee rather than white. For the first time since he'd entered the restaurant I saw something to admire, almost like, about him. I hadn't been bluffing, and he knew it, but he'd called me anyway. The upwardly mobile ones stopped staring in our direction, a couple of them frowning their obvious disapproval.

"Over the next two days things improved — they couldn't possibly have got worse. My parting words to Hardy when I left him in the early hours of the following morning were: 'You're a cold man, Frank. There's no warmth in you.' He told me we didn't have to get on to produce a good interview, and anyway, Marx had said good often comes from conflict. When we met again on the Sunday morning I asked him how he had gone at the races the previous day. He told me there had been some mix-up when he had been trying to place his bets. I asked him if that were normal. 'Look,' he said, suddenly rounding on me. 'You asked me about the fucking races and I've told you. . . .'

"Hardy abhors small talk and similarly meaningless conversation like most people abhor dishonesty or violence. On repeated listenings to the six hours of tape we compiled I realised this about him, and I realised it probably stems from his extraordinary ability with words. He seems to regard words as his own children, never to be squandered or treated lightly. He operates verbally on a different level from most of us mere mortals; often you're obliged to listen twice or more to what he says to comprehend his real meaning. Somehow he left me feeling guilty that I had judged him so harshly and so readily in the restaurant. I was guilty and annoyed at how subtly he made it clear that my feelings towards him, whatever they were, had no relevance to him whatsoever."

Penthouse: I want to start by talking about what you said at the time Australia won the America's Cup. I know that was symbolic, for you, of much more than a sporting vic-

tory. One of the things you said was: "Thank God there are as few of us as there are, because, if there were more of us, we would be well on the way to conquering the world by now."

Hardy: I said a lot of things at that time, and I take none of them back. I remember walking into a shop in Collingwood at seven in the morning, and a man who to my knowledge had been unemployed for two years, without the price of a bottle of milk to his name, rushed in the door and said: "We've done it!" I said: "What have we done?" and he said: "We've won it." I said: "Won what?" He said: "The America's Cup." I said: "You never won that, you stupid bastard. It's a race for millionaires." And he wanted to fight me. I had to go to bed for two or three days. I would have got into brawls everywhere. But a fortnight later, at an unemployed workers' demonstration, I denounced the thing and said: "Hawkie loves Bondie, and all's well in the

"The way
I learn is by
arguing with people.
I thrust my truth
in front of them
against theirs"

best of worlds." And it brought the house down, because by then people had had time to realise the absurdity of it.

Penthouse: But how can you argue that the upsurge of positive feeling induced by winning the America's Cup. . . .

Hardy: It wasn't positive feeling. "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel," said Dr Johnson, and that's still true. Alan Bond and his millionaire confreres winning the America's Cup meant nothing to the average bloke who had never been on a yacht in his life. But suddenly life was like the Falklands War to England. At least they had a war.

Penthouse: It's not even a good spectator sport.

Hardy: It's the most boring sport in the world. I'd get up three nights later, come out of my bedroom and there it would be again, the re-run of the end of it. I couldn't stand it. What also amused me was Hawke putting on that jacket. It was a diversion; it was like Hitler's desire to win the Olympic Games. And that's why I said it's just as well there are not 200 million Australians, or we'd be taking on the whole world. You see the problem today is not the nuclear

bomb — it's the debt bomb. The Australian people owe one billion more than the national debt to finance companies.

Penthouse: Yes. You've spoken about the Depression, which was when people didn't have enough money to be in debt. But before we go into that let's talk about the America's Cup in terms of racism and patriotism. You grew up in Collingwood, and you've always had a huge regard and affection for the Greeks and Italians; you've lived with and battled for Aborigines. What do you feel the average Australian thinks about those peoples, and of course Asians?

Hardy: Well, as far as I can influence him, he feels positively, and I think I have influenced him considerably. But there are other forces at work. For instance I have now found five or six different signs — in South Melbourne, St Kilda, Tamworth and Kings Cross — in the same hand-writing and not a stencil, against Vietnamese migrants. In other words there is a professional graffiti writer who is being paid to travel around by an organised group.

Penthouse: But that's such an extreme example as to be less alarming than a grass roots form of racism. How racist is the average Australian?

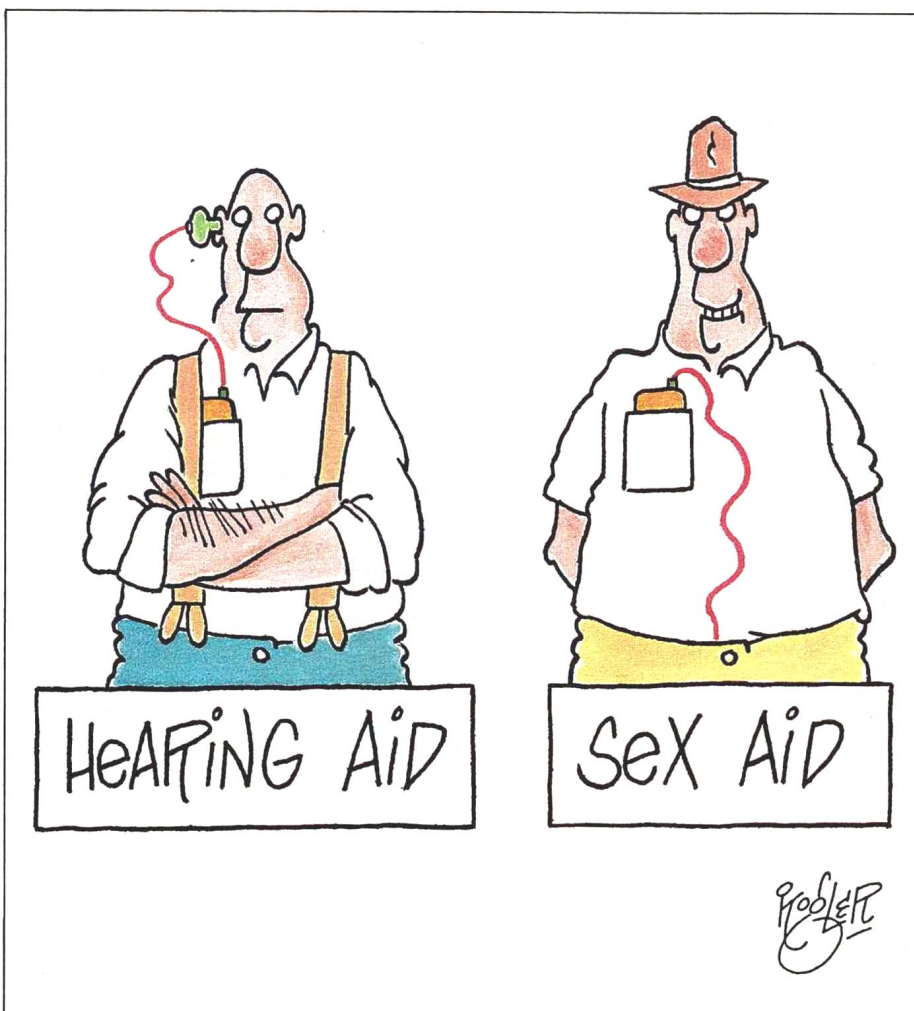
Hardy: Well, less so than the English. I am not convinced the majority are racist; I think it's a minority, and I think it's more stupidity than anything else. For instance, two generations of Australians have been brought up to believe the capitalist system does not go through a sequence of boom and bust, boom and bust. So they had 25 years of prosperity and believed it would last. And suddenly in the early to mid-Seventies they were confronted with depression. And it was easy to address them to a form of scapegoat — racism.

Penthouse: But during that period of boom there was the White Australia Policy.

Hardy: The White Australia Policy arose during a period of depression, about 95 years ago. An enormous depression hit in the 1890s, and the idea of the working man's paradise was proven a lie. Henry Lawson's poem "Faces In The Street" said: "They lie the men who tell us, For reasons of their own, That want is here a stranger, And that misery is unknown." They called Australia the working man's paradise, and Lawson said: "It's not a working man's paradise, the Depression has started." Now, today, the Lucky Country becomes unlucky. Same situation.

Penthouse: Do you see there has been a shift in racism away from, say Greeks and Italians, towards Asians?

Hardy: I would say the shift came first away from the Jews, to the Italians and Greeks, and then to the Asians. And of course, it's always been very bad towards the Aborigines. On the other hand I can't escape the belief that on a longer study of the situation it is greatly exaggerated and exacerbated by people like Professor [Geoffrey] Blainey, who writes books and



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articles giving intellectual credibility to this ignorant prejudice on the part of a small minority.

Penthouse: How can you say that about Blainey when he once launched one of your books?

Hardy: Well, I was unaware, until it was all arranged, that he was going to launch it, and I wasn't very happy about it. I was told by the publisher that he had approached them — and he hadn't even read the book.

Penthouse: Had you ever met him?

Hardy: No, I'd never met him before. I challenged him afterwards and said: "How the fuck can you launch a book if you've not even read it?" and he said it was something about me as a writer, and I knew then he was trying to jump on the bandwagon.

Penthouse: So you were by no means surprised by what he said at Warrnambool?

Hardy: Not at all. I remember an amusing incident. I was in a restaurant in Carlton with a friend and Blainey was there with Leonie Kramer, another punching bag of mine, not that I've done much punching of Blainey up to now. They came out of the restaurant, and because she had to avoid catching my eye, knowing I'd say something uncomplimentary, she ran into a crystal cabinet and ruptured herself in some way, and so she was bent double. And Blainey also had to avoid catching my eye at any cost because he knew I'd have a go at him. And he turned his back on me and passed this woman who is writhing in agony, and went and put \$120 on the counter — far more than was required — and exited. And she exited, huddled over.

Penthouse: Two people very desperate to avoid a confrontation with you?

Hardy: They thought I would have made some remark, and I probably would have. **Penthouse:** So, are you saying that Blainey is quite cynically using the issue of racism

to gain . . .

Hardy: On the basis that he is a subjectivist, and you can read all of his books, and go back to the books he did on the mining of Australia; they were all very pro the mining companies. It is predictable that he would find the ultimate issue.

Penthouse: So when he writes eloquently in the *Melbourne Herald*, and says that all he has done is draw the attention of the man in the street to a situation which is going to become intolerable, which is going to involve an Australia with a great percentage of Asians . . .

Hardy: I think it is bullshit that it will happen, anyway, because Asians are still a very small minority, and I find that the average Australian has a very good attitude towards the Chinese, for instance. I think that he will eventually have that attitude towards the Vietnamese, too. The only virtue in what Blainey has done is that he brought the issue up for discussion. He has tried to give intellectual credibility to something that people were tending to ignore and say: "It doesn't really matter, it's just a few cranks going around Australia writing signs in shithouses." He has given it an intellectual respectability, but he has also given an opportunity to answer it.

Penthouse: You have said there are four obsessions in your life: writing, gambling, the search for the perfect woman, and the search for truth.

Hardy: There is a fifth, and that's the defence of the poor.

Penthouse: Okay, but I'd like to first discuss the search for truth. One of the things you said to me earlier was never write anything you don't want to write. Is that part of it?

Hardy: How are you going to search for truth if you are telling lies? I'm not telling you any lies — I'm telling you the truth. I'm telling you honestly what I believe about the subjects you are asking me about.

Penthouse: There are gross impracticalities in being an honest man in search of truth. Every single day there must be at least ten occasions when it's not practical . . .

Hardy: Well, you saw the first half hour in the restaurant, right? I always show my true feelings. Towards you and the waitress. Your failure to have the tape recorder . . .

Penthouse: Not my failure, I told you . . .

Hardy: My failure to tell you it was a BYO restaurant. I should have done that because I knew. So I was shat off by me and you and the silly waitress coming on: "My name is Sue, and I'll be looking after you," and all the rest of this American crap. And it showed. Now, another more cautious salesman or business executive would have smiled when she gave him that American PR bullshit. And then the bloody cab driver says: "Have a nice weekend." He doesn't give a fuck if I drop dead tomorrow.

Penthouse: I don't care how you behave towards me but I thought your behavior

towards the waitress fairly objectionable.

Hardy: If my behavior was objectionable . . . but you see it was my truthful reaction. I always show people how I react.

Penthouse: I did find it objectionable the way you treated that girl because you hurt and upset and offended somebody who really did not have the capacity to fight back.

Hardy: But . . . some of my best friends are waitresses.

Penthouse: Is that meant to be a satirical thing?

Hardy: It's a satirical joke, but it also just happens to be true.

Penthouse: But that was bullying.

Hardy: It wasn't bullying at all. Here was a girl falling into the American smart-arse thing . . .

Penthouse: Because her boss had taught her . . .

Hardy: I know, but then her boss wasn't going to stop her, so I had to: I objected to it. I now have a thing about this — I've written a column about it — and the next bastard who says "Have a nice day" to me, I'll flatten 'im . . . I'll flatten 'im. So I just knocked the cab driver's hat off and said: "Stop here. Here's a few dollars, now fuck off, and don't you ever say 'Have a nice day' again, because you don't give a damn whether I live or die."

Penthouse: I wouldn't dream of arguing with you about "Have a nice day." But where I take issue with you is bullying someone who can't defend themselves. I think that is indefensible.

Hardy: I didn't think I was bullying her. I was agitated, and I didn't hide the fact. Here I suddenly see a menu with all this pretentious crap, lousy tucker, and the cheapest soup is about \$5. What could you get cheaper today than cauliflower and pumpkin? And I went out of my way after that to be more than . . .

Penthouse: Indeed you did. So you are prepared in the search for your own honesty to hurt other people?

Hardy: Absolutely. Now I could have taken her on one side and said: "I've only done this for that reason," and in normal circumstances I would have done that. But you see you must learn to react truthfully.

Penthouse: How often do you get punched?

Hardy: Oh, very rarely. Years ago I used to get into fights, over racism mainly. But I can handle myself; I've learned a few skills knocking around the scene, and so on.

Penthouse: I wasn't asking the question to find out how well you could defend yourself. I wanted to find out how often being honest provokes a violent reaction.

Hardy: Well not necessarily physically violent, but it does provoke a violent reaction. For instance I was on *City Extra* a few months ago and people rang up. One bloke wanted to pay my fare to Russia. I learned Bernard Shaw's axiom very early on: "If you are going to commit sedition, which I highly recommend, you should do

so in a way that will make those who would otherwise wish to hang you think you are joking."

Penthouse: I gather from what happened in the restaurant that you abhor the American influence in Australia?

Hardy: All this business of "Have a nice day," and the consumerism and the insincere human relations that arise from consumerism. You get the relationship between salesman and buyer. There is no normal relationship, no capacity for self-sacrifice or caring more about other people. It's a relationship of dishonesty and exploitation.

Penthouse: Hamlet is told: "This above all: To thine own self be true." How many times have you gone to bed at night disgusted for not being true to yourself?

Hardy: The times I've gone to bed disgusted have been on those occasions when I've not been true. You have to cultivate what is best in yourself, and when you fall short of that, criticise yourself. You've got to be prepared to make enemies. If I wasn't a writer perhaps it wouldn't worry me so much. I am two things above all, a revolutionist and a writer, as Henry Lawson was.

Penthouse: Who do you see, alive today, as honest men in search of truth?

Hardy: Lawson.

Penthouse: No, alive today?

Hardy: Truth is different for every man. It exists in the memory, therefore it has hindsight and tidies up the past. The truth at the moment depends upon other truths by which people live.

Penthouse: Are you saying truth is relative?

Hardy: Yes. The way I learn is by arguing with people, by clashing with them. I thrust my truth in front of them against theirs, and then perhaps take part of their truth.

Penthouse: But you still haven't come up with the name of one person who lives his life in the pursuit of truth.

Hardy: I would mention Arthur Koestler, Clem Semmler, James Baldwin — people I know.

Penthouse: How well do you know Baldwin?

Hardy: Very well . . . a great man. Signoret had a very good joke. Baldwin is obviously and completely homosexual, and I'm obviously and completely heterosexual, and we used to talk a lot. And Signoret, who is very wise, would say: "What on earth do you two talk about?" And I said: "There are two things we have in common: we talk shop about writing, and secondly we've got left-wing ideology." I don't think of Jimmy as a sexual human being at all.

Penthouse: Does he think of you in those terms?

Hardy: No. I have many of his books inscribed with great affection, but I admire him as a revolutionist. I want to take this opportunity to state publicly for the first time the difference between a revolutionary and a revolutionist. A revolutionary wants to change a given situation or system, while

a revolutionist, even when the system has been changed, is against it; he's got to change it again or watch it.

Penthouse: I would be very interested in tracing the evolution of your relationship with Bob Hawke. You were once close friends, punting mates, and now you have been quoted, more recently, as saying the only difference between Hawke and Menzies is that Menzies didn't cry. That represents a real change in your feelings towards Hawke, doesn't it?

Hardy: First of all Bob Hawke is only Prime Minister, so he can't do much harm. Once when Anthony was Prime Minister they found him in a caravan without a telephone, the way he'd been for a week, and they asked: "How do you contact Canberra?" He said: "I don't. You don't think politicians run the country? I've got no say in running the country, it's running itself. I'm here on a holiday." The industrial-military complex, as Eisenhower called it, runs the country anyway. But the peculiarities of Prime Ministers, Presidents, or whatever, will have some influence on it. You see, Bob Hawke likes to be liked too much to be a good Prime Minister. He won't be able to cope with this lack of popularity, because in his character is some psychological thing involving his desire to be liked. He always was to me a charming and amiable friend.

Penthouse: How did you first meet?

Hardy: In the Lygon Hotel, which is now

the John Curtin. I guess in the mid-Sixties, as soon as he came to Melbourne from Canberra. Of course in those days Hawke was more left-wing than he is now. And we had interests in common. I found when he was President of the ACTU, and I was campaigning for Aborigines, he'd make things a bit easier in one way or another. His son, by the way, is now doing great work with Aborigines in Western Australia. And then we started a betting system together based on *The Age* track gallops. We went to the races together on a few occasions, but I was on my way to the Northern Territory the day we decided to start the system. When I arrived in Katherine — I was going to spend the night there — I went into the betting shop, and they had the list of the Melbourne racing results, and we'd backed the card. So I rang Hazel at one in the morning when I eventually got to Darwin, woke her up and said: "Did Bob go to the races?" And she said he came home and covered the kitchen table with money, and counted it, and went out again. So we won 1900 quid, I think it was, on the first day. We had put in 200 pounds each, and worked it out very carefully over a period of months, and he refined it right down.

Penthouse: That was at the time Bob Hawke was enjoying a drink. Do you think the fact he no longer enjoys a drink has anything to do with . . .

Hardy: He was a very good man to drink with in a pub because he was friendly and



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INTERVIEW

amiable, and he enjoyed that conversational contact.

Penthouse: Were you aware that his drinking was becoming a problem?

Hardy: No. It never seemed a problem to me. But I didn't see that much of him later, so I don't know if his drinking deteriorated. To me he was just a social drinker, but it must have deteriorated considerably, and led to a lot of trouble for him to have given it up. On the other hand Bob was always ambitious, and one was aware that he saw himself as Prime Minister material. Therefore his ambition may have caused him to say: "I'd better not drink." The last time I saw Bob we launched a book together at the Victorian Club, and we recalled the past amiably. Since then, of course, he has become Prime Minister, and I've attacked his policies on a few occasions. I haven't seen him since; the only contact has been when we've spoken on talk-back radio programs. There's been no personal contact, but then it's not possible for a Prime Minister to have friends, and I was never among his closest friends.

Penthouse: When you have attacked him or his policies, has he ever got in touch and said: "Hey, Frank what are you doing?"

Hardy: No, no. He wouldn't do that. I don't know how he reacts to me now. I care, but politics is politics, and he's a political man, and so am I. With his record as Prime Minister I'm not very happy, to say the least, and when necessary I will hit him and his policies if I have to. In regard to that remark about Menzies, I was trying to explain that I felt the Labor Party had taken over all the Liberal policies and was now the establishment party.

Penthouse: Does it ever hurt you personally to say and write those things about someone who was once a good mate?

Hardy: It does, and I think I've been rather constrained, even here, in what I've said about Hawke.

Penthouse: Can you talk about the changes in his popularity since he came to power?

Hardy: I think it will worry him. I met a few members of parliament recently, and they all expressed the view that he was in a very grave state of tension. And so he may well crack, in my opinion. He's not really a tough man, but he's certainly taking some pretty tough decisions. He wants to be liked more than anything else. For instance, he made a joke in Queensland when his approval rating was on 73 percent. A reporter said to him: "What do you think about that?" And Hawke replied: "I want the names and addresses of the other 27 percent." It was a good joke, but it was only half a joke. "Why don't the other 27 percent love me? What have I done to them?" I don't know that Bob can stand up to the pressure of that. And we have this Opposition system of government

where everybody has to abuse everybody else, and a man like Hawke doesn't like to be abused by anybody, so I don't know what will happen.

Penthouse: Which areas of his leadership are you most dissatisfied with?

Hardy: The main thrust of his Prime Ministership is consensus, and that means the profitability of capitalism. So what he and Keating are trying to do is to make a profit for the capitalists to invest in, in order to raise the employment level and so on. Now they believe these gains will filter through to the people down the bottom, but that's bullshit. So they're trying to run the country by encouraging investors to speculate and foreign banks to come in. They see the solving of the workers' problems in solving the problems of the millionaires and the multi-nationals, and that to me is so far away from Labor Party thinking. Strangely enough a number of small reforms affecting the lives of the poor have been made in NSW under Wran — very good reforms in the area of the arts, women's rights and so on. Labor governments in South Australia, NSW and Victoria have done better than the Federal Labor Government. The Federal Government is doing little or nothing in the way of enlightened legislation in areas like education, divorce and those things that Whitlam did. So on the basis of consensus I'm against the whole thrust of his Prime Ministership.

Penthouse: What about good memories of your relationship?

Hardy: When we had the betting system going I lived in Sydney, and Bob was always off at conferences, so on Saturdays we couldn't go to the races. So Hazel, who had never had a bet in her life, used to go out with pockets full of doubles tickets. Bob would carefully explain it all to her, and then she was off to the races buying all these tickets, a handbag full. The system lasted more than a year, but we eventually lost all the money we had won. We finished up even. We won that 1900 pounds on the first day, and went up and down from then on. It started when we met each other in the Lygon one day after the races, and he said: "You've got a lot of doubles tickets in your pocket. You're a bloody maniac on doubles." So we went and had a meal in a Chinese restaurant in Russell Street, and I explained to him what I was doing. This interested him greatly — he's a pretty smart punter by the way. He refined the system by introducing horses with country form, for instance. I was on the radio not so long ago, and the Prime Minister was coming on from Canberra, and it was suggested I ask him a question. So for a joke I said: "How are you going on the punt?" And he went into a long explanation about how he didn't have time as Prime Minister to study the form. It seemed to me that he didn't need to go into a long explanation. All he needed to say was: "Better than you, you mug." It was as if he was explaining away a serious problem to the people of

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INTERVIEW

Australia. Then I asked him about the Debtors' Act, and he replied with a grin: "If I took up all the issues that my friend Frank Hardy advocated I'd not have time to run the country." That was the last time we spoke together.

Penthouse: Let's talk about some of the famous names in your life, starting with Nana Mouskouri. When did you first meet her?

Hardy: In Melbourne in 1974. She was touring over here and I was introduced to her by David Frost. I asked him to introduce us. When I went to Europe in 1975 we spent a lot of time together.

Penthouse: I've seen you quoted in some obscure fan magazine, or something like that, saying you and she were very close in '76 and even closer in '77. What does that mean?

Hardy: Just what it says I suppose. I don't remember saying it. I can only say that she had a positive influence on my character in that she opened up horizons for me.

Penthouse: How often did you see one another when you were living in St Paul?

Hardy: Quite frequently.

Penthouse: One of your novels describes a photograph of her on a wall surrounded by a garland of flowers. Was that taken from your home in St Paul?

Hardy: Not exactly. In real life it was a bunch of flowers that had faded with a photo of her.

Penthouse: What did you have in common?

Hardy: Her father was left-wing. Her political opinions were rather left-wing and democratic. Also she's concerned with matters of human feeling and friendship, areas of the softer emotions.

Penthouse: You said last night you can't afford to be soft in relationships — was she instrumental in softening that side of you?

Hardy: Yes, that was an unexpected result.

Penthouse: Were you surprised you could attract someone like her? The unspoken question is, was it a platonic relationship?

Hardy: I wouldn't discuss that; let's leave that out.

Penthouse: The situation is now that you see little of her?

Hardy: Mmmm. But I don't know how that

will be in the future.

Penthouse: Tell me about David Frost.

Hardy: There's not much to be said. What you see is what you get.

Penthouse: Is he as insincere as he appears to be?

Hardy: Mmmm. I didn't use the word insincere, but there's a front of charm and you don't know what lies behind it. You doubt if there's anything else there. There's nothing objectionable in his company, but if I'd known that the ABC was interested in *Power Without Glory* at the time he bought it I would have sold it to the ABC first.

Penthouse: What about Menzies?

Hardy: At the time the system was booming, and a drover's dog could have run the country. Menzies essentially was a very shallow-minded lawyer, with a lawyer's skill of oratory. He was also capricious and disloyal and his whole career is a series of political assassinations, really.

Penthouse: Did you ever meet him?

Hardy: No, except to interject at his meetings.

Penthouse: He had a hell of a reputation for eating hecklers between meals. How did you go against him?

Hardy: That reputation was entirely false. He was the most easily ruffled and rattled man I ever struck. He had a pompous air about him, a very shallow mind, and an amusing and stupid ability to misuse classical quotations. He said to the Queen: "I did but see her passing by." A schoolboy wouldn't say anything as stupid as that — it embarrassed her. Not a man of extremely high intelligence.

Penthouse: I was surprised to hear you speaking of the English cricketer Freddie Trueman with affection.

Hardy: I met him through Keith Miller, when my love of cricket was very much stronger than it is now. I found his Yorkshire humor very appealing, but there were times when there were almost racist overtones in some of his stories about the West Indians and the Indians.

Penthouse: What about Kim Hughes and South Africa?

Hardy: My feelings about South Africa are very simple: not only should the cricketers not deal with them, nobody should. You must stop the trade with them as well. It's said it doesn't do them any harm if Australia doesn't trade with them, but that's bullshit. It doesn't do them any harm if Australia doesn't play cricket with them either. So you've got to be right down the line. **Penthouse:** Hawke seemed to see the error of his ways in attacking Hughes.

Hardy: That's only because Bob wants to be liked. He thought: "I shouldn't have offended poor old Kim like that." He knows all the cricketers. But this isn't a big issue with me. Our record on the colored question is not all that good — it's nearly as bad. My attitude is that a lot of people who campaigned against the Springboks didn't raise a hand to help the Aborigines.

Penthouse: Do you still go to the cricket?

Hardy: Not so much as I used to; I watch it on TV now. Until five years ago I was a fanatic. It was my sport. I'm pretty disgusted with the way most of the players... I found the Lillee-Marsh-Chappell epoch disgraceful.

Penthouse: What, the under-arm bowling, the metal bat and so on?

Hardy: Yes, and the sledging of colored players. The racism they displayed.

Penthouse: Does the MCG have any special meaning for you?

Hardy: Yes, I made 50 at the MCG once in country week, playing for Ballarat or Geelong when I was about 16. It was an amazing thing to play at the MCG, even when there was nobody there.

Penthouse: Can we talk about the time you seized copies of *Power Without Glory* from Mary Martin's bookshop in Melbourne?

Hardy: I don't know where Max Harris got the books from, but it was selling well in other places and he remaindered it for about \$2. I don't know whether he did it for the money or to annoy me. But I seized as many as Barry Dickins and I could get hold of. We put them into our suitcase, they didn't stay "Stop", and we didn't get a bill. There were about 30 copies. The funny part was that as Barry and I were preparing ourselves to go in to do the robbery, who should come along but Len French, the painter. I hadn't seen him for ten years, and he started chatting away outside the shop. We were trying to get rid of him saying: "Piss off, Len," and he's saying, "What have I done?" Poor old Len went off scratching his head. It was just like if you're about to rob a bank and a mate comes along and says: "G'day, how you doing?"

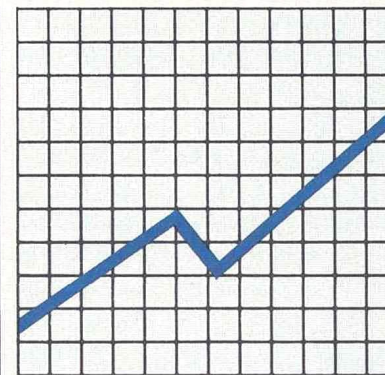
Penthouse: How did you go when Michael Parkinson interviewed you?

Hardy: He's not dissimilar to David Frost, really, but with a bit more substance. I insisted that my sister Mary go on with me, and he agreed to that. But then she couldn't face it, so I went on without her. Paul Hogan was on, too. Parkinson later said the two interviews he most regretted making were his first one with Muhammad Ali and the one with me. He tried to stop it going to air on the following Saturday. He lost his cool and started to appeal to the audience. I said to him at one stage: "You're here to ask the questions, not to make long, right-wing speeches." He stood up and shouted: "I've never voted Tory in my life. I'm a miner's son." It was very funny. And Hogan was in good form that night: he was making funny asides, largely at Parkinson's expense. So Parkinson was convinced Paul and I had prearranged to really send him up, but that wasn't so. And afterwards Paul and I were talking outside and Parkinson came by with his entourage, saw us standing there, and thought, "Christ Almighty, they're still gloat-

Continued on page 152

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

IS YOUR JOB RIGHT FOR YOU?



The right job, like the right woman, is not always easy to find. One man won't be happy until he's got a six-figure salary and a chauffeured limo; another may be perfectly content to spend his life hustling hamburgers for minimum wages. But the point is that nobody can ever be truly happy with a job no matter how high-paying and glamorous it may seem — unless it satisfies his particular psychological and social needs.

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Being stuck in the wrong job not only makes you miserable at the time but can also have a devastating effect on your future career. When someone doesn't like his job, he tends to produce lousy work. That, in turn, cuts down his chances for raises and promotions, which, of course, makes him even more dissatisfied with the job. The result is a vicious cycle of increasing frustration and ever poorer work performance, which can lead to life-long employment problems.

Yet it's not always easy to recognise when a job is wrong for you. Many of us are so busy with the day-to-day struggle of earning a living that we never step back and evaluate whether our job is right for us or not. And some men, having grown up with parents who hated their jobs, simply assume that work is supposed to make you miserable; they never realise that there may be an alternative.

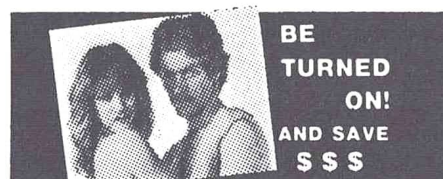
Nevertheless, there are certain basic measures of job satisfaction (and the lack of it) that seem common to most work settings. After reviewing current research in this field, we've used them in constructing this questionnaire.

1. With which of the following statements would you be most likely to agree?
 - (a) The work I do is more complex than I'd like. It's really too difficult for me, so I feel a lot of tension and worry about screwing up the organisation.
 - (b) My work is too simple. Any block-head could do it.
 - (c) My work has just about the right

amount of difficulty and complexity. It keeps my skills sharp, but it doesn't overwhelm me.

2. How do you feel about your co-workers?
 - (a) I like them.
 - (b) Some are okay; some aren't.
 - (c) I don't get along with most of my fellow employees.
3. Does your job provide enough security?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
4. Does time seem to drag when you're working?
 - (a) yes, frequently
 - (b) sometimes
 - (c) not usually
5. Does the organisation you work for recognise and reward work that's well done?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) They're erratic. Sometimes they do; sometimes they don't.
 - (c) no
6. Does your mind wander a lot while you're working?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) sometimes
 - (c) no

7. Is the pay fair for the type of work you perform?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) To be honest, I'm overpaid for what I do.
 - (c) No, I'm underpaid.
8. Are you proud of the work you do?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) somewhat
 - (c) no
9. Do you feel that your work makes an important contribution to the organisation you work for?
 - (a) Yes. It may be a small contribution, but I think it's a necessary one.
 - (b) sometimes yes; sometimes not at all.
 - (c) not really
10. Would you say your present job is:
 - (a) primarily a way of making a living?
 - (b) primarily a way of achieving a sense of satisfaction about yourself?
 - (c) a combination of both?
11. Does your work leave you so mentally and/or physically exhausted that you can't enjoy anything in your after work hours?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) Yes, but that's all right because I like devoting all my energy to my job.
 - (c) sometimes
 - (d) no
12. Do you feel lonely at work?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
13. Have you ever deliberately sabotaged your work because of dissatisfaction?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
14. Are you often late for work?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
15. Would you work overtime on your job even if you weren't paid for it?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no



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16. Do you take sick days off even when you're not sick?
(a) yes, often
(b) sometimes
(c) no

17. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?
(a) Everything at work is preplanned, so I have no say in the matter.
(b) I feel like I have at least some control over my work.

18. Do you hate returning to work after your days off?
(a) yes, almost always
(b) sometimes
(c) not usually

19. Do you have more colds and minor health ailments now than you did before you started working at your current job?
(a) yes
(b) no

20. Would you remain at your current job even if you had to take a 20 percent cut in pay?
(a) yes
(b) probably
(c) probably not
(d) definitely not

21. Would you remain at your current job if you had to take a slight pay cut of, say, no more than five percent?
(a) yes
(b) probably
(c) probably not
(d) definitely not

22. How do you feel about this statement? "I become a different person when I go to work. The person my boss and co-workers see isn't the real me."
(a) That's very much like me.
(b) That's somewhat like me.
(c) That's not like me at all.

23. If you had a useful suggestion to make at work that might increase

quality or efficiency, do you think anybody in authority would listen to you?
(a) yes
(b) maybe
(c) no

SCORING

All possible answers have been awarded point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you have chosen. The highest possible score is 112 points; the lowest, 20.

1. a-2, b-1, c-5
2. a-5, b-3, c-1
3. a-5, b-1
4. a-1, b-3, c-5
5. a-5, b-2, c-1
6. a-1, b-3, c-5
7. a-5, b-3, c-1
8. a-5, b-3, c-1
9. a-5, b-3, c-1
10. a-1, b-5, c-4
11. a-0, b-4, c-3, d-5
12. a-1, b-5
13. a-0, b-3
14. a-1, b-5
15. a-5, b-1
16. a-1, b-3, c-5
17. a-1, b-5
18. a-0, b-3, c-5
19. a-1, b-5
20. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-1
21. a-4, b-3, c-2, d-1
22. a-1, b-3, c-5
23. a-5, b-2, c-1

If you scored 95 to 112 points:

You appear to have the ideal job. Your answers indicate that there is virtually nothing about your job that causes you dissatisfaction. That's extremely rare. Even if your job doesn't seem to other people to be the perfect job, it obviously is for you. It's giving you just about everything you could ask of it. If you are ever offered another job, think long and hard before you accept it, because it's unlikely that many other positions would match your particular needs as well as your current one does.

76 to 94 points:

You seem to have extremely good feel-

ings about your job. Certainly it has its bad points, but they appear to be far outweighed by the good points. From an employer's point of view, you may have the ideal attitude toward your job. You are obviously happy at your job without being complacent. That makes for a productive worker.

If you plan to change jobs, make sure you aren't losing more than you gain. To be worth the move, a new job should be a decided improvement over the one you have. Your present job seems too good to risk for any minor considerations.

57 to 75 points:

Your feelings about your job probably match those of the average working guy. The job is all right, but it's not the most fulfilling work in the world. You probably do a competent job, but you're happy to leave it when the workday ends. You may want to keep an eye out for a better job. Make sure you evaluate any new position carefully, however. There are a lot of jobs out there that won't be any more satisfying than what you've already got.

38 to 56 points:

You might want to start looking for another job. The one you're in now really doesn't seem to be satisfying you. Lots of people have the same feelings about their jobs that you do, but that's no reason to keep toiling away at a job you don't like. You don't necessarily have to grab the first job offer that comes your way, but you may be letting yourself in for a life of drudgery if you continue to drift along in your current job.

19 to 37 points:

You must have a terrible time getting up to go to work each day. You seem to hate your job — probably with good reason. It obviously isn't satisfying you at all. You should probably think about getting out of there as fast as you can. You're likely to become ever more miserable if you don't make a change soon. Think seriously about making this decision soon. Job satisfaction is a major part of life satisfaction.

Alpine fresh.

Discover a fresh new world.



WIN A WEEK IN THE QUEENSLAND SUN

Where can you experience the excitement and warmth of the tropics, rub shoulders with international celebrities and live like a millionaire? Such a lifestyle is yours at the Pacific International Hotel, Cairns — gateway to Far North Queensland and the Great Barrier Reef.

And you can be there, living it up amongst the jetsetters, courtesy of *Australian Penthouse*, the Pacific International Hotel and Ansett Airlines. Simply turn the page and answer the questions on the coupon, and you and a friend could be on your way to a week of the good life in Cairns. The prize includes return airfares to Cairns, assorted day trips from Cairns to the value of \$400 and a trip to the Outer Barrier Reef on the luxury catamaran, *Quicksilver*. Act fast though, because entries close on October 11.


Pacific International Hotel
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**WIN WITH
PENTHOUSE!**

**WIN WITH
PENTHOUSE!**



Cairns is not only the world capital for big game fishing, it is also the gateway to some of the most exotic and scenically diverse parts of Australia. And the Pacific International Hotel is a headquarters for the world's glitterati when they visit this most beautiful part of the globe.

Ideally situated on the Cairns foreshore, the Pacific dominates the local skyline. The 12-storey luxury hotel was built three years ago to cater for the great increase in the number of foreign tourists which coincided with the opening of the city's new international airport.

The guest list at the Pacific reads like an international *Who's Who*. Superstars of

stage and screen, lords and ladies, knights of the realm, heads of state, international business tycoons and even royalty have all stayed at the hotel. Lee Marvin, for instance, has the premier suite in the hotel named after him and spends several weeks in the city each year chasing the elusive black marlin. He expressed his opinion of Cairns, after his thirteenth visit, this way: "When I discovered Cairns, that was the end of Hawaii."

The Pacific is owned and operated by the Kamsler family who pioneered international-quality accommodation in Cairns long before the city became recognised as a world tourist destination. Mr

Kamsler Sr, the hotel's managing director, decided that Cairns needed a waterfront complex built in the traditional "grand hotel" style. The hotel's many restaurants and bars provide a tropical and international atmosphere, with cocktails and meals representing many parts of the world. As one renowned gourmet commented: "It's where drinking is an art and great food is immortalised."

However, Cairns is not only home to the Pacific International. It's the springboard to many superb natural attractions, including the Great Barrier Reef. One of the natural wonders of the world, the Reef is practically on the Pacific's doorstep. And one of the most exciting ways to see this spectacular underwater wonderland is on the *M.V. Quicksilver* out of Port Douglas.

The *Quicksilver* will take you and your companion to the true outer Great Barrier Reef, close to Australia's continental shelf. You can enjoy the incredible beauty and superb visibility of the reef either from on board the 20-metre catamaran, in a semi-submersible boat, or simply by snorkelling — all in the one day. Like the Kamsler family and the Pacific, the owner-operators of the reef trips, Jim and Jo Wallace, have achieved world recognition and have won several major tourism awards for excellence and service.

As well as your seven nights accommodation at the Pacific International and the trip on the *Quicksilver*, the prize includes return airfares with Ansett Airlines from anywhere in Australia and various day trips from Cairns to the value of \$400. The prize does not include meals or spending money.

To put yourself in the running to win this great holiday opportunity, simply fill in the accompanying coupon, answer the three questions and send your answer to *Penthouse*. The first correct entry drawn by the editor of *Australian Penthouse* will be declared the winner of the competition.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official entry form or a facsimile of that form. Only one entry per person is allowed.

Entry to the competition is open to all residents of Australia other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* and their families, and employees of the Cairns Pacific International Hotel and their families.

One correct entry will be drawn from all the correct entries received. That entry will be the winner.

Closing date for the competition will be last mail on Friday, October 11, 1985. The prize must be taken before the end of April, 1986 and is subject to the availability of accommodation at the hotel at any particular time. The winner of the prize will be announced in a forthcoming issue of *Australian Penthouse* in the Loose Ends Section.

The winning entrant, by entering this competition, shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his/her winning entry in person and further to the making of such public appearances as the promoters shall reasonably require.

On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest, the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry into the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

The competition is brought to you by The Cairns Pacific International Hotel and *Australian Penthouse*.



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Trim kilograms and centimetres off your idea of a Volvo.

You'll find the 360 GLT is lighter and smaller than anything with a Volvo name on it.

It's also quick.

A 360 GLT ran flat out on a race track to prove it. In a 24-hour run at the Surfers



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AERIAL VIEW OF SURFERS PARADISE INTERNATIONAL RACEWAY.

A grand total of 36 national and international marks were recorded.

The 360 GLT clocked blistering quarter mile and half kilometre times.

It coaxed records from distances of 500, 1000 and 2000 kilometres.

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All of this could not have been accomplished without advanced engineering. So the engine here is a 2-litre, fuel-injected exercise in precision.

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A feature that gives you extraordinary balance and poise through corners.

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All this is packaged in a 5-door hatchback with a low-drag, aerodynamic shape.

And to make this a one-of-a-kind small car, the 360 GLT is built as tough as any Volvo.

Underlying the design is the famous Volvo crash cage. As well as crumple zones, front and rear.

We hope you find favour with the beauty shot of our car on these pages.

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THE VOLVO 360 GLT. HOLDER OF 36 NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL SPEED AND ENDURANCE RECORDS.

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Clip and send completed coupon to: *Penthouse* International Competition, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. The answers to the questions can be found in the above copy. Only one entry per person is allowed.

1. Which Hollywood star has had the premier suite at the Cairns Pacific International named after him?

2. Which family pioneered international-standard accommodation in Cairns?

3. Which port does the *MV Quicksilver* operate from?

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BATTLE STATIONS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM MONRC / CANON F1

Specialist helicopter pilots are new journalists in the front lines of the media ratings war

The Generals, Australia's media High Command, plot behind closed doors. They wring their hands, rack their brains, kick butts, hire and fire, pay for and leak information, buy satellites — and it's all to influence a decision that people in their millions casually make each day: what television station they will watch that evening.

If the battle for media ratings is war, then those in the newsroom are the frontline combatants. Increasingly, the presentation of news has become recognised as the crucial lead-in to an evening's programming strategy and heavier and more expensive emphasis has been put on news and its gathering. With military precision and co-ordination, the news team engages the events and pseudo-events of the day and night. The Field Commanders, the News Director and Chief of Staff, dispatch

BY GRAEME SIMS



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units via sophisticated communications networks, shuffling and directing the offensive of that evening's bulletin. They operate from offices banked in screens and video-recorders, which monitor the opposition's movements; they launch counter-offensives, as the "exclusives" are the daily victories in this war of attrition.

And that same Star Wars commitment as seen in the deployment of satellite technology has been reflected in the growing sophistication of the field units, particularly in the expanding use of helicopters — to many, a symbol of armed confrontation. But rather than pointing guns out of their rear doors, the media weapons are video cameras. Choppers have become an integral part of Eighties' newsgathering, demanding specialist skills of their pilots, men who are by and large militarily trained. To effectively compete, each network must now have on standby their own chopper, ready to scramble at a moment's notice. The pilots themselves have evolved into the newshounds of the sky.

"Flying a news helicopter is an absolutely demanding job," reports Collin Segelov, Network-TEN's Sydney news director. "And in Australia the helicopters are providing a more important and more involved service than in other countries, largely due to the calibre and style of the pilots we have working for us."

One of the veterans of newsgathering, Collin Segelov is at the forefront of a wave of strategists who are still pioneering the deployment of helicopters in news. He is also one of their biggest fans, experiencing "an undeniable excitement in their use."

It has only been in the last decade that the networks have each purchased their own choppers. Prior to that, they were leased from the numerous charter companies, primarily for such basic functions as ferrying film to and from processing labs when air-time was fast approaching; traffic snarls could have jeopardised their arrival on time. The idea of filming from the air was still in its infancy, a far cry from the cinematic and journalistic expertise displayed by pilots today.

A revolution in television journalism altered all that: the ENG revolution — electronic newsgathering. The progression to video cameras — far less unwieldy than their film predecessors and skipping the processing stage — gave news a further injection of immediacy. With added speed in editing, helicopters were the only vehicles that could match and complement this major development in speed, versatility and technology.

Three distinct roles have emerged for the chopper in Eighties' newsgathering: they serve as taxis to fetch and carry crews; they are used as vehicles when speed is of the



essence for valuable action footage, bearing in mind that news is "something that has just happened"; and they serve as an aerial platform to shoot vision from the sky. "They insinuated themselves," says Vincent Smith, news director of Sydney's ATN-7. "Sydney is very geographically suited to their use. There are countless stories where you say: 'Thank God for the helicopter.' They have been a product of the competitiveness and have made newsgathering bigger in that they've added another arm that we didn't have 15 years ago."

"Devising a strategy for their daily use comes down to instantaneous decisions

in which the pilot plays a major part," says Segelov. "He must have all the skills of other pilots plus a developed news sense, as he's a key element in any decision to switch the chopper's role during a job. Once you have committed it to, say, serving as a taxi, you have removed its potential for another story. But having it on constant standby for emergencies must be balanced against its benefits in manpower terms. It's better to send a crew to, say, Wollongong by helicopter, because you can get them back to do two stories in a day instead of just one."

"Recently a chopper was on its way to Wollongong when we got a call about a

View from the TEN network's Twin Squirrel, piloted by Dave Wilson (top right).

bus smash in the Blue Mountains. So we talked to the pilot. He said he knew the area, knew what we could get, he spoke to Air Traffic Control and lodged a new flight plan, and then called us back to say: 'Ready to move at your command.' Then it's the chief of staff who must say, 'Go!'

"We've been fortunate enough, or clever enough, to get pilots working for us who have this developed news sense."

"If you have a gunner out the side of an Iroquois, then that's the same sort of fly-



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ing in a way. But you can point a gun in the general direction and get away with it. If anything, camera work flying must be smoother, softer and more precise," says Frank Van Rees, the army-trained chief pilot at ATN-7. He readily admits, along with the other media pilots, that he is still learning the subtleties of shooting from a chopper.

The pilot's involvement in shooting vision is a facet of flying that is only beginning to become recognised as an artform in itself. For a good media pilot will not only adopt the news sense of the journalist, but be sensitive to the camera views. The cameraman is usually positioned in a harness, hair-raisingly poised on the edge of the open rear door with his feet resting on the machine's skids. A good pilot will ensure that all the cameraman must do is look after the fine tuning of the camera.

"The helicopter pilot should be an extension of the camera operator," says Segelov. "It's quite clear if the pilot has understood the story that the vision is an integral part, rather than being *another* perspective. You'll see in footage, where there is involvement, that pictures fit within the story. You might see, if you study closely, aerial shot — ground — aerial. On a story that lends itself to it, all the pictures fold together. The less professional alternative is to say: 'And here is another look at it from the sky.' As the helicopter is dispatched there is conversation between the pilot, journalist and cameraman as to what they hope to achieve. Obviously, some pilots are more attuned, or more capable of becoming attuned, to vision requirements than others."

This form of artistic flying has been taken to its highest level by the man acknowledged as being at the forefront of the art. James Gavin, an American, has worked on many movies in and around Hollywood, notably *Firefox* and *Blue Thunder*, both films with aviation themes. In recognition of his contribution to the camera work itself, he is credited as being a unit-director in those films and has in fact been admitted to the Hollywood Guild of Directors.

This seems to be the direction in which the experts in the profession are heading. Australia's most experienced camera pilot, Terry Lee, has in the last few years been able to corner the lucrative and exclusive

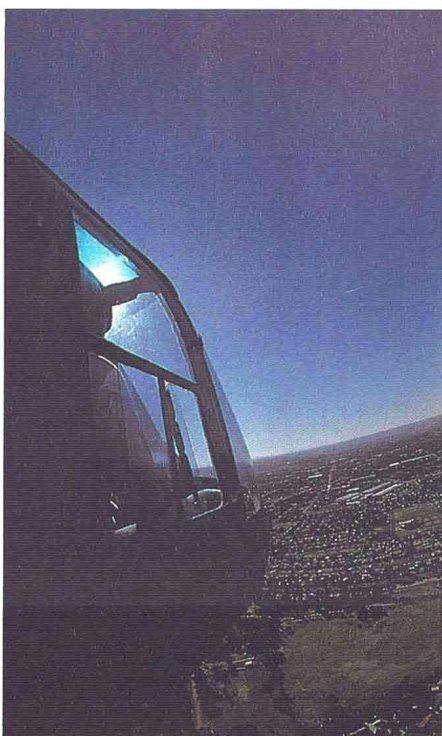
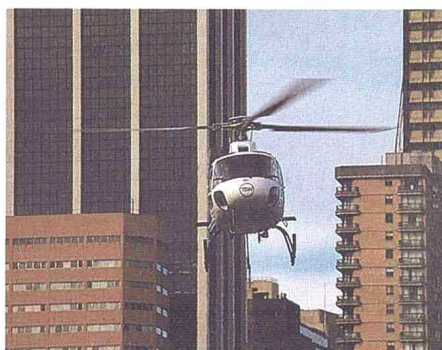


end of the market in advertising and film work with his safety record and steady build-up of contacts and respect within the industry (see box).

"For a good shot, you must work very hard to keep the helicopter as steady as possible," explains Frank Van Rees. "We really are the eyes of the cameramen. We might be filming 18-footers sailing on the harbor, and the cameraman might ask me to do a low orbit and then hold it in a hover off the bow for a breakaway shot. But I might say that the wind's too strong for a good, steady hover, and so I'll try and suggest something else. The cameraman will always accept my judgement."

Segelov explains the shifting roles on board: "On the ground you have a producer and director. The producer says what he wants and the director tells him whether they can do it or not. Once a crew goes on a job, the journalist becomes the producer, by asking that same question, while the cameraman is the director. But as soon as they start filming from the sky, the cameraman becomes the producer, and it's the pilot who directs and has the final say on the possibility of this or that

TEN's news chopper... a taxi, a courier and an eye in the sky for the network.

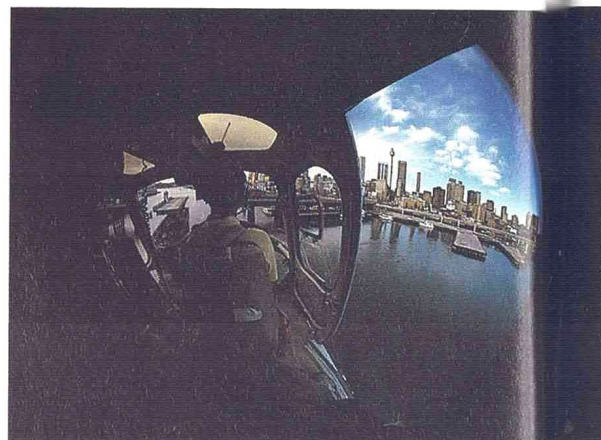


shot.

"Above all that, the pilot has absolute jurisdiction, because the pilots are the only aviation experts. They say when we fly, how we fly, and to a degree who flies."

"We encourage our pilots to spend as much time as possible in and around the newsroom, because if you do that long enough the excitement is sure to rub off on you. Then they can say to you: 'Sure, I'll do everything I can to get the story,' but safety always comes first. Safety under-rides every use of the chopper, as dramatic and clever as it is."

An extra demand on a pilot is that he must interpret a news requirement and translate it for the Department of Transport and Aviation and the air traffic controllers,



whose job is to keep the airways safe and operating efficiently. "You can imagine an enthusiastic reporter saying: 'I want this and then some of that,'" says Segelov, "while the pilot has to talk to the controllers in traditional terminology. He acts as something of an interpreter."

Even though all pilots admit some degree of professional rivalry, and will always try to get in first to lodge a flight plan with the air traffic controllers in order to get the prime position in case there is a convergence (first in, first served), once they arrive at a scene there are no dogfights or jockeying for position. Rather, they become a tight co-operative unit.

"We all realise we have jobs to do," says Dave Wilson, full-time pilot for TEN-10. "It's



very important for us to trust each other as professionals and not do something stupid. We take turns getting down for shots."

"We don't believe we're infallible; once you start believing that you're in trouble. But we have a well-based trust. Having others in the air around you is naturally one of the most potentially dangerous situations, there's no doubt. But we talk to each other and separate by flying at different altitudes. We've proved to the department several times that it's not unsafe to have several helicopters in the same area."

In one sense, it is the unifying passion for their machines that binds the pilots together; they like to get together, have a drink, and talk shop. But the somewhat anachronistic rules — *The Book* — have not changed with the rapid expansion of helicopter use in Australia until recently.

"The growth in helicopters has put tremendous pressures on the ATC system," explains Terry Lee. "Up until recently, the system hadn't been flexible enough to cope with it, so there has been pressure applied and it's changing now. Safety was never the issue; it was a procedural thing, bearing in mind that the rules applied to helicopters have been the same that apply to fixed-wings and Jumbo jets. In a way, it's been like trying to change somebody's religion, but we believe we're heading up the right track now towards a better and more efficient system for everyone."

One major step in improving efficiency in Sydney was the introduction of specified helicopter lanes in June over the harbor and west up the Parramatta River. This has overcome the major hurdle of sometimes waiting 30 minutes for clearance, as the city itself is all in controlled air-space.

Occasionally, if there is a planned event with prior notice such as the arrival of the QE2 in Sydney earlier this year, a virtual traffic jam takes place. On that occasion, SBS-TV hired a chopper and then were unable to get clearance to take off.

In these situations, total concentration is demanded of the pilot. Most of the network helicopters have a video monitor mounted on the control panel for the pilot to watch where the cameraman is filming. Usually though, he is flying with one eye out of the rear right door, the most convenient side, and he is watching the numerous other aircraft around him. All the time he is in radio contact with them as well as being in contact with the controllers. To experienced pilots, the flying itself is second nature and their concentration is on safety and filming. To the very experienced pilots, the camera work becomes second nature as well. The top pilots and their camera crews rarely even have to converse with each other, understanding each other's requirements completely.

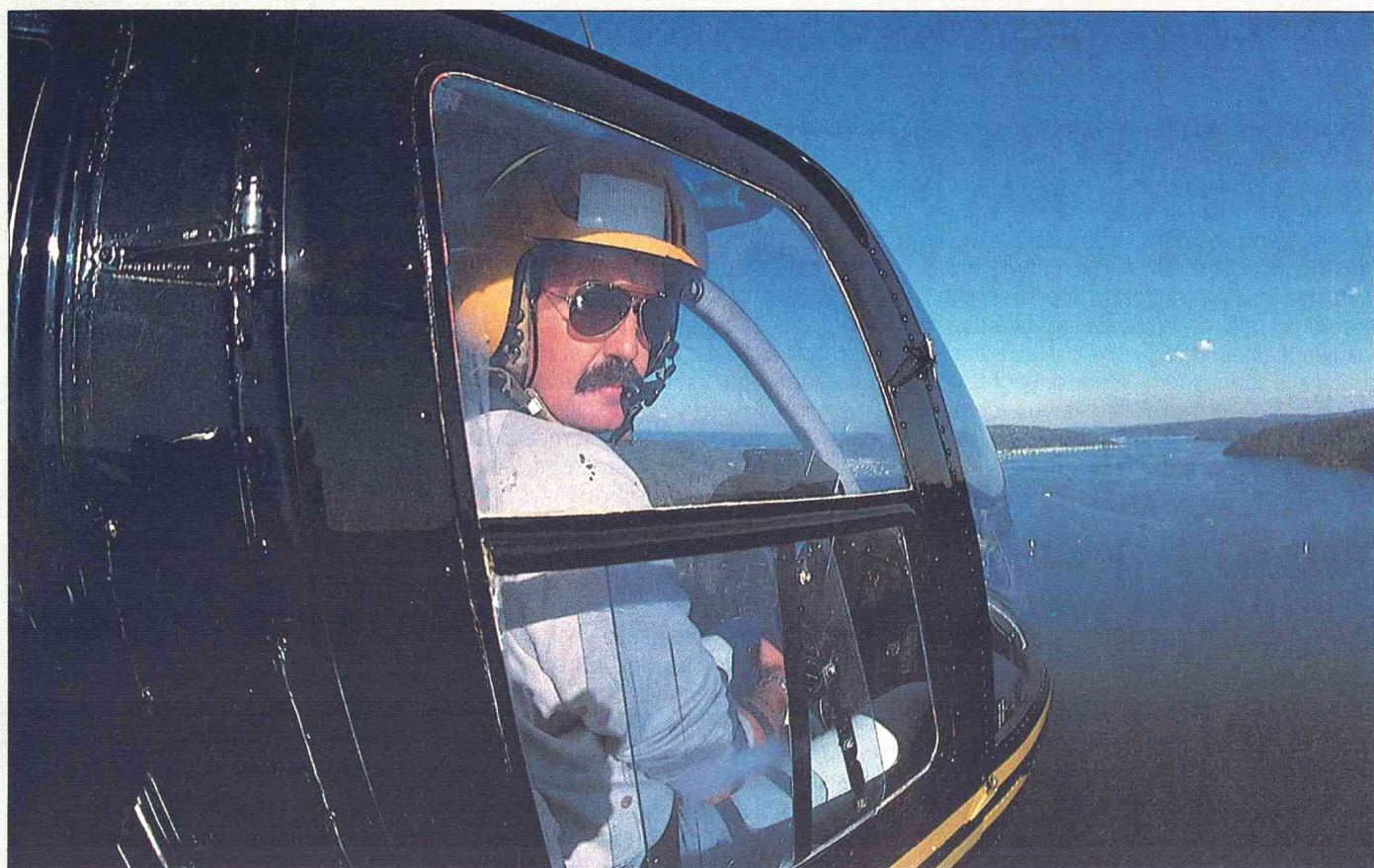
As most people could relate, job satisfaction is not a rare emotion amongst helicopter pilots, and for the media pilots the added variety and daily challenges to their skills and planning make it, to them, the best position in the best profession. Most believe they have reached the pinnacle of their work; other charter pilots believe the media boys have it "cushy." What media positions there are have been deemed "sewn up."

"Media pilots get paid more than most other forms of flying, and rightly so," says Terry Lee. "You can't just blast through; you must temper your flying. And media pilots must be PR men as well, and extra-sensitive to that aspect."

"Helicopters are very emotive machines; they draw a lot of complaints. The public see them as toys. Whenever they see one they don't realise that there's people up there at work."

"I remember going through the Administrative Appeals Tribunal when I was at Channel 7 to get a helicopter pad there. The complaints were right off the air, and the majority were from women for some reason. Someone actually suggested that it's a deep aversion rooted in our genetic psyche — something about pterodactyls flying in and carrying people away. Somehow I think his tongue was in his cheek. Most just say they're noisy and smelly. In fact, they're no noisier than a passing truck, and the faint kerosene smell is just nothing. One woman said she opposed it because it looked ugly just sitting there. That's the sort of reaction you're up against."

The PR aspect is another demand on the



MAKIN' MOVIES

"There are thousands who want to do it, probably hundreds who could do it, but only a few who can be trusted to do it," says Terry Lee, Australia's most "trusted" helicopter camera pilot.

After six years flying in the army, another six years flying for Sydney's ATN-7, followed by the last two years specialising in camera work, Lee has cornered the exclusive end of the gradually growing market in Australia for work in films and commercials. He estimates 80 percent of the cinematic camera work filmed from helicopters for Australian audiences is his, with such notable credits to his name as *Aussie Assault* (the America's Cup documentary, more than half of which was composed of aerial shots) and more recently, *Mad Max III*.

In the last year he and his partner, Allan Edwards — who between them have a combined total of more than 30 years in aviation and more than 14,000 flying hours on all types of helicopters — have established their own company, Leed Helicopters, with the purchase of two Bell Jetrangers.

"The fact is there have been a lot of prangs here and overseas, and that polarises the work to a certain few," claims Lee. "So far I've kept my nose clean and continued to get work. To me it's a step up from media flying. Those guys don't know what's going to happen and what they're

up against each day; the work I do is scripted meticulously.

"In the early days, helicopter shots were used more as an afterthought if there was any money left over, but over the last five years they've become written in. It's now a fully orchestrated, painstakingly researched operation.

"The crash of the chopper on the set of *The Twilight Zone* and the death of Vic Morrow really highlighted something about helicopter camera work. Up till then, everyone thought it was easy, but it's the hardest flying you'll ever do. Low level flying is hard enough without looking over your shoulder at a racing car or train. It requires thorough research and surveys so that you know every feature of the landscape and every likely obstacle.

"With the Vic Morrow thing, I think most people will be loath to try anything like that again. That was a combination of a lot of things. The pilot hadn't done a lot of film and TV work before, and the director John Landis didn't speak to the pilot — apparently didn't want to speak to him — and I think that lack of communication was the key factor. But then, it was still a freak accident. A bit of bamboo flew into the tail rotor and took it out, and the aircraft crashed where it did.

"We try and stay away from that sort of stuff. We rehearse, you see. When that guy crashed he did something that he hadn't

done before. He came in lower because he was being told to. He had rehearsed it, but on the actual take he came in lower. If you go and do something different, you can screw things up for everybody.

"Nothing much like that happens in Australia. The rules basically don't let you, although the relationship between us and the Aviation Department has become more relaxed in the last five years. Initially, they wouldn't have a bar of anything — now we can go and tell them what we'd like to do and how. They understand us better.

"When you first start filming, because you don't know much, the cameraman tells you what to do. But after a while you can roll over in your mind's eye what he's seeing.

"Movies are definitely the most lucrative jobs, but they don't come along all that regularly. There are only six or seven very good camera pilots in the US and perhaps two or three in Europe, and they're flat out. They get \$1000 a day to get out of bed, and they travel the world. The contacts build up over a number of years, but skill isn't the only factor. You can go on a shoot and be a real arsehole — want this and want that and annoy the crew — and they're not going to want you back.

"Working on *Mad Max III*, 60 kms out of Coober Pedy, was great fun. Though for the time I spent there, about six weeks, there's not all that much film work in it.

"But all the time the helicopter is used as a safety back-up. I always want to know exactly what's involved in a stunt before taking part. A good stunt, to my mind, is one that looks dangerous, but is really a piece of piss."



STATIONS

media pilots. "It's good publicity for the stations to assist in rescues," says Frank Van Rees. "We're happy and keen to assist and have done work dropping supplies in floods and such. Last year, we had three kids who fell off a cliff down at Stanwell Park (60 kms south of Sydney), and we set up the chopper for stretchers. When we got there, we dropped the journalist and crew in the valley and took some of the kids back up to the top. With just 15 minutes to air-time, we climbed up and used the chopper's microwave relay facilities to beam a story from the journalist on the valley floor back to the station, and we made it into the headlines. It went virtually live-to-air. We then sent an update before the bulletin was over and put the rest on the late news. We had to move fast and think both 'rescue' and 'story' at the same time. It was very exciting.

"But probably my most satisfying work was filming the 1984 Sydney to Hobart Yacht Race, when most of the fleet was forced out by bad weather. It was just me and the cameraman, flying long hours miles out to sea, following the yachts down the coast. I had to use all my navigational ability to find them, I had to calculate fuel and prearrange fuellings at various spots down the south coast, and I had to organise landings. All the time we were still



trying to beat the ABC, and we were being a bit coy about where we found the yachts. That was very demanding, but I enjoyed that."

"The unfortunate fact is," says Terry Lee, "that there have been a lot of prangs here and overseas. And in this regard the media are their own worst enemy, because just as they can make good PR out of rescues, if they crash it's big news. It's the other side of the coin, and the media do not have such a good record. I can count eight deaths in the last four or five years."

Collin Segelov: "No-one wants to be sat in this seat and be told the helicopter's gone down, believe me." He speaks from experience. Hovering above the start of Sydney's 1984 City-To-Surf fun run, news footage was being taped by TEN-10 cameraman Len Zeck from a chartered helicopter. The next moment, the chopper went into a dizzying descent. Len, seated in the open rear door, found himself filming a rapidly approaching earth.

At that instant, an ironic transformation



took place, with the newsgatherers becoming news *subjects* as they monitored, with camera rolling, their own passage into the evening's headlines.

"No story is ever worth compromising the maximum safety of pilot and crew," says Segelov, "but Len's presence of mind that day demonstrated the very best about people in the news business and their commitment. Len's first words when we got to the hospital were: 'Did you get the tape?'"

"We'd got it, but there was more to it than his leaving his finger on the button. The view I got from the inside didn't match the vision I got from a sightseeing amateur who turned his camera up and caught the descent from the ground. But we finally worked it out. When the helicopter started to go down, Len actually got himself back inside, repositioned the camera on his shoulder, and recommenced shooting. It's one thing to leave the camera rolling, but it's another thing to say to yourself: 'I'm about to film a helicopter crash from the inside.'" 



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By way of compensation, there will be the satisfaction of team spirit that cannot and will never be experienced in your everyday life.

What we're talking about, obviously, is the 1986 Camel Trophy.

An international off-road adventure through more than 1000 miles of everything North Queensland has to offer.

And what we're looking for, are the individuals who will become the Australian team.

The basis for selection.

To be eligible you must: Be 21 years old by July 1st, 1985. Hold a current Australian

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Have at least 12 months off-road, 4WD experience. Be able to participate, free of other commitments for 2 weeks in January

and late February to March 20, 1986.

Where do you go from here?

If you fulfill the requirements please fill out the coupon below, or phone us toll-free on (008) 033 533.



We will then send you out a questionnaire.

Final selection from a short list will then involve an interview by a jury and 4WD proficiency test in Sydney in November 1985.

Those selected will travel to the U.K. in January 1986 for driver training and the Land Rover familiarisation.

All costs, apart from personal ones, will be covered by the Camel Trophy Organisation.

To: 1986 Camel Trophy Selection Committee,
P.O. Box 1325, North Sydney, NSW 2060.

I fulfill the requirements you've listed and believe I have a chance of becoming part of the Australian team in the 1986 Camel Trophy.

Name _____

Address _____

P/code _____

Phone _____



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TWICE SHY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DONALD H. MILNE

It's going to take a special man to harness the passions of 22-year-old Zoe. She is none too shy in admitting that she's already had her fingers burnt in love, and she warns prospective types that she won't be easily parting with her affections in future. She's a classic case of once bitten, twice shy.





"I've realised, after my last experience, that I must be exceptionally careful about choosing the guy I will share my life with. I've lost my head in the past and paid the price. Even though I'm on the rebound, I'm in no hurry to bounce into the arms of another shark."



For Zoe admits she can see the truth now in the adage that there's plenty of fish in the sea, and from now on she's angling to make her next catch a lasting one. That may be a tough bottom line, but it's one worth tackling.

OT



It could be your lucky night



If you're looking for something different in the way of entertainment, an evening at the Empress Club is certainly a novel way to spend it.

The Empress Club, possibly the most luxurious and best run club in Sydney, where you can relax and enjoy a quiet game of cards without breaking the law. While Casinos are operating legally in other states, only some games of chance can be played without breaking the law in New South Wales.

But what a far cry from just a few years ago; there are no steel doors or threateningly large gentlemen to keep the peace.

A coffee lounge and an a la carte night restaurant overlooks the everchanging night life of the Cross, where you can enjoy a sandwich or a steak. The clientele come from all walks of life, and all are equally intent on the fall of the cards. Attractive waitresses move quietly between bar and tables, serving complimentary drinks. The plush furnishings and carpets and the murmur of dealers calling the cards, all create an atmosphere in which to relax and enjoy. But why not see for yourself? It could be your lucky night!

66
THE EMPRESS CLUB

The Empress Club open 5 pm—6am 7 days a week at 66 Darlinghurst Road, Kings Cross.

LOOSE ENDS



WARNING: FASHION CAN BE A HEALTH HAZARD

Who can help but wince to remember platform shoes, those cork bricks people used to strap on to their feet and proceed to fall off at every opportunity to the detriment of their pride and their ankle bones? In those days to be trendy was definitely a health hazard and you'd be forgiven for thinking that we've all learned our lessons when it comes to being fashionable. However, new illnesses currently being diagnosed overseas indicate that being trendy is still as fraught with personal danger as it was back then. Stress, it seems, is not the only health hazard faced by the upwardly mobile brigade.

Case in point: *Designer Glasses Syndrome*. This is a growing worry among those who opt for optical accoutrements that are ludicrously large and heavy, and usually signed in inch-high letters by someone of current fashionable note. "The syndrome is caused by wearing glasses that are too heavy and incorrectly fitted," says San Francisco optometrist Heddi Eskerod. "Some designer glasses are so large you feel like you're looking out of a huge distorted window, especially when you're looking sideways. The results include dizziness, nausea and headaches." Victims of Designer Glasses

Syndrome should ask their optician for a resizing.

Then there's *Jeans Folliculitis*, caused by dancing too long in overtight jeans. Symptoms include itchy rashes in the buttock and groin area and infected hair follicles. Antibiotic cream is administered to sufferers along with a prescription for looser, drier, more comfortable clothing.

Hot Tub Itch is also making its presence felt among dedicated jacuzzi users. This complaint may manifest itself in the form of rashes and fevers, and it's

caused by hanging around in hot tubs that have not been sufficiently chlorinated. The itch can hit only hours after you've climbed out of an infected tub.

While they may be a little passe these days, a few fans of the Rubik's Cube are still trotting along to their doctors with nagging cases of *Cuber's Thumb*. This is caused by laboring for hours over a Rubik's Cube with stiff components (the cube's, not the user's). Undue stress on the user's digits results in constant pain. Cubic abstinence or looser cubes are recommended here.

Abstinence is also the remedy for *Arcade Arthritis* and *Poker Machine Tendonitis*, creeping scourges of those who are not through playing games. Arcade Arthritis may take the form of blistered hands and sore wrist joints, a result of hitting video

or pinball game buttons repetitively and standing over tables that require the player to severely tilt his or her wrists. *Poker Machine Tendonitis* is caused by over-anxiously playing poker machines, pulling the arm of the one-armed bandit down too roughly and too often.

If you suffer from any of these ailments, consider yourself a victim of modern times.

MURDER FOR FUN AND PROFIT

Haversham Grammar School's 35th reunion should have been the happiest of times — old chums, fond memories, conviviality, lashings of food and wine.

But Haversham is a school with dark secrets. Two million dollars went missing from the School Building Fund, the First XV was a front for an international drug ring and someone had converted the spare dormitory into a brothel.

At last year's reunion the angel cakes were laced with angel dust and the old school spirit has never quite recovered from the time "Mad Dog" Maddison ran amok with his automatic machine gun. And now, in 1985, there's more trouble. By Saturday evening it was clear a maniacal killer was loose. . . ▶▶▶▶



Illustration by Jim Mitchell



The Gang of Six... the who do its behind Whodunit.

The first victim had been blown apart by a shotgun blast. Poisoned darts had accounted for two more during dinner, while, outside in the chilly night air, someone else dangled from a rope. It was clear that this indeed would be a weekend to remember.

Only six people in the group of 70 knew what was going on and they weren't telling — at least not until after lunch on Sunday and another two deaths, anyway. Only these six knew that Australia's first Whodunit Weekend was an ongoing manifestation of something that stretches back to 1975.

That was the year of the first Uni of NSW Law Revue and a Gang of Six from that inaugural cast have been together since.

"I guess we keep each other sane," says David Glover, who stage-managed the first Revue and is now spokesman for the six. "We've done various things together over the years — a few business ventures and a lot of fun, off the wall things too."

Glover's script for The School Reunion went something like this — an ex-student plots revenge on three enemies who had thwarted his plans for a professional athletic career by combining to have him expelled from Haversham. To avert suspicion he fakes his own murder by hanging, only to reappear during Sunday lunch to strangle Haversham's headmaster, who is about to reveal his identity. While trying to escape he is gunned down by the school

chaplain, an undercover detective.

Sounds simple enough you might think — the murderer faking his own death has an honorable tradition in detective fiction. Agatha Christie, for one, used it in *Ten Little Indians*. But red herrings are what whodunits are all about. And by Hercule Poirot, The School Reunion had enough red herrings to bury Norway in rollmops.

One player pushed a series of fake death threat notes under random doors in the dead of night. Other players went out of their way to appear as suspicious as possible; others protested their innocence so loudly that they in turn were suspected. Bodies mysteriously disappeared, a series of "official" clues seemed to lead nowhere and the school chaplain set off an impromptu (and high speed) car rally when he kidnapped the coffin supposedly containing the first victim.

No-one came even close to the correct solution, not that anyone really cared, as it turned out. "I can't recall ever having such fun," exclaimed Gary Ryan, a contracts manager. "By Saturday evening, after they'd poured enough wine and port into us, I didn't give a stuff who'd dunit — the real fun was tear-arsing around chasing clues. It was like playing charades all weekend."

By popular acclaim, the weekend's most diligent sleuth was Stephen Church, a young engineer from Newcastle. He kept meticulous notes on just

about everyone's movements and doggedly shadowed every suspect. By Sunday afternoon, he had enough information to be twice as confused as anyone else.

Stephen will go again, so will Gary and so will the vast majority of those who survived Whodunit Weekend Number One. And the Gang of Six are only too happy to oblige. Another four Whodunits have been organised before a break over Christmas, and then will resume in March '86.

"We almost covered costs on the first," admits David Glover, "and we're determined to see the standard go up and up. We'd hate them to become an assembly line process."

Whodunit Weekends can be contacted in Sydney, on (02) 909 1585 or 922 1262. Their ongoing program features adventures under such titles as *Outward Bound*, *The Will Reading*, *The Wedding and Murder On The Melbourne Express*. — *Anthony O'Grady*

STUCK ON YOU

When I was a kid I discovered a frightening link between using Neo Magic Marker Pens and getting a clip over the ear. All I had to do was draw a colorful picture on my arm at school, then go home to get my clip over the ear. My father didn't have an aversion to anything that looked like a tattoo — he had a trembling, white-knuckled, blood-blister-on-the-eyeballs hatred of them. He figured that any child of his who drew a pretty picture on their 10-year-old arm was only a few short years away from visiting a tattoo parlor to get a pretty picture that wouldn't disappear with a belting and a bit of soap and water.

Reactions to tattoos differ enormously. In his book about tattooing, *Skin Deep*, Ronald Scutt writes that reactions to indelible body art provide a study in psychology, somewhat similar to people's reactions to pornography. If that's the case, my father would have been worth at least a volume.

Businessman Paul Jones doesn't like tattoos either, yet he's in the business of designing, applying and marketing them. His tattoo designs include old favorites like anchors, hearts and flowers, bluebirds, panthers, dragons, etc as well as a wide variety of others that may include your favorite football team or rock star. But here's the rub, so to speak: the tattoos are safe temporary ones, applied as transfers then painted with brilliant cosmetic paints to look authentic enough to evoke whatever passions those who view them hold for tattoos. They will last for up to four days or can be removed at any time with alcohol or baby oil.

Paul Jones launched his business T.T.ART over a year ago to serve the Australian film industry. With his background in film special effects, he knew the time and skill required by make-up artists to create authentic looking tattoos for film and television. His product was welcomed and since their introduction, his temp tats have decorated the bodies of actors in *Rebel*, *Mad Max III* and *Cowra Breakout* among others.

The rock industry was next to take note, realising the marketing gimmick potential of temporary tattoos as give-aways with albums or as sale items along with T-shirts, sweaters and posters at concerts. Don't be surprised if you notice an alarming increase in the number of tattooed Walkman-wearing teenagers this summer.

While marketing to the film and rock industries as well as



to sporting groups, Jones began selling temporary tattoos to the public at events like the Sydney Festival, Sydney's popular annual Queen St Fair and the Gay Mardi Gras. On each occasion he and a couple of friends set up a booth advertising the sale and application of temp tats, then worked like crazy as hundreds queued to be decorated — some in the most unusual places.

"We had a private section at the back of the booth so people could rip off their gear if they wanted a tattoo in some place where the sun don't shine," says Jones. "And you'd be surprised how many wanted just that. It was an eye-opener, especially at the Gay Mardi Gras, where we didn't stop working all night." Like any good businessman, it would appear that Jones is prepared to take the odd risk in product promotion.

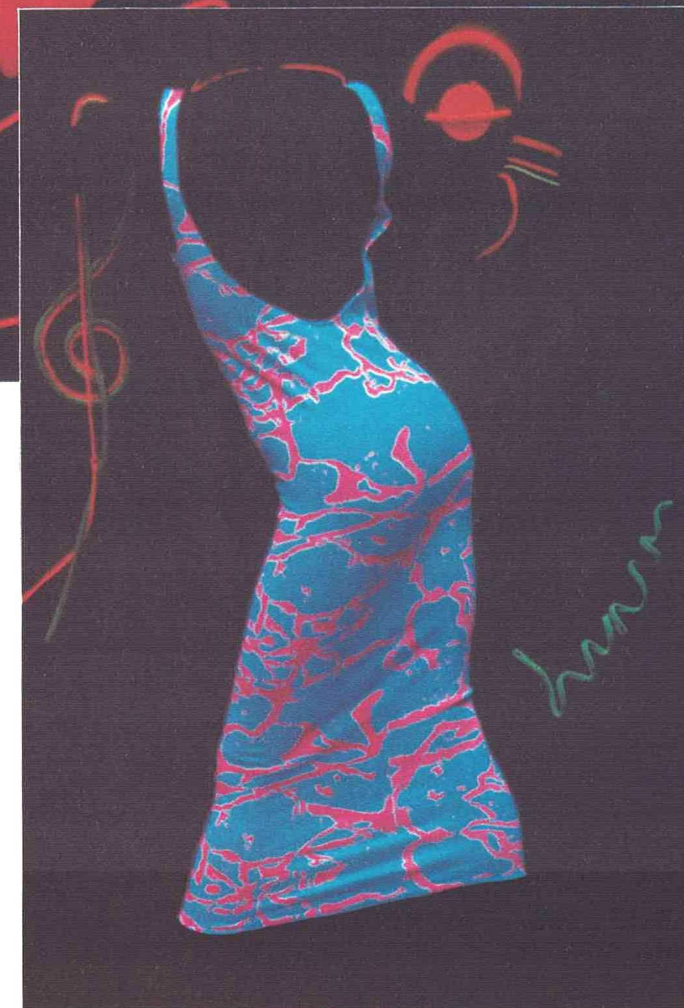
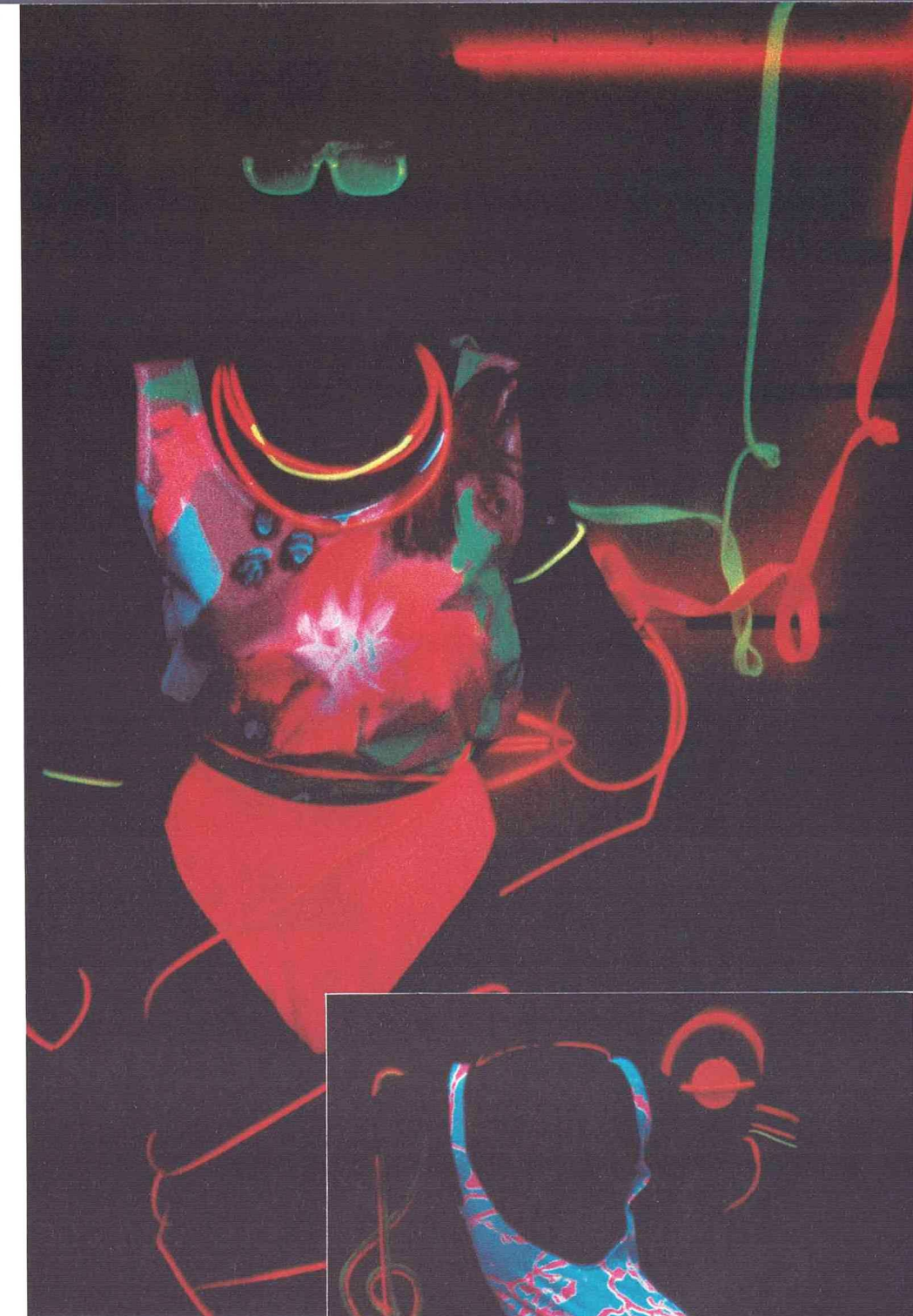
"Temporary tattoos have great fashion applications in the youth market," says Jones, adding that he's currently negotiating with the Sportsgirl chain over a range of fun transfer kits to be sold as fashion accessories.

T.T.ART also wholesales and retails direct to the public, so those interested in impressing the man or woman of the moment with a tattoo bearing their name, promoting their band, team or local club, looking for something decidedly different for their next party — or simply looking for a good old clip over the ear from dad — can do so by making enquiries to T.T.ART at PO Box 294, Double Bay NSW 2028 or by phoning (02) 3277069. — *C.J. Mackay*

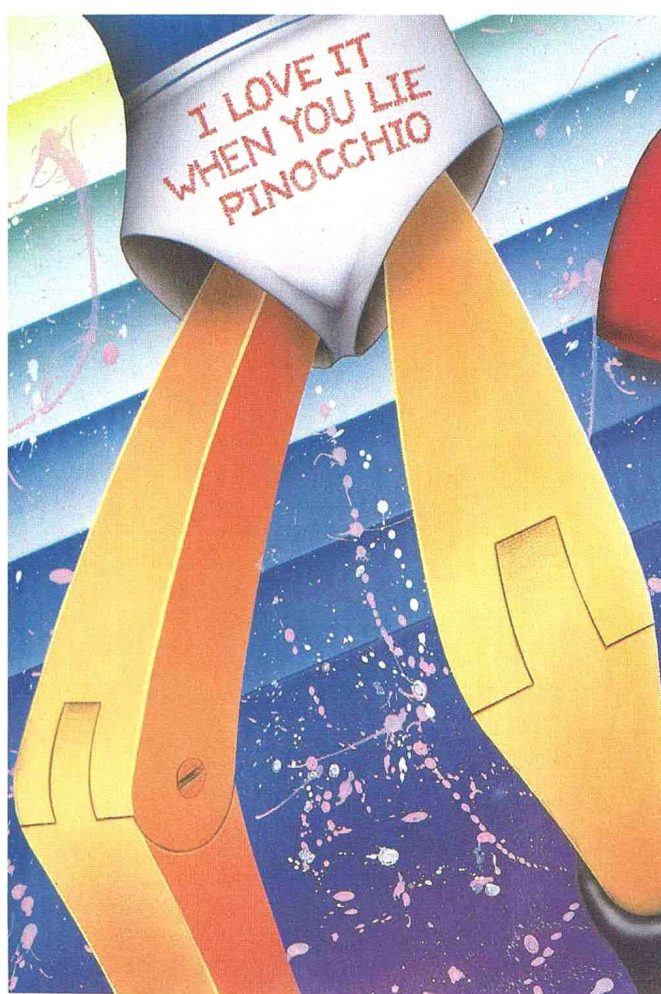
LIPSTIK KILLING

While the recent civil strife in New Caledonia created headaches for the tourist industry and local business, it provided an unexpected boost for February Pet Of The Month Sophie Jeanne's fashion business. Sophie's startling original handpainted and screenprinted fashions, marketed under the

Lipstik label, had already been attracting plenty of attention. But when the political turmoil resulted in the cancellation of many of Noumea's boutiques' orders from France, Sophie, as one of the few local producers, stepped in and cleaned up, and she's still selling her beachwear as quickly as she can make it.



LOOSE



BRIEF ENCOUNTERS

While some folks have a tendency to wear their heart on their sleeve, others may prefer to wear theirs someplace a little warmer — on their crotch, say. Well that's what Melbourne businessman Paul Ricketts is counting on for the success of his latest venture, Knicker-Notes. Ricketts' service allows you to send a pair of male or female briefs embroidered with a personal message to a loved — or loathed — one.

Knicker-Notes is by no means Ricketts' first such foray into the novelty greetings game. He's the fellow who started Gorillagrams in Melbourne five years ago. (Gorillagrams, if you've just arrived from another planet, involve a person dressed in a monkey outfit delivering a message, peeling bananas and generally whooping it up at your birthday party, farewell lunch, etc.) He followed the ape act with singing telegrams, Stripperama (girl or guy delivers message while peeling off clothes), Godgrams (messages from on high), and Pregnantgrams (heavily pregnant

woman delivers greeting while beseeching you, the man who did her wrong, to make an honest woman of her.) All services are currently available from the Gorillagrams group, but Ricketts has a funny feeling that Knicker-Notes may make the biggest splash of the lot.

"I'm surprised I didn't think of it before," says 31-year-old Ricketts. "The idea is so simple. People tell us the message they want to convey, up to 12 words, we embroider it on a pair of quality knickers, then gift wrap and post it or deliver by courier." He adds that three working days' notice is required before your friend can be snug-gling your name and message against their private parts.

Penthouse received a pair of peach-colored ladies' scanties emblazoned with one of Knicker-Notes' standard messages, which can be rushed to the object of your desire in even less than three days if you're short on time as well as inspiration. In embroidered cop-plate writing the message read: "It was just a brief encounter but the memory lingers

on, Brett XXXX."

Having just kicked off the business of writing things on other people's pants, Ricketts was short on examples of the stitched sentiments that had been requested. "The first one we ran up on the Singer was a message from a lady to her lover by way of a pair of sexy, cutaway jocks. She requested: 'Charlie, Don't tell me you left it in your other pants, Cynthia XXX.' It's very early days yet and we're looking forward to seeing what people have to say. We'll embroider anything."

One message that could well sum up Mr Ricketts' latest venture, though, is: "I don't come cheap." If you want your knickergram delivered by courier (in the Melbourne metropolitan area) you'll be asked to hand over \$37.50. If you prefer pants by post the charge is \$32.50. Still, they're cheaper than two dozen long-stemmed roses, they'll last longer and they'll smell almost as sweet at first. Gorillagrams is located at Suite 7, St Kilda Rd, Melbourne 3001. Tel: (03) 267 1488. They take Bankcard and Visa.

MATTERS SEXUAL

Ronald Reagan suffers a castration complex and his fear of being less of a man explains his tough line on nuclear arms and Commies. At least that's the claim of Lloyd DeMause, director of something called the Institute Of Psychohistory in New York. DeMause makes his revelations in a book called *Reagan's America*, a volume that is fast gathering a cult following across the States. The US president's doodles, speech patterns and early years were analysed by DeMause, who came to the conclusion that Ronnie hated his father and has developed a guilt complex as a result. He suggests that Reagan's alcoholic father beat young Ronnie frequently and died at the same time Reagan married for the first time. "He felt he deserved castration for marrying, for being sexual, for soon becoming a father himself, for wishing his own father dead," DeMause writes. In the author's view hard-line anti-Communist attitudes replaced patricidal wishes. DeMause presented his manuscript to 70 publishers before printing it himself. . . Lady-killer Warren Beatty once presented himself in a bathrobe at the door of homosexual playwright Tennessee Williams after auditioning for a role in a Williams play, according to recently published memoirs of the late playwright's last years. In *Tennessee: Cry Of The Heart*, Williams claims that Beatty arrived at his door during the readings for *The Roman Spring Of Mrs Stone* in the early Sixties. "I said, 'Go home to bed, Warren. I said you had the part,'" Williams told biographer Dotson Raider, emphasising his resolution never to hit the hay with actors. Williams' allegation has not been confirmed or denied by Beatty. . . It is a rare man who has the physical attributes required to sodomise himself with his own penis, yet such men do exist. One such man was discovered by Russian psychiatrist and sex therapist Dr Mikhail Stern while he was imprisoned in a labor camp. Dr

Stern observed that the man was able to keep his member both pliant and erect enough to insert it into his own anus. The prisoner would then flex muscles in his pelvic area to bring himself to orgasm. Dr Stern noted that this "autosexual" was aroused only by the sight of his own naked body, and that he was "virtually autistic; he says very little, he rarely seeks out the company of his fellow inmates." Snap shots of the autosexual in action were hot properties among other prisoners at the camp, according to Stern. . . A \$65,000 project has been launched in the States to determine whether women can give birth in space. "It's a question vital to whether we are ever to colonise space,"

a scientific spokesman for the scheme commented. If results of the project are positive, space birth may prove a boon for mothers — feeding shouldn't present much difficulty in the Milky Way, and as the saying goes, in space no-one can hear you scream. . . A new herpes vaccine has tested well in animals, researchers have announced, but it will be years before the discovery is tested on humans. Scientists at the US National Institute of Health report that not only is the new vaccine effective against all forms of the virus that affect humans, it also prevents those viruses from lodging dormant in the nerve cells and causing later attacks. . .

ENDS



WACKY TOBACCY

What do you call a bunch of Irishmen sitting in a circle? A dope ring? Well, it's one way of introducing a new card game designed for fun-loving heads whose idea of going to the Bong Bong races is sitting around a friend's lounge and endeavoring to get out of it before everyone else does. The game is Dacca — not Stash, Mull, Skafe, Gear or Bob Hope — and, you guessed it, it revolves around the high-powered world of dealing in wacky tobacco. Complete with a list of rules

guaranteed to confound anyone even mildly altered in the perception department, Dacca comes with a warning that it may contain situations embarrassing to MPs, the police force, the judiciary, the dealers' fraternity, agricultural societies, the Mafia, and the freak brotherhood. . . but never the general public, who are hardened to such things. Dacca is sold in a resealable plastic bag at a head shop near you. And, if anyone works out how to play this game, drop us a line.



PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

The wonders of nature combine to create a winning entry in the October *Penthouse* Polaroid Photo Competition. The photographer calls himself Snag — he comes from Burleigh Heads in Queensland and he insists that's not him in the foreground of the shot. His subject is honey-skinned Denise Beets of Tweed Heads. Denise works as a waitress and professional dancer — you may recognise her from dance scenes in the film *Coolangatta Gold*.

The photographer's prize choice may be the Polaroid SLR 680, the superb top-of-the-line camera in the Polaroid 600 range, or the recently developed 35mm AutoProcess System, an acclaimed package that allows the user to develop his own slides anywhere, in minutes.

If you wish to enter the competition send one or more revealing photographs taken on any film (Polaroid or otherwise), fill in the coupon below and send your entry to *Australian Penthouse*.

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____ Telephone number of subject: _____

I (the subject) of am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse*. I am 18 years old or over:

Signature of subject: Date

Signature of witness: Date



Sydney's Michelle Rush

COMING IN NOVEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Urban Guerillas — Of all the loosely-knit mobs of ideological extremists that dot the Australian urban landscape, the most entertaining are the BUGs from BUGA UP. *Penthouse* looks at the progress of the guerilla war between the spray can wielding zealots and the advertising industry.

The Real Marilyn Monroe — For more than 20 years her closest friend (and occasional lover) has kept secret the intimate details of the sex goddess' life. Now he has revealed the true story of her relentless drive for stardom — a drive that included work as a part-time prostitute and a variety of desperate strategies for her conquest of Hollywood.

Saturday Afternoon Fever — Who is the new breed of British soccer hooligan? This fascinating profile reveals him as more than just another mindless thug, but a street-smart neo-fascist reminiscent of a character out of *A Clockwork Orange*: a lad who likes nothing better than lashing out with his Stanley knife — spilling blood every Saturday afternoon on the soccer terraces which have turned into suburban battlefields.

Whatever Happened To... — Little Pattie, Dinah Lee, Ray Columbus and all those stars of the Sixties who climbed the charts with a bullet but were never heard of again? *Penthouse's* investigations reveal some sad, hilarious and startling answers.

Pet Of The Month — For those with a penchant for redheads, Sydney beauty Michelle Rush provides a spectacular treat in November *Penthouse*. No matter where your preferences lie, Michelle is a Rush no-one will want to avoid.

INTERVIEW

Continued from page 120

ing over me." He said: "What are you two blokes plotting?" And Hogan said: "The revolution, what else?" It's interesting to note that that was one of those interviews that was never repeated. Of course I was banned from Channel Nine for many years, and banned from Don Lane's show twice.

Penthouse: What memories do you have of Whitlam? Personal memories.

Hardy: Just before the 1975 elections he was standing on the verandah talking to me, and he said: "How do you think we'll go?" And I said: "It will be a landslide." He said: "Do you think we'll win by that much?" I said: "No, on the contrary, I think it'll be a Liberal landslide." So he called his advisers around and asked: "How come I wasn't informed of this?" I said to him: "The Australian middle class have got frightened. They didn't mind you helping the black fellers and the poor, but not with their money." I felt that he would lose from the time he let them play the Westminster trick on him. The tragedy of Whitlam was that he didn't tear that paper up. He said to me: "I'm a Westminster man; the system is always right."

Penthouse: What were your feelings about Kerr?

Hardy: My feelings were very simple, as I told Diamond Jim McClelland and Whitlam. "You appointed him knowing he had jailed Clarrie O'Shea, and you had no right to appoint him on those grounds."

Penthouse: Do you see any outside chance of Whitlam ever returning? He seems to be happy with the UNESCO position in Paris.

Hardy: No. Fraser, maybe, but not Whitlam. I don't think it would have made a lot of difference with Whitlam. His time is past. His achievements were more in the atmosphere of euphoria. For instance, *Power Without Glory* would never have been made without Whitlam. He had nothing to do with it being made, but he created the atmosphere to make it possible. I have great respect for Whitlam's intellect and always got on well with him. I supplied him with the basic notes for his Aboriginal policy, and he wrote a preface for *The Unlucky Australians*. We stumble across one another from time to time. You see Whitlam moved to the left-wing after he was Prime Minister. He told me one night that if he had lived in Italy he would have been a Euro-communist, and I said: "Why didn't you say that when you were Prime Minister?" And he said: "Now come on, comrade." I have a great respect for him bordering on admiration. But he had the limitations of every Labor Prime Minister — he didn't want to interfere with the capitalist system. 

To be continued next month

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The **AT-X 120** 60-120mm f2.8 is yet another new generation super fast, super compact zoom lens from Tokina's Advanced Technology range, which is setting the standards in zoom lens design.

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AT-X 352	35-200mm	f3.5-4.5
AT-X 525	50-250mm	f4 -5.6
AT-X 828	80-200mm	f2.8
AT-X 100	100-300mm	f4

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